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## ‘TEEM’—A TREASURE-HUNTER

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

THERE’S a gentleman of France — better met by choice than chance,  
Where there’s time to turn aside and space to flee —  
He is born and bred and made for the cattle-droving trade,  
And they call him Monsieur Bouvier de Brie.  
‘What — Brie?’ ‘Yes, Brie.’ ‘Where those funny cheeses come from?’  
‘Ouil! Ouil! Ouil!’

But his name is great through Gaul as the wisest dog of all.  
And France pays high for Bouvier de Brie.  
‘De Brie?’ ‘*C’est lui.* And, if you read my story, you will see  
What one loyal little heart thought of Life and Love and Art,  
And notably of Bouvier de Brie —  
“My friend the Vicomte Bouvier de Brie.”’

NOTHING could prevent my adored Mother from demanding at once a piece of sugar which was her just reward for every Truffle she found. My revered Father, on the other hand, contented himself with the strict practice of his Art. So soon as that Pierre, our Master, stooped to dig at the spot indicated, my Father moved on to fresh triumphs.

From my Father I inherit my nose, and, perhaps, a touch of genius. From my Mother a practical philosophy without which even Genius is but a bird of one wing.

In appearance? My Parents come of a race built up from remote times on

the Gifted of various strains. The fine flower of it to-day is small — of a rich gold, touched with red; pricked and open ears; a broad and receptive brow; eyes of intense but affable outlook, and a Nose in itself an inspiration and unerring guide. Is it any wonder, then, that my Parents stood apart from the generality? Yet I would not make light of those worthy artisans who have to be trained by Persons to the pursuit of Truffles. They are of many stocks and possess many virtues, but not the Nose — that gift which is incommunicable.

Myself? I am not large. At birth, indeed, I was known as The Dwarf; but

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my achievements early won me the title of The Abbé. It was easy. I do not recall that I was ever trained by any Person. I watched, imitated, and, at need, improved upon, the technique of my Parents among the little thin oaks of my country where the best Truffles are found; and that which to the world seemed a chain of miracles was, for me, as easy as to roll in the dust.

My small feet could walk the sun up and down across the stony hill crests where we worked. My well-set coat turned wet, wind, and cold, and my size enabled me to be carried, on occasion, in my Master's useful outside pocket.

My companions of those days? At first Pluton and Dis — the solemn, dewlapped, black, mated pair who drew the little wooden cart whence my Master dispensed our Truffles at the white Château near our village, and to certain shopkeepers in the Street of the Fountain where the women talk. Those Two of Us were peasants in grain. They made clear to me the significance of the flat round white Pieces, and the Thin Papers, which my Master and his Mate buried beneath the stone by their fireplace. Not only Truffles, but all other things, Pluton told me, turn into Pieces or Thin Papers at last.

But my friend of friends; my preceptor, my protector, my lifelong admiration, was Monsieur le Vicomte Bouvier de Brie — a Marshal of Bulls whom he controlled in the stony pastures near the cottage. There were many sheep also, with whom neither the Vicomte nor I was concerned. Mutton is bad for the Nose, and, as I have reason to know, for the disposition.

He was of race, too, — 'born' as I was, — and so accepted me when, with the rash abandon of puppyhood, I attached myself to his ear. In place of abolishing me, which he could have done with one of his forepaws, he lowered me gently between both of

them, so that I lay blinking up the gaunt cliff of his chest into his unfathomable eyes, and 'Little bad one!' he said. 'But I prophesy thou wilt go far!'

Here, fenced by those paws, I would repair for my slumbers, to avoid my enemies or to plague him with questions. And, when he went to the Railway Station to receive or dispatch more Bulls, I would march beneath his belly, hurling infantile insults at the craven doggerie of the Street of the Fountain. After I was expert in my Art, he would talk to me of his own, breaking off with some thunder of command to a young Bull who presumed to venture too near the woods where our Truffles grow, or descending upon him like hail across walls which his feet scorned to touch.

His strength, his audacity, overwhelmed me. He, on his side, was frankly bewildered by my attainments. 'But how — *how*, little one, is it done, your business?' I could not convey to him, nor he to me, the mystery of our several Arts. Yet always unweariedly he gave me the fruits of his experience and philosophy.

I recall a day when I had chased a chicken which, for the moment, represented to me a sufficiently gross bull of Salers. There seemed a possibility of chastisement at the hands of the owner, and I refuged me beneath my friend's neck where he watched in the sun. He listened to my foolish tale, and said, as to himself, 'These Bulls of mine are but beef fitted with noses and tails by which one regulates them. But these black hidden lumps of yours which only such as you can unearth — *that* is a business beyond me! I should like to add it to my repertoire.'

'And I,' I cried (my second teeth were just pushing), 'I will be a Driver of Bulls!'

'Little one,' he responded with infinite tenderness, 'here is one thing

for us both to remember. Outside his Art, an Artist must never dream.'

## II

About my fifteenth month I found myself brother to four who wearied me. At the same time there was a change in my Master's behavior. Never having had any regard for him, I was the quicker to notice his lack of attention. My Mother, as always, said, 'If it is not something, it is sure to be something else.' My Father simply, 'At all hazards follow your Art. That can never lead to a false scent.'

There came a Person of abominable odors to our cottage, not once but many times. One day my Master worked me in his presence. I demonstrated, through a long day of changing airs, with faultless precision. After supper, my Master's Mate said to him, 'We are sure of at least two good workers for next season — and with a dwarf one never knows. It is far off, that England the man talks of. Finish the affair, Pierril.'

Some Thin Papers passed from hand to hand. The Person then thrust me into his coat pocket (Ours is not a breed to be shown to all) and there followed for me alternations of light and dark in stink-carts: a period when my world rose and rolled till I was sick; a silence beside lapping water under stars; transfer to another Person whose scent and speech were unintelligible; another flight by stink-cart; a burst of sunrise between hedges; a scent of sheep; violent outcries and rockings; finally, a dissolution of the universe which projected me through a hedge from which I saw my captor lying beneath the stink-cart, where a large black and white She bit him with devotion.

A ditch led me to the shelter of a culvert. I composed myself within till the light was suddenly blocked out by the head of that very She, who abused me

savagely in *Lingua canina*. (My Father often recommended me never to reply to a strange She.) I was glad when her Master's voice recalled this one to her duties, and I heard the clickety of her flock's feet above my head.

In due time I issued forth to acquaint myself with this world into which I had been launched. It was new in odor and aspect, but with points of likeness to my old one. Clumps of trees fringed close woods and smooth green pastures; and at the bottom of a shallow basin crowned with woodland stood a white Château even larger than the one to which Pluton and Dis used to pull their cart.

I kept me among the trees, and was congratulating my Nose on its recovery from the outrageous assaults it had suffered during my journeys, when there came to it the unmistakable aroma of Truffles — not, indeed, the strawberry-scented ones of my lost world, but like enough to throw me into my working pose.

I took wind, and followed up my line. I was not deceived. There were Truffles of different sorts in their proper places under those thick trees. My Mother's maxim had proved its truth. This was evidently the 'something else' of which she had spoken; and I felt myself again my own equal. As I worked amid the almost familiar odors it seemed to me that all that had overtaken me had not happened, and that at any moment I should meet Pluton and Dis with our cart. But they came not. Though I called they did not come.

A far-off voice interrupted me, with menace. I recognized it for that of the boisterous She of my culvert, and was still.

After cautious circuits I heard the sound of a spade, and in a wooded hollow saw a Person flattening earth round a pile of wood, heaped to make char-

coal. It was a business I had seen often.

My Nose assured me that the Person was authentically a peasant and (I recalled the memory later) had not handled One of Us within the time that such a scent would hang on him. My Nose, further, recorded that he was imbued with the aromas proper to his work and was, also, kind, gentle, and equable in temperament. (You Persons wonder that All of Us know your moods before you yourselves realize them? Be well sure that every shade of his or her character, habit, or feeling cries itself aloud in a Person's scent. No more than We All can deceive Each Other can You Persons deceive Us — though We pretend — We pretend — to believe!)

His coat lay on a bank. When he drew from it bread and cheese, I produced myself. But I had been so long at gaze that my shoulder, bruised in transit through the hedge, made me fall. He was upon me at once and, with strength equal to his gentleness, located my trouble. Evidently — though the knowledge even then displeased me — he knew how We should be handled.

I submitted to his care, ate the food he offered, and, reposing in the crook of his mighty arm, was borne to a small cottage where he bathed my hurt, set water beside me, and returned to his charcoal. I slept, lulled by the cadence of his spade and the bouquet of natural scents in the cottage, which included all those I was used to, except garlic and, strangely, Truffles.

I was roused by the entry of a She-Person who moved slowly and coughed. There was on her (I speak now as We speak) the Taint of *the Fear* — of that Black Fear which bids Us throw up our noses and lament. She laid out food. The Person of the Spade entered. I fled to his knee. He showed me to the Girl-Person's dull eyes. She caressed my

head, but the chill of her hand increased the Fear. He set me on his knees, and they talked in the twilight.

Presently, their talk nosed round hidden flat Pieces and Thin Papers. The tone was so exactly that of my Master and his Mate that I expected they would lift up the hearthstone. But *theirs* was in the chimney, whence the Person drew several white Pieces which he gave to the Girl. I argued from this they had admitted me to their utmost intimacy and — I confess it — I danced like a puppy. My reward was their mirth — his specially. When the Girl laughed she coughed. But *his* voice warmed and possessed me before I knew it.

After night was well fallen, they went out and prepared a bed on a cot in the open, sheltered only by a large fagot stack. The Girl disposed herself to sleep there, which astonished me. (In my lost world, out-sleeping is not done, except when Persons wish to avoid Forest Guards.) The Person of the Spade then set a jug of water by the bed and, turning to reënter the house, delivered a long whistle. It was answered across the woods by the unforgettable voice of the old She of my culvert. I inserted myself at once between, and a little beneath, some of the more robust fagots.

### III

On her silent arrival the She greeted the Girl with extravagant affection and fawned beneath her hand, till the coughings closed in uneasy slumber. Then, with no more noise than the moths of the night, she quested for me in order, she said, to tear out my throat.

'*Ma Tante*,' I replied placidly from within my fortress, 'I do not doubt you could save yourself the trouble by swallowing me alive. But, first, tell me what I have done?' 'That there is *My*



Bone,' was the reply. It was enough! (Once in my life I had seen poor honest Pluton stand like a raging wolf between his Pierril, whom he loved, and a Forest Guard.) *We* use that word seldom and never lightly. Therefore, I answered, 'I assure you she is not mine. She gives me the Black Fear.'

You know how We cannot deceive Each Other? The She accepted my statement; at the same time reviling me for my lack of appreciation — a crookedness of mind not uncommon among elderly Shes.

To distract her, I invited her to tell me her history. It appeared that the Girl had nursed her through some early distemper. Since then, the She had divided her life between her duties among sheep by day and watching, from the First Star till Break of Light, over the Girl, who, she said, also suffered from a slight distemper. This had been her existence, her joy, and her devotion long before I was born. Demanding nothing more, she was prepared to back her single demand by slaughter.

Once, in my second month, when I would have run away from a very fierce frog, my friend the Vicomte told me that, at crises, it is best to go forward. On a sudden impulse I emerged from my shelter and sat beside her. There was a pause of life and death during which I had leisure to contemplate all her teeth. Fortunately, the Girl waked to drink. The She crawled to caress the hand that set down the jug, and waited till the breathing resumed. She came back to me — I had not stirred — with blazing eyes. 'How can you *dare* this?' she said. 'But why not?' I answered. 'If it is not something, it is sure to be something else.' Her fire and fury passed. 'To whom do you say it!' she assented. 'There is always something else to fear — not for myself, but for My Bone yonder.'

Then began a conversation unique,

I should imagine, even among Ourselves. My old, unlovely, savage Aunt, as I shall henceforth call her, was eaten alive with fears for the Girl, not so much on account of her distemper, but because of Two She-Persons-Enemies, whom she described to me minutely by eye and Nose — one like a Ferret, the other like a Goose.

These, she said, meditated some evil to the Girl against which my Aunt and the Girl's Father, the Person of the Spade, were helpless. The Two Enemies carried about with them certain papers, by virtue of which the Girl could be taken away from the cottage and my Aunt's care, precisely as she had seen sheep taken out of her pasture by Persons with papers, and driven none knew whither.

The Enemies would come at intervals to the cottage in daytime (when my Aunt's duty held her with the sheep), and always they left behind them the Taint of misery and anxiety. It was not that she feared the Enemies personally. She feared nothing except a certain Monsieur The-Law, who, I understood later, cowed even her.

Naturally I sympathized. I did not know this *gentilhomme* de Loire, but I knew Fear. Also, the Girl was of the same stock as He who had fed and welcomed me and Whose voice had reassured. My Aunt suddenly demanded if I purposed to take up my residence with them. I would have detailed to her my adventures. She was acutely uninterested in them all except so far as they served her purposes, which she explained. She would allow me to live on condition that I reported to her, nightly beside the fagot stack, all I had seen or heard or suspected of every action and mood of the Girl during the day; any arrival of the Enemies, as she called them; and whatever I might gather from their gestures and tones. In other words, I was to spy for her as Those of Us who accompany the

Forest Guards spy for their detestable Masters.

I was not disturbed. (I had had experience of the Forest Guard.) Still there remained my dignity and something which I suddenly felt was even more precious to me. '*Ma Tante*,' I said, 'what I do depends not on you but on *My Bone* in the cottage there.' She understood. 'What is there on *Him*,' she said, 'to draw you?' 'Such things are like Truffles,' was my answer. 'They are there or they are not there.' 'I do not know what "Truffles" may be,' she snapped. 'He has nothing useful to me except that He, too, fears for my Girl. At any rate your infatuation for Him makes you more useful as an aid to my plans.' 'We shall see,' said I. 'But — to talk of affairs of importance — do you seriously mean that you have no knowledge of Truffles?' She was convinced that I mocked her. 'Is it,' she demanded, 'some lap dog's trick?' She said this of Truffles — of my Truffles!

#### IV

The impasse was total. Outside of the Girl on the cot and her sheep (for I can testify that, with them, she was an artist), the square box of my Aunt's head held not one single thought. My patience forsook me, but not my politeness.

'Cheer up, old one!' I said. 'An honest heart outweighs many disadvantages of ignorance and low birth.' . . .

And She? I thought she would have devoured me in my hair! When she could speak, she made clear that she was 'born' — entirely so — of a breed mated and trained since the days of the First Shepherd. In return I explained that I was a specialist in the discovery of delicacies which the genius of my ancestors had revealed to Persons since the First Person first scratched in the first dirt.

She did not believe me, — nor do I pretend that I had been entirely accurate in my genealogy, — but she addressed me henceforth as '*My Nephew*.'

Thus that wonderful night passed, with the moths, the bats, the owls, the sinking moon, and the varied respirations of the Girl. At sunrise a call broke out from beyond the woods. My Aunt vanished to her day's office. I went into the house and found Him lacing one gigantic boot. Its companion lay beside the hearth. I brought it to Him (I had seen my Father do as much for that *Pierreounet* my Master).

He was loudly pleased. He patted my head, and, when the Girl entered, told her of my exploit. She called me to be caressed, and, though the Black Taint upon her made me cringe, I came. She belonged to Him — as at that moment I realized that I did.

Here began my new life. By day I accompanied Him to His charcoal — sole guardian of His coat and the bread and cheese on the bank — or, remembering my Aunt's infatuation, fluctuated between the charcoal mound and the house to spy upon the Girl, when she was not with Him. He was all that I desired — in the sound of His solid tread, His deep but gentle voice, the sympathetic texture and scent of His clothes, the safe hold of His hand when He would slide me into His great outer pocket and carry me through the far woods where He dealt secretly with rabbits. Like peasants, who are alone more than most Persons, He talked aloud to himself, and presently to me, asking my opinion of the height of a wire from the ground.

My devotion He accepted and repaid from the first. My Art he could by no means comprehend. For, naturally, I followed my Art as every Artist must, even when it is misunderstood. If not, he comes to preoccupy himself mournfully with his proper fleas.

My new surroundings, the larger size and closer spacing of the oaks, the heavier nature of the soils, the habits of the lazy wet winds, — a hundred considerations which the expert takes into account, — demanded changes and adjustments of my technique. . . . My reward? I found and brought Him Truffles of the best. I nosed them into His hand. I laid them on the threshold of the cottage and they filled it with their fragrance. He and the Girl thought that I amused myself, and would throw — throw! — them for me to retrieve, as though they had been stones and I a puppy! What more could I do? The scent over that ground was lost.

But the rest was happiness, tempered with vivid fears when we were apart lest, if the wind blew beyond moderation, a tree might fall and crush Him; lest when He worked late He might disappear into one of those terrible river pits so common in the world whence I had come, and be lost without trace. There was no peril I did not imagine for Him till I could hear His feet walking securely on sound earth long before the Girl had even suspected. Thus my heart was light in spite of the nightly conferences with my formidable Aunt, who linked her own dismal apprehensions to every account that I rendered of the Girl's day-life and actions. For some cause or other, the Two Enemies had not appeared since my Aunt had warned me against them, and there was less of Fear in the house. Perhaps, as I once hinted to my Aunt, owing to my presence.

# V

It was an unfortunate remark. I should have remembered her gender. She attacked me, that night, on a new scent, bidding me observe that she herself was decorated with a Collar of Office which established her position

before all the world. I was about to compliment her, when she observed, in the low even tone of detachment peculiar to Shes of age, that, unless I were so decorated, not only was I outside the Law (that Person of whom, I might remember, she had often spoken), but could not be formally accepted into any household.

How then, I demanded, might I come by this protection? In her own case, she said, the Collar was hers by right as a Preceptress of Sheep. To procure a Collar for me would be a matter of Pieces or even of Thin Papers, from His chimney. (I recalled poor Pluton's warning that everything changes at last into such things.) If He chose to give of His Pieces for my Collar, my civil status would be impregnable. Otherwise, having no business or occupation, I lived, said my Aunt, like the rabbits — by favor and accident.

'But, *ma Tante*,' I cried, 'I have the secret of an Art beyond all others.'

'That is not understood in these parts,' she replied. 'You have told me of it many times, but I do not believe. What a pity it is not rabbits! You are small enough to creep down their burrows. But these precious things of yours under the ground which no one but you can find — it is absurd.'

'It is an absurdity, then, which fills Persons' chimney places with Pieces and Thin Papers. Listen, *ma Tante*!' I all but howled. 'The world I came from was stuffed with things underground which all Persons desired. This world here is also rich in them, but I — I alone — can bring them to light!'

She repeated acridly, 'Here is not there. It should have been rabbits.'

I turned to go. I was at the end of my forces.

'You talk too much of the world whence you came,' my Aunt sneered. 'Where is that world?'

'I do not know,' I answered miser-

ably, and crawled under my fagots. As a matter of routine, when my report had been made to my Aunt, I would take post on the foot of His bed, where I should be available in case of bandits. But my Aunt's words had barred that ever-open door.

My suspicions worked like worms in my system. If He chose, He could kick me off on to the floor — beyond sound of His desired voice — into the rabid procession of fears and flights whence He had delivered me. Whither, then, should I go? . . . There remained only my lost world where Persons knew the value of Truffles and of Those of Us who could find them. I would seek that world!

With this intention, and a bitterness in my belly as though I had mouthed a toad, I came out after dawn and fled to the edge of the woods through which He and I had wandered so often. They were bounded by a tall stone wall, along which I quested for an opening. I found none till I reached a small house beside shut gates. Here an officious One of Us advanced upon me with threats. I was in no case to argue or even to expostulate. I hastened away and attacked the wall again at another point.

But after a while I found myself back at the house of the Officious One. I recommenced my circuit, but — there was no end to that Wall. I remembered crying aloud to it in hope it might fall down and pass me through. I remember appealing to the Vicomte to come to my aid. I remember a flight of big black birds, calling the very name of my lost world — 'Aa-or'<sup>1</sup> — above my head. But soon they scattered in all directions. Only the Wall continued to continue, and I blindly at its foot. Once a She-Person stretched out her hand towards me. I fled — as I fled from an amazed rabbit who, like myself, existed by favor and accident.

Another Person coming upon me

<sup>1</sup> Cahors?

threw stones. This turned me away from the Wall and so broke its attraction. I subsided into an aimless limp of hours, until some woods that seemed familiar received me into their shades. . . .

I found me at the back of the large white Château in the hollow, which I had seen only once, far off, on the first day of my arrival in this world. I looked down through bushes on to ground divided by strips of still water and stone.

Here were birds, bigger than turkeys, with enormous voices and tails which they raised one against the other, while a white-haired She-Person dispensed them food from a pan she held between sparkling hands. My Nose told me that she was unquestionably of race — descended from champion strains. I would have crawled nearer, but the greedy birds forbade. I retreated uphill into the woods, and, moved by I know not what agonies of frustration and bewilderment, threw up my head and lamented.

The harsh imperative call of my Aunt cut through my self-pity. I found her on duty in pastures still bounded by that Wall which encircled my world. She charged me at once with having some disreputable affair, and, for its sake, of deserting my post with the Girl. I could but pant. Seeing, at last, my distress, she said, 'Have you been seeking that lost world of yours?' Shame closed my mouth. She continued, in softer tones, 'Except when it concerns My Bone, do not take all that I say at full fang. There are others as foolish as you. Wait my return.'

## VI

She left me with an affectation, almost a coquetry, of extreme fatigue. To her charge had been added a new detachment of sheep who wished to escape. They had scattered into sep-

arate crowds each with a different objective, and a different speed. My Aunt, keeping the high ground, allowed them to disperse, till her terrible voice, thrice lifted, brought them to halt. Then, in one long loop of flight, my Aunt, a dumb fury lying wide on their flank, swept down with a certainty, a speed, and a calculation which almost reminded me of my friend the Vicomte. Those diffuse and errant imbeciles reunited and inclined away from her in a mob of mixed smells and outcries — to find themselves exquisitely penned in an angle of the fence, my Aunt, laid flat at full length, facing them! One after another their heads dropped and they resumed their eternal business of mutton making.

My Aunt came back, her affectation of decrepitude heightened to heighten her performance.

And who was I, an artist also, to mock her?

'You wonder why my temper is not of the bluntest?' she said. '*You* could not have done that?'

'But at least I can appreciate it,' I cried. 'It was superb! It was unequaled! It was faultless! You did not even nip one of them.'

'With sheep that is to confess failure,' she said. 'Do *you*, then, gnaw your Truffles?' It was the first time that she had ever admitted their existence! My genuine admiration, none the worse for a little flattery, opened her heart. She spoke of her youthful triumphs at sheep-herding expositions; of rescues of lost lambs, or incapable mothers found reversed in ditches. Oh, she was all an Artist, my thin-flanked, haggard-eyed Aunt by enforced adoption. She even let me talk of the Vicomte!

Suddenly (the shadows had stretched) she leaped, with a grace I should never have suspected, on to a stone wall and stood long at far gaze. 'Enough of this nonsense,' she said brutally. 'You are

rested now. Get to your work. If you could see, my Nephew, you would observe the Ferret and the Goose walking there, three fields distant. They have come again for My Bone. They will keep to the path made for Persons. Go at once to the cottage before they arrive and — do what you can to harass them. Run — run — mountebank of a yellow imbecile that you are!'

I turned on my tail, as We say, and took the direct line through my well-known woods at my utmost speed, since her orders dispatched me without loss of dignity towards my heart's one desire. And I was received by Him, and by the Girl, with unfeigned rapture. They passed me from one to the other like the rarest of Truffles; rebuked me, not too severely, for my long absence; felt me for possible injuries from traps; brought me bread and milk, which I sorely needed; and by a hundred delicate attentions showed me the secure place I occupied in their hearts. I gave my dignity to the cats, and it is not too much to say that we were all engaged in a veritable *pas de trois* when a shadow fell across our threshold and the Two Enemies most rudely entered!

I conceived, and gave vent to, instant detestation which, for a while, delayed their attack. When it came, He and the Girl accepted it as yoked oxen receive the lash across the eyes — with the piteous dignity which Earth, having so little to give them, bestows upon her humbles. Like oxen, too, they backed side by side and pressed closer together. I renewed my combinations from every angle as I saw how these distracted my adversaries. They then pointed passionately to me and my pan of bread and milk, which joy had prevented me from altogether emptying. Their tongues I felt were foul with reproach.

At last He spoke. He mentioned my name more than once, but always (I



could tell) in my defense. The Girl backed His point. I assisted with — and it was something — all that I had ever heard in my lost world from the *sans-kennailerie* of the Street of the Fountain. The Enemies renewed the charge. Evidently my Aunt was right. Their plan was to take the Girl away in exchange for pieces of paper. I saw the Ferret wave a paper beneath His nose. He shook His head and launched that peasant's 'No' which is one in all languages.

Here I applauded vehemently, continuously, monotonously, on a key which, also, I had learned in the Street of the Fountain. Nothing could have lived against it. The Enemies threatened, I could feel, some prodigious action or another; but at last they marched out of our presence. I escorted them to the charcoal heap — the limit of our private domain — in a silence charged with possibilities for their thick ankles.

I returned to find my Two sunk in distress, but upon my account. I think they feared I might run away again, for they shut the door. They frequently and tenderly repeated my name, which, with them, was '*Teem.*' Finally He took a Thin Paper from the chimney piece, slid me into His outside pocket, and walked swiftly to the Village, which I had never smelt before.

In a place where a She-Person was caged behind bars, He exchanged the Thin Paper for one which he laid under my nose, saying, '*Teem! Look! This is License-and-Law all right!*' In yet another place, I was set down before a Person who exhaled a grateful flavor of dried skins. My neck was then encircled by a Collar bearing a bright badge of office. All persons round me expressed admiration and said '*Lor!*' many times. On our return through the Village I stretched my decorated neck out of His pocket, like one of the gaudy birds at the Château, to impress Those

of Us who might be abroad that I was now under full protection of Monsieur Le Law (whoever he might be), and thus the equal of my exacting Aunt.

## VII

That night, by the Girl's bed, my Aunt was at her most difficult. She cut short my history of my campaign, and cross-examined me coldly as to what had actually passed. Her interpretations were not cheering. She prophesied our Enemies would return, more savage for having been checked. She said that when they mentioned my name (as I have told you) it was to rebuke Him for feeding me, a vagabond, on good bread and milk, when I did not, according to Monsieur Law, belong to Him. (She herself, she added, had often been shocked by His extravagance in this regard.) I pointed out that my Collar now disposed of inconvenient questions. So much she ungraciously conceded, but — I had described the scene to her — argued that He had taken the Thin Paper out of its hiding place because I had cajoled Him with my 'lap dog's tricks,' and that, in default of that Paper, He would go without food, as well as without what he burned under His nose, which to Him would be equally serious.

I was aghast. '*But, ma Tante,*' I pleaded, 'show me — make me any way to teach Him that the earth on which He walks so loftily can fill His chimneys with Thin Papers, and I promise you that *She* shall eat chicken!' My evident sincerity — perhaps, too, the finesse of my final appeal — shook her. She mouthed a paw in thought.

'You have shown Him those wonderful underground things of yours?' she resumed.

'But often. And to your Girl also. They thought they were stones to throw. It is because of my size that I am not taken seriously.' I would have



lamented, but she struck me down. Her Girl was coughing.

'Be silent, unlucky that you are! Have you shown your Truffles, as you call them, to anyone else?'

'Those Two are all I have ever met in this world, my Aunt.'

'That was true till yesterday,' she replied. 'But at the back of the Château — this afternoon — eh?' (My friend the Vicomte was right when he warned me that all elderly Shes have six ears and ten noses. And the older the more!)

'I saw that Person only from a distance. You know her, then, my Aunt?'

'If I know Her! She met me once when I was lamed by thorns under my left heel-pad. She stopped me. She took them out. She also put her hand on my head.'

'Alas, I have not your charms,' I riposted.

'Listen, before my temper snaps, my Nephew. She has returned to her Château. Lay one of those things that you say you find at her feet. I do not credit your tales about them, but it is possible that *She* may. She is of race. She knows all. She may make you that way for which you ask so loudly. It is only a chance. But, if it succeeds, and My Bone does *not* eat the chickens you have promised her, I will, for sure, tear out your throat.'

'My Aunt,' I replied, 'I am infinitely obliged. You have, at least, shown me a way. What a pity you were born with so many thorns under your tongue!' And I fled to take post at the foot of His bed, where I slept vigorously — for I had lived that day! — till time to bring Him His morning boots.

We then went to our charcoal. As official Guardian of the Coat, I permitted myself no excursions till He was busied stopping the vents of little flames on the flanks of the mound. Then I moved towards a patch of ground which I had noted long ago. On

my way, a chance of the air told me that the Born One of the Château was walking on the verge of the wood. I fled to my patch, which was even more fruitful than I had thought. I had unearthed several Truffles when the sound of her tread hardened on the bare ground beneath the trees. Selecting my largest and ripest, I bore it reverently towards her, dropped it in her path, and took a pose of humble devotion. Her Nose informed her before her eyes. I saw it wrinkle and sniff deliciously. She stooped and with sparkling hands lifted my gift to smell. Her sympathetic appreciation emboldened me to pull the fringe of her clothes in the direction of my little store exposed beneath the oak. She knelt and, rapturously inhaling their aroma, transferred them to a small basket on her arm. (All Born Ones bear such baskets when they walk upon their own earths.)

Here He called my name. I replied at once that I was coming, but that matters of the utmost importance held me for the moment. We moved on together, the Born One and I, and found Him beside His coat, setting apart for me my own bread and cheese. We lived, we two, each always in the other's life!

#### VIII

I had often seen that Pierreounet my Master, who delivered me to strangers, uncover and bend at the side door of the Château in my lost world over yonder. At no time was he beautiful. But He — My Own Bone to me! — though He too was uncovered, stood beautifully erect and as a peasant of race should bear himself when He and His are not being tortured by Ferrets or Geese. For a short time, He and the Born One did not concern themselves with me. They were obviously of old acquaintance. She spoke; she waved her sparkling hands; she laughed. He responded gravely, at dignified ease,

like my friend the Vicomte. Then I heard my name many times. I fancy He may have told her something of my appearance in this world. (We peasants do not tell all to *any* one.) To prove to her my character, as He conceived it, He threw a stone. With as much emphasis as my love for Him allowed, I signified that this game of lap dogs was not mine. She commanded us to return to the woods. There He said to me, as though it were some question of His magnificent boots, 'Seek, Teem! Find, Teem!' and waved His arms at random. He did not know! Even then, My Bone did not know!

But I — I was equal to the occasion! Without unnecessary gesture; stifling the squeaks of rapture that rose in my throat; coldly, almost, as my Father, I made point after point, picked up my lines and worked them (His attendant spade saving me the trouble of digging) till the basket was full. At this juncture the Girl — they were seldom far apart — appeared with all the old miseries on her face, and behind her (I had been too occupied with my Art, or I should have yelled on their scent) walked the Two Enemies!

They had not spied us up there among the trees, for they rated her all the way to the charcoal heap. Our Born One descended upon them softly as a mist through which shine the stars, and greeted them in the voice of a dove out of summer foliage. I held me still. She needed no aid, that one! They grew louder and more loud, she increasingly more suave. They flourished at her one of their detestable papers, which she received as though it had been all the Truffles in the world. They talked of Monsieur Le Law. From her renewed smiles I understood that he, too, had the honor of her friendship. They continued to talk of him. . . . Then . . . she abolished them! How? Speaking with the utmost reverence of both, she reminded me of

my friend the Vicomte disentangling an agglomeration of distracted, and therefore dangerous, beefs at the Railway Station. There was the same sage turn of the head, the same almost invisible stiffening of the shoulders, the very same small voice out of the side of the mouth, saying, '*I charge myself with this.*' And then — and then — those insupportable offspring of a jumped-up *gentilhomme* were transformed into amiable and impressed members of their proper class, giving ground slowly at first, but finally evaporating — yes, evaporating — like bad smells — in the direction of the world whence they had intruded.

During the relief that followed, the Girl wept and wept and wept. Our Born One led her to the cottage and consoled. We showed her our bed beside the fagots and all our other small dispositions, including a bottle out of which the Girl was used to drink. (I tasted once some that had been spilt. It was like unfresh fish — fit only for cats.) She saw, she heard, she considered all. Calm came at her every word. She would have given Him some Pieces, in exchange, I suppose, for her filled basket. He pointed to me to show that it was my work. She repeated most of the words she had employed before, — my name among them, — because one must explain many times to a peasant who desires *not* to comprehend. At last He took the Pieces.

Then my Born One stooped down to me beside His foot and said, in the language of my lost world, 'Knowest thou, Teem, that this is all *thy* work? Without thee we can do nothing. Knowest thou, my little dear Teem?' If I knew! Had He listened to me at the first, the situation would have been regularized half a season before. Now I could fill his chimney places as my Father had filled that of that disgusting Pierre-ounet. Logically, of course, I should have begun a fresh demonstration of

my Art in proof of my zeal for the interests of my *famille*. But I did not. Instead, I ran — I rolled — I leaped — I cried aloud — I fawned at their knees! What would you? It was hairless, toothless sentiment, but it had the success of a hurricane! They accepted me as though I had been a Person — and He more unreservedly than any of them. It was my supreme moment!

## IX

I have at last reduced my *famille* to the Routine which is indispensable to the right-minded among Us. For example: At intervals He and I descend to the Château with our basket of Truffles for our Born One. If she is there, she caresses me. If elsewhere, her basket pursues her in a stink-cart. So does, also, her Chef, a well-scented Person and, I can testify, an Artist. This, I understand, is our exchange for the right to exploit for ourselves all other Truffles that I may find inside the Great Wall. These we dispense to another stink-cart, filled with delightful comestibles, which waits for us regularly on the stink-cart road by the House of the Gate where the Officious One pursued me. We are paid into the hand (trust us peasants!) in Pieces or Papers, while I stand guard against bandits.

As a result, the Girl has now a wooden-roofed house of her own — open at one side and capable of being turned round against winds by His strong one hand. Here she arranges the bottles from which she drinks, and

here comes — but less and less often — a dry Person of mixed odors, who applies his ear at the end of a stick to her thin back. Thus, and owing to the chickens which, as I promised my Aunt, she eats, the Taint of her distemper diminishes. My Aunt denies that it ever existed, but her infatuation — have I told you? — has no bounds! She has been given honorable demission from her duties with sheep and has frankly installed herself in the Girl's outside bed-house, which she does not encourage me to enter. I can support that. I too have My Bone. . . .

Only it comes to me, as it does to most of Us who live so swiftly, to dream in my sleep. Then I return to my lost world — to the whistling, dry-leaved, thin oaks that are not these giant ones — to the stony little hill-sides and treacherous river pits that are not these secure pastures — to the sharp scents that are not these scents — to the companionship of poor Pluton and Dis — to the Street of the Fountain up which marches to meet me, as when I was a rude little puppy, my friend, my protector, my earliest adoration, Monsieur le Vicomte Bouvier de Brie.

At this point always, I wake; and not till I feel His foot beneath the bedderie, and hear His comfortable breathing, does my lost world cease to bite. . . .

Oh, wise and well-beloved guardian and playmate of my youth — it is true — it is true, as thou didst warn me — Outside his Art an Artist must never dream!

# ANTHONY EDEN

BY HAROLD J. WILSON

## I

FIVE years ago British public opinion was coming to regard the League of Nations as something more than a visionary's ideal. There were then apparent the first stirrings of that surging wave of confused thought which in recent months has carried England to the brink of war in pursuit of peace.

At that time there emerged from obscurity a figure youthful, handsome, and debonair, devoting himself energetically and almost exclusively to the furtherance of the League's designs. It was the figure of Captain Anthony Eden, M. C., entering the government and coming for the first time before the nation's gaze as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He was a young man among staid elders who seemed to be breaking through the barriers of political and diplomatic caution, bent upon imposing on the world the pacific will of Britain.

The title of his military rank spoke of his service in the Great War. He was not of that company of pacifists, internationalists, and 'advanced' thinkers who for a decade previously had been commonly associated with the League. He had fought on the Western Front and had won an award for valor. His boyish appearance and his military record commended him at once to the post-war youth and the depleted generation of veterans. The newspapers, quick to catch the tenor of the public mind, told his story in appreciative

articles. Newsreel films pictured him stepping from railway trains and aeroplanes on his journeys across Europe, walking the streets of Continental capitals, and talking with foreign statesmen — tall and athletic in build, energetic and charming in manner.

Through the years since 1931 he has worked outside the contentious sphere of domestic politics. Political reputations have risen and fallen. Ministers, young and old, have been made and broken. But he has continued his labors with growing prestige, giving expression by his every action to the nation's yearning for peace.

Promotion has come to him rapidly. The men ahead of him have fallen from his path — first Sir John Simon, passing unlamented; then Sir Samuel Hoare, whose meteoric career across the diplomatic heavens ended in a catastrophic combustion.

He stands now before the expectant eyes of the world, taking thought in the short time before action will be demanded of him. Captain the Right Honorable Robert Anthony Eden, Member of His Britannic Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, Member of Parliament . . . His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. . . .

He appears to his countrymen as a watchman surveying from an eminence the war clouds fast gathering on the European horizon. A courageous smile

plays on his lips as he looks out with good-natured, bespectacled eyes; and to those about him he speaks words of hope and resolution. He inspires confidence, even enthusiasm in great numbers. But there are those who ask one another whether, when the call comes, he will display the qualities of wise statesmanship which will certainly be demanded of him.

## II

Anthony Eden comes of one of those old county families which have given England her governing classes from one generation to another. There were Edens in Durham County as far back as in the fourteenth century, and in 1672 King Charles II conferred a baronetcy on the house. Members of the family have followed one another to represent the shire at Westminster as Cavalier, as Tory, and as Conservative. The present family seat is Windlestone, a Georgian mansion set in a wooded park at Ferry Hill in South Durham. Beyond the park stretch eight thousand acres of the family estate, now scarred on the surface and honey-combed beneath by colliery workings.

There Anthony Eden was born on a summer day thirty-eight years ago, son of Sir William Eden, seventh baronet. His father was nearing his fiftieth year at the time of Anthony's birth; he had already seen service as a cavalry officer, and had retired to the pursuits of country life and the indulgence of artistic tastes. He was a water-color painter of repute whose works hung in the principal galleries of London and Paris. Magistrate, master of hounds, keen shot and renowned boxer, he combined the temperament of an artist with the hard-riding habits of a country squire. He had also a certain eccentricity of manner which was apt to show itself in outbursts of uncontrollable bad temper.

Sir William's wife, daughter of an Indian administrator, was a famous beauty of the county and the Court in the later Victorian period. From her and Sir William, Anthony Eden has inherited many of his most distinctive qualities. To them he owes his handsome features and athletic figure, and also a dilettante's taste for art and letters.

But the young Anthony was no spoiled child. He was the fourth of five children, the eldest of whom was a sister ten years his senior. The lash of his father's tongue descended on him from time to time in moments of irascibility, and he was subject to healthy teasing by his sister and brothers. His schooling began at the age of nine, when he was sent to a conventional preparatory school in Surrey.

Little is recalled by his masters and school fellows of his years at school. They were undistinguished by anything save a taste for divinity, which was viewed with stern disfavor by his father. He went to Eton at the age of thirteen, and was placed with the other newcomers of average attainment in the middle fourth form. There he worked industriously and behaved quietly, seldom making himself conspicuous either by prowess or by misdeed. He had won house colors for football and was beginning to show form as an oarsman when war broke out in August 1914.

The Great War smote the Eden family a cruel blow. The eldest boy, John, went to France with a cavalry regiment to be killed in action within a few months. The second son, Timothy, being in Germany at the outbreak, was interned. The fourth son, a naval cadet of fourteen years, soon went to join the Fleet. Sir William Eden, overcome by these griefs and anxieties, survived his eldest son by only a few weeks. By this merciful release he was spared the distress of hearing in June



1916 that his youngest boy had been killed at the Battle of Jutland, while still only sixteen years old.

Anthony Eden remained at Eton until he came of age for military service on his eighteenth birthday in 1915. He then joined the Army, and in September of that year was commissioned with the King's Royal Rifle Corps. He went to France in the spring of 1916, and saw active service for the remainder of the war. By a strange irony he, who was later to become identified so closely with the ideal of peace, first rose above the level of mediocrity as a soldier. He was appointed adjutant at the age of nineteen, being at that time the youngest officer in the Army to hold the rank. He went first to Ypres, where he won the Military Cross for gallantry, and was afterward transferred to the Somme. He earned rapid promotion and served for a time on the staff of General Lord Plumer. Before his twenty-first birthday he had been given the rank of captain and posted as brigade major to the staff of his brigade. An impression of extreme boyishness lingers in the memories of those who met him in France. Neither the grim background of carnage in which he moved, nor the heavy drooping 'military' moustache which he then affected, served to dispel the impression.

He was still only twenty-one years of age when the war ended, and he returned to England to find the family he had left sadly shrunken. His father and two of his brothers had passed away. He showed in later years how much he missed the young brother who had died at Jutland when he named one of his own sons Nicholas in remembrance of him. His elder brother Timothy, who had served with the troops in France after two years' internment in Germany, had now succeeded to the baronetcy and was thenceforward to pursue a life very similar to their father's. An-

thony Eden went to Oxford University, there to read in the most academic of schools — the school of Oriental Languages.

Oxford in those years immediately following the Armistice had much of the comradeship of the Army. It was crowded with young officers, come from the trenches to resume their interrupted studies. The rules of the university were relaxed to enable them to make an easy transition to the life of ordered citizenship which not many of them had known. Few gave themselves to serious studies. They mostly took up subjects of practical utility, and, disdaining honors, were content with 'pass' degrees.

Anthony Eden withdrew from the common life of those days. He studied diligently, took little or no part in the social life of the university, and moved among an exclusive coterie of kindred spirits who sought relief in the arts. Although a member of Oxford University Dramatic Society, he seldom attended and took no part in its activities. He had already decided to seek a career in politics; but he ignored the usual channels of aspiring politicians. He was not a member of the Union Debating Society, nor of any political club. He did not write for *Isis*, the undergraduate journal, and did not devote himself seriously to games. He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts with first-class honors in his third year.

### III

Anthony Eden's first adventure in politics was in 1922, the year in which he left Oxford. He then made a forlorn fight against a Socialist coal miner in the Spennymoor division of his native county of Durham. He undertook the contest more for the experience it would afford than from hope of being elected. But its interest to-day is that it was the occasion of his first profes-

sions of political faith. He declared his allegiance to the Conservative Party in uncompromising terms at the meeting at which he was adopted candidate for the election. 'I am a Conservative, always have been a Conservative, and expect to die a Conservative,' he told the meeting. The first Socialist Government of Great Britain was shortly to take office, and the clash between capitalism and socialism was at its height. On this issue he declared himself thus: 'When every worker is an active capitalist, and every capitalist an active worker, the Conservative ideal will have been achieved.'

The Treaty of Versailles was then being assailed as an unduly harsh imposition on Germany. France's insistence on full reparation payments, culminating in the French occupation of the Ruhr, had brought the subject into prominence. On these questions he held the orthodox Conservative view of the time, championing the Treaty and insisting that Germany, as a defeated nation which had precipitated war, must be made to pay for its ravages. The international unrest caused by the Chanak affair was also in the public mind at the time, and there is a familiar note in his remarks on this subject. He constantly reiterated that Britain's mission was to remain a stable cornerstone of peace amid all this disturbance abroad. But in this again he was only voicing orthodox Conservative sentiments of the day.

Nor has he since displayed any great originality of thought. The development of his political ideas since the war has been that of the greater number of his countrymen. He has, in short, undergone a typical Conservative metamorphosis.

About the time of the Spennymoor election he became engaged to Beatrice Beckett, daughter of a North Country family of bankers. He married her in 1923, on the eve of his second election

campaign. He sacrificed his honeymoon to the campaign; but he won his return to Westminster. He was returned for Warwick and Leamington, a district with which he had family connections through the marriage of his sister into the family of the Earls of Warwick. There was a strong family flavor about this election, since his Socialist opponent was the then Countess of Warwick, his sister's mother-in-law.

Having won his way to the House of Commons, he settled down in London, taking a house in Chelsea so as to be among friends with congenially artistic tastes. He divided his time for the next three years between attendance at the House of Commons, journalism, and travel. In the House he spoke prosaically on subjects of which he had special knowledge. He gave close attention to military questions and Near Eastern affairs. He spoke often, also, on matters connected with the preservation of the nation's art treasures and the conservation of the countryside. His journalistic work was done mostly for the *Yorkshire Post*, a prominent provincial newspaper in the North of England, in the ownership of which his father-in-law is associated. His writings were mostly literary and artistic criticisms.

In 1925 he set out on a journey round the world which occupied the greater part of the year. He had already traveled widely in Central Europe during his Oxford days, having once gone as far afield as Constantinople with a select company of friends. The opportunity for his world tour came to him through the *Yorkshire Post*, which offered to appoint him its representative at the Imperial Press Conference at Melbourne. On the outward journey he traveled across Canada, visiting Honolulu and the Fiji Islands. He returned by way of Ceylon and the Red Sea, stopping for a time to

improve his knowledge of the Near East. He wrote a book describing his experiences on his return, for which he obtained a preface by Mr. Stanley Baldwin, then Prime Minister. The book was largely devoted — characteristically enough — to an appreciation of the scenic beauties he had witnessed.

There are two courses of action open to a young member of the British House of Commons, ambitious to serve his country and himself, when his party holds power. Either he must take up the position of a critic within the fold, standing firmly against the natural tendency of all British administrations to compromise with opposition, or he must obediently do the will of his seniors. He must rely for advancement either on pressure of party opinion from below or on official favor from above. Anthony Eden chose the latter course, and consistently adhered to it. His reward came in 1926, when he was chosen by Sir Austen Chamberlain, then Foreign Secretary, to be his Parliamentary Private Secretary. The Parliamentary Private Secretary is the minister's factotum. He loses the last vestiges of personal freedom and seldom appears in the public eye. It is customary for him even to forgo the right of speaking in the House, lest an inadvertent word should embarrass the minister. His compensation is a foot-hold in his chief's department, the handling of his papers, and a valuable insight into the administrative methods of Whitehall.

From 1926 until the fall of Mr. Baldwin's Government in 1929, Anthony Eden was unobtrusively gaining experience in the conduct of Foreign Office business at the feet of Sir Austen Chamberlain. He also gained the esteem of his chief in those years — a circumstance which was afterward to prove a decisive factor at a critical juncture in his career.

For the next two years Anthony

Eden sat in a humble place among the Conservatives on the opposition benches in the House of Commons, playing for the first time the rôle of critic of the government. As one of the junior spokesmen of the party on foreign affairs he developed a combative style of oratory, illuminated by occasional flashes of caustic wit, which he is now able to use with effect when defending government policy from the Treasury bench. Diligent study of his subject was a quality which was then beginning to attract to him the attention of political observers. But as yet he remained an obscure figure, unknown to the public at large, for whom few of his associates would have prophesied a spectacular rise to international fame.

#### IV

Anthony Eden was on holiday with his family on the Yorkshire moors, in August 1931, when the second Socialist Government was suddenly seized with its death agonies. A summons from Mr. Baldwin brought him to London, and he joined the first National Government as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Two more years were still to pass before his approach to fame; but in those years fortune favored him as she favors only the chosen of the gods.

The first acute phases of the economic crisis which had brought the National Government into being passed away, and as they passed the nation turned its attention ever more toward Europe. There ominous things were afoot. Hitler's National Socialist movement was growing from strength to strength in Germany. French fears and suspicions were growing too. The long struggle of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva to save the world from a new race in armament building was approaching its climax. At the head of the Foreign Office was the tall figure of

Sir John Simon, renowned as a great legal brain, in the heyday of his fortune.

But Sir John Simon had not been happily placed at the Foreign Office. His reputation as a lawyer proved a serious handicap in his dealings with foreign statesmen; the subtle acuteness of his mind bred mistrust. His plans went awry. He failed to carry conviction in the House of Commons. Meanwhile, in sharp contrast, Anthony Eden was developing a habit of forthright, confident speech. He was, moreover, proving himself a gifted diplomat, able to turn to full advantage in international negotiation his winning style and appearance and his faculty for clear thought.

There arose a demand for Sir John Simon's removal from the Foreign Office. But Sir John was unwilling to leave, and strongly placed in the government as head of its Liberal wing. The demand gathered strength and insistence; it had to be placated. And when at last a move was made it took the form of promotion for Anthony Eden. On New Year's Day, 1934, he was appointed Lord Privy Seal with the status of a senior minister, and entrusted particularly with the conduct of international negotiations.

He now began a series of diplomatic journeyings across the Continent which held him continually in the public eye. He traveled frequently between London, Paris, and Geneva, and less often to Berlin and Rome, on pacific missions loudly heralded in the press. His reputation and popularity grew rapidly. He was described by a French delegate at Geneva as 'that terrible young man who wants peace.' A glamour attached to him; he captured the imaginations of large numbers of his countrymen. In June 1934, public sentiment was recognized, and Anthony Eden was sworn a member of the Privy Council.

There is an instinctive tendency among Englishmen to dislike meddling by their government in Continental affairs. The policy and outlook with which Anthony Eden had become identified were, therefore, not universally popular; but he escaped all criticism of this nature, since at that time he had no direct responsibility. He was not yet a member of the Cabinet. Criticism was directed rather to the government as a corporate entity, or launched on the luckless head of Sir John Simon. Even the opposition Socialists found it the part of discretion to leave Anthony Eden unassailed.

An unusual honor was paid him in the autumn of 1934, when he was entertained by the governments of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark as a mark of their appreciation of his work at Geneva. And in the spring of the following year he undertook the most spectacular of his diplomatic journeys. From Paris and Berlin he went on to Moscow, and returned through Warsaw and Prague. At every capital he was welcomed by the citizens and entertained by the head of the state. He arrived home suffering from heart strain, and was compelled to rest for six weeks.

By the time he was once more at work, the demand for Sir John Simon's removal from the Foreign Office had been revived in strength. Moreover, the General Election of last November was then in sight, and a reconstruction of the ministry had been decided upon to give it an air of novelty in its appeal to the country. And so Sir John Simon was transferred to the Home Office in July, and Sir Samuel Hoare replaced him at the head of the Foreign Office. But Anthony Eden was given another step in promotion. He was taken into the Cabinet and given the specially created office of Minister without Portfolio for League of Nations Affairs.

For a year previously the members

of the government had been noting with growing concern the rapid acceleration of rearmament on the Continent, but they had continued their policy of altruistic example to the world by neglect of the armed forces of Great Britain, without informing public opinion of their apprehensions. Consequently, when the dispute between Italy and Abyssinia turned to war, they were called upon by the country to take an active part in League intervention, for which they did not consider themselves to be adequately equipped. It was not fear of the outcome of a possible conflict with Italy which weighed with them; but the grave danger that any loss of fighting power, however small, might give to arming Germany an irrecoverable advantage.

An inflamed and ill-informed public opinion, acclaiming Anthony Eden as its hero, demanded resolute action. But it fell to Sir Samuel Hoare to steer a course which, while satisfying the demand, would effectually preclude any risk of warlike adventures in the Mediterranean.

Concentration of the British Fleet in the Mediterranean and the simultaneous efforts of Anthony Eden at Geneva to rally a united front of League Powers failed to intimidate Mussolini. Arrogant and cavalier treatment of the British Ambassador in Berlin sounded a new note of warning, and Sir Samuel Hoare sought safe retreat in the ill-omened Hoare-Laval peace terms. The Cabinet, including Anthony Eden, approved the terms. But still no word of explanation was offered to the public.

The country rose up in angry outcry against the proposed settlement. At the head of the movement which gave it expression in Parliament stood Sir Austen Chamberlain. The pressure grew and the government yielded, performing the undignified evolution of repudiating the terms it had approved

only a week earlier. Sir Samuel Hoare resigned as a necessary consequence. Sir Austen Chamberlain, stern veteran of politics, was master of the situation for a day. The impulse to which the government had yielded had been directed by him. His will must be done. Mr. Baldwin summoned him, consulted with him, and, on December 23, appointed Anthony Eden to be Foreign Secretary in the place of Sir Samuel Hoare.

## V

The rise of Anthony Eden must be ascribed mainly, though by no means solely, to his own good fortune and the misfortunes of others. He has been favored in birth, wealth, and circumstance. But he has applied fortune's gifts to good advantage, and has added to them his own industry.

The task before him is greater than any he has yet faced. He has now to devise his policies, as well as to execute them. Henceforward he will be directly answerable for all he may do, and on his shoulders will lie a dreadful responsibility. The gathering forces abroad which he must struggle to hold in peace are not such as one man can subdue; but the influence of the British Foreign Secretary is great, and at any moment it may prove decisive.

The decision of Great Britain, last among the nations, to restore her armed forces for defense of the Empire and fulfillment of international obligations will give the voice of Anthony Eden an authority in the councils of Europe with which none of his predecessors have spoken since the war. By that measure his responsibility will be greater than theirs. All the energy and ability that are in him, all his hereditary aptitude for the handling of public affairs, he must summon to aid him until Europe shall recover her sanity, or the war clouds burst in a deluge of blood.



# OVERBURDENED MEN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BY WILLIAM HARD

## I

I HEAR it said that Borah is too old for the Presidency. This at once raises in my mind two broad questions. How old is old? And how crushing is the Presidency?

Perhaps that second question should be stated a bit differently. Perhaps I ought really to inquire: How crushing does the Presidency actually have to be?

I have observed quite a few Presidents. I am convinced that some of them have positively enjoyed the sensation of being crushed by their responsibilities. I am convinced that some of them have deliberately — even if unconsciously and merely instinctively — sought to work themselves into that sensation. They had been brought up to love the picture of 'the overburdened man in the White House.' They accordingly strove, when they had the opportunity, to reenact that picture in their own persons.

Contrariwise, that perfectly healthy animal Theodore Roosevelt emerged from seven years in the White House with the ebullient remark, 'I've had a bully time.' My conviction is that they could all have a bully time if they would just dispense with a little of the mixture of sentimentalism and megalomania which afflicts a good many of them.

A good many of them, but not all.

I once intercepted Mr. Calvin Coolidge taking a nap in the middle of a presidential executive day. When he opened his eyes, he grinned and asked: 'Is the country still here?'

It was. Of course Mr. Calvin Coolidge should have checked the increase in brokers' loans. He should have stemmed the divorce evil. He should have reduced the tariff, all by himself. He should have changed mergers and combinations into dissolutions and competitions. He should have made wheat farmers in western Kansas keep milk cows. He should have restored religion.

Yes, almost every President becomes religious. No matter how indifferent he may have been previously toward religion, he starts as soon as he is inaugurated to talk familiarly about God. Our worldliest and most agnostic chief rulers have done it. The spiritual life of the American people is one of the deepest concerns of American Presidents. British prime ministers, generally speaking, leave the spiritual life of the British people alone. Not so American Presidents. Even as candidates for the Presidency, they begin talking about spiritual forces, and, under the influence of the vocabulary of modern psychology, they recently have begun to talk about spiritual 'values.' They are not content with being the

Chief Magistrates of the Republic. They seem to want to be also its High Priests.

This aggressive busybodiness of American Presidents should be restrained, I think, by some salutary cynicism. Calvin Coolidge — and long may his memory be therefore green — had cynicism enough and humor enough and sense enough to know that he was not called by the Almighty to remedy every evil of the New Era between the Great War and the Great Depression, especially since he was utterly without the constitutional or political or personal power to do so. The 'crushingness' of the Presidency, in so far as it exists, is simply the result of the arrogant determination of some Presidents to discharge not only the duties of the President but also those of the Senate, the House of Representatives, the heads of departments, the chiefs of bureaus, and the members of the Supreme Court, to say nothing of those of the members of the National Committees of the political parties to which they belong.

Now if a President can indeed do all of these things and still, like Theodore Roosevelt, take it easy and look happy about it, he removes at least one cause for complaint. But when he unnecessarily takes upon himself all the miseries of the universe, and then proceeds to look like a spent dishrag and to inspire newspaper pictures showing him first in his carefree days when he was earning his living and then with the face furrows produced in him by his presidential efforts to earn everybody else's living, it becomes time, I think, to call a halt for refreshments.

And the first refreshing cool drink to consume, or to dash on the overheated brow, is the fact that the President is in a lot of luck in comparison with any European prime minister. Think it over, and see if it is not so.

## II

A prime minister is responsible for the operations of the administrative branches of the government of his country, just like a President among us; but then he goes on from there — and he goes a long way — toward additional woes which our President never needs to encounter.

A prime minister — to begin with a small matter — has to dine out occasionally or even quite frequently with his friends and supporters and also with his critics and enemies. He has to maintain his political social circle. An American President virtually never dines out. He evades all dining-out fatigue. If he wants to dine with you, he tells you to dine with him, and you come.

And when you have come, and it gets to be ten-fifteen, or any other moment that suits his pleasure, he stands, and you and all the rest of those present go. I never saw a prime minister who exercised any social right to dismiss his guests in that way, simply because he might want to conserve his strength and go to bed. But it is the right — and the exercised right — of every American President.

Once, when I was familiar with the habits of Presidents but not of prime ministers, I had a journalistic occasion to call upon a Continental prime minister rather late at night. He courteously provided supper. The occasion became social. We sat and talked; and then we sat and talked and sat and talked. I became very uneasy and fidgety. I was waiting for the prime minister to stand.

Twelve o'clock arrived. I became desperate. Like every other Washingtonian, I was trained to stay while the Chief Executive sat and to go only when the Chief Executive rose. I kept wondering whether that prime minister would ever rise. Then — I'll

say it for myself — I had a flash of marvelous insight. I guessed that perhaps foreign customs might be different from ours. So I flippantly wondered aloud if my host could sit hospitably in his chair as long as I could sit enjoyably in mine. My host — engaged in governing one of the world's greatest countries — looked puzzled. 'Why,' said he, 'of course. Are you not my guest?'

I realized then that I had never been really a guest in the White House. I had been a subject, summoned and dismissed at the President's pleasure. I at once explained American presidential institutions to my pale and weary European prime minister, apologized for my ignorance of the social obligations of chief executives in his country, and ran.

That little incident began to teach me what I afterward learned in full. The social life of prime ministers is that of human beings engaged in daily politics, with all the hazards of a fall from political power at any moment, while the social life of an American President is that of a demigod in a shrine from which there can be no fall for four years and into which and out of which the worshipers pass obediently at quasi-divine command. In other words, prime ministers cannot control the requirements of their social intercourse with their colleagues and rivals and the wives and sisters and cousins and aunts of them all. Presidents have no colleagues. They have only subordinates, and they can control their social intercourse with them absolutely. They can fix their receptions and dinners at any hour they please and end them at any hour they please, and they could go to bed at nine every night if they really felt 'overburdened' by ceremonial.

So much for ceremonial and society, which are a big element in public life. But now we come to an element which

is, of course, much bigger. It is the parliamentary debating endeavors which exist in the lives of prime ministers and which do not exist at all in the lives of American Presidents.

I wonder just how 'overburdened' the pampered recluses of the White House would really feel if, on top of their sheltered administrative chores, they had to undertake the open parliamentary catch-as-catch-can life-and-death chore of going to Capitol Hill and engaging in debate with the Opposition Senators or Representatives, it being understood that they would immediately fall from the presidential office if they were beaten too badly.

Prime ministers in all free European countries must face that parliamentary ordeal. They must face it frequently; and they must face it often late at night. They cannot dismiss their parliamentary inquisitors by rising to their feet. When they rise to their feet, their parliamentary inquisitors merely ask them some more questions and settle down to a fine evening's fun and carnage.

Our Presidents need never see a parliamentary character — or, in our language, a Congressional character — unless they wish to invite him to repair to the sacrosanct presidential presence in the White House. Our Presidents need never look a political or personal enemy in the eye during the whole course of their presidential careers. They need never answer a critic's arguments face to face with him. All they need to do is to read what he says in the newspapers and then give out a perfectly secure retort to him at their next press conference.

### III

One reason why a certain number of our Presidents get elephantiasis of the ego is precisely that they spend almost all their time with administrative offi-

cials and newspaper reporters and other political inferiors and are never obliged to meet a political peer in a free forum on equal terms. This fact tends to produce in them a sense of lofty separateness. They begin to divide the whole American public-life world into (a) a statesman and patriot living at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue and (b) 'politicians.' The Senate, they finally think, contains 96 mere 'politicians.' The House of Representatives, they know, contains 435 mere 'politicians.' And life for them becomes a remote-control struggle between 531 'politicians' on Capitol Hill and the country's one blameless public careerist in the White House.

European prime ministers are saved from all that sort of incipient insanity by being hurled into the parliamentary arena, where they get the nonsense knocked out of them by hard blows and where they are constantly compelled to acknowledge to themselves that their opponents are pretty stout and shrewd and competent fellows. But on the point of 'overburdenedness,' on the point of toil, on the point of fatigue, the American Presidents have all the best of it. They can take treatments from their masseurs in the White House while British prime ministers are getting mauled and pummeled in the House of Commons by His Majesty's loyal and loquacious Opposition.

I once saw Gladstone himself taking it in the House of Commons. My father dragged me to the House of Commons gallery to give me the instruction which he thought should be absorbed by an American tourist boy. Gladstone was speaking on his Irish Home Rule bill. He was at his most eagle-like age and in his most eagle-like mood. At the end of decades of public experience and sophistication he had come to his most outbreking, his most progressive, his most revolutionary legislative proposal. The wings of his eloquence beat the

air of the House to a tumult both of approval and of answering invective. He rode the storm as if floating in the empyrean.

And I recollect that even as a boy I wondered at his ability to do it, not only in the face of his opponents, who were violent, but more especially in the face of Mr. Arthur Balfour, who was not.

Mr. Balfour's non-violence was the most disconcerting thing I have ever seen. Mr. Balfour sat on the front Opposition bench, only a few feet from Mr. Gladstone. He sat on the small of his back. His feet were thrust far out in front of him; his head was thrown back at rest. He gazed at Mr. Gladstone incuriously. He gazed at him as one might gaze at a flitting moth. He gazed at him with a negligent insolence that said 'Tosh!' in such a loud tone that I almost wondered how Mr. Gladstone could continue.

But continue Mr. Gladstone did, against fiery tongues and against Mr. Balfour's icy eye. And it was of that year of his life that the British historian Sir Charles Edward Mallet wrote:—

The power, the vitality, the astonishing resources of argument and of eloquence, of dexterity and of understanding, with which the Prime Minister fought for every detail of his Irish bill fascinated most opponents hardly less than they fascinated friends.

And how old was Mr. Gladstone then? He was eighty-two. Myself, I would advise anybody to take on our Presidency at a hundred and ten rather than take on the British prime ministership at eighty-two. But Mr. Gladstone took it on at eighty-two,—after having taken it on once, by the way, at seventy and again, by the way, at seventy-six,—and at eighty-three and eighty-four he dazed Britain with his robustness. How old is old?

One Major William Pierce of Georgia once intimated that eighty-two, if not eighty-three, might sometimes be about as old as twenty-five. He was a delegate to our Constitutional Convention of 1787. He there met Benjamin Franklin, a delegate. Major Pierce wrote back home: —

Mr. Franklin is eighty-two years old and possesses an activity of mind equal to a youth of twenty-five.

This would seem to set twenty-five as the age of maximum or optimum mental activity. What, then, of Alexander Hamilton in that same Constitutional Convention? He was thirty. And what of James Madison? He was thirty-six. Perhaps Hamilton and Madison were too old. How young is young?

I imagine that the prosaic answer is that youth and age are terms that have to be considered relatively to occupation.

What is 'old' for prize fighters? What is 'old' for tennis players? What is 'old' for heads of businesses? What is 'old' for statesmen?

I am totally convinced that a man gets too old for business long before he gets too old for statesmanship. That is because the strain in business is much greater.

A business can easily go bankrupt. It requires enormous effort to make a government go bankrupt. A peanut vendor can be ruined. How do you ruin anybody who can almost illimitably tax and borrow? The depression led a considerable number of business men to leap out of hotel windows. When did a depression ever lead a President to leap out of a window of the White House?

No! The contemplation of the woes of the electorate is a much less strenuous occupation than the facing of judgments secured by unsatisfied and implacable creditors.

#### IV

The only President in our times who succumbed to the Presidency was Harding. And did he really succumb to the Presidency? He did not. He succumbed to his private associations and to his error in bringing those associations with him into office. His fate had nothing whatsoever to do with any 'overburdensomeness' of regular presidential administrative routine.

Theodore Roosevelt, after being worn out by the Presidency, plunged buoyantly into exorbitant expeditions into Africa and South America. William Howard Taft survived the White House to spend many years laboriously and happily as a law teacher and a judge. Calvin Coolidge was certainly as healthy when he left the White House as when he entered it. Herbert Hoover encountered more unmitigated concentrated economic anguish in our country than any other President in our history and reaped from it an almost unprecedented pressure of resentment and complaint. He looked sometimes in his press conferences as if nothing could ever dig him out of the pit of his dejection. Well, observe him now! Does he bear upon his body — or upon his truculent wisecracks — a single mark of his devastating presidential experience? Meanwhile plenty of business men — large and small — who had to encounter the consequences of the depression of 1929 are dead, and precisely because of the depression.

As for Woodrow Wilson, if the Presidency broke his health, it was not in Washington but in Paris. It was not the duties of the Chief Magistrate of the American Republic that were too much for him. It was the wholly supernumerary and supererogatory duties of a Chief Magistrate who additionally insisted upon being his own Chief Diplomat. And who wore him



down most in Paris? With that question we revert to the question of age.

Mr. Woodrow Wilson, aged sixty-two, faced in Paris a statesman aged seventy-seven. It was Georges Clemenceau. At seventy-six, M. Clemenceau had undertaken the French premiership. He had undertaken to administer France, to debate all comers in the French Parliament, to rally the army, to visit and invigorate the battle-front, and to win the war. At seventy-seven he won it, at the head of a rejuvenated France, rejuvenated by senility, if seventy-seven is senility. And at seventy-seven M. Clemenceau drew on his little black gloves and went into a ring called a council table with his vigorous juniors Mr. Woodrow Wilson and Mr. David Lloyd George and laid them repeatedly on the floor. Thereafter he lived many years as a cynical and delighted philosopher. And I do not think he ever said anything about the 'overburdens' of the premiership of France.

The plain straight fact is that the 'overburdens' of an American President, in so far as they exist, are all self-assumed. A President does not need to do anything more than make the top appointments to departments and commissions and courts and to determine his policies on the top national issues of the moment. That is all that George Washington did, in a time of supreme national domestic and foreign perplexity, and he thereupon produced an almost errorless administration and retired to Mount Vernon quite unimpaired. Some of his contemporary successors, under the spell of the modern and unconstitutional idea that this is Cæsar's Rome, and that there is room in it for only one man, have tried to do the work of every legislator and every bureaucrat in Washington, besides their own, and they have thus built up a myth — a myth of their unique and solitary re-

sponsibility for our governmental welfare — which flatters their self-conceit and which (I do not hesitate to say it) is a menace to sound citizenship.

Let me illustrate what I mean — by just one recent instance. We say that Calvin Coolidge should have checked the increase in brokers' loans. We say that he should have checked all the credit inflation of the New Era. No, he should *not* have. It was his duty, certainly, to fill vacancies in the Federal Reserve Board. But it was the duty of the Federal Reserve Board to check credit inflation. And it was and is and always will be improper and vicious, under our form of government, for a President to attempt to sway the decisions of the Federal Reserve Board, which is a body of technicians exercising quasi-judicial functions which should be unspotted by political dictations.

Ditto with regard to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Ditto with regard to the Federal Trade Commission. Ditto with regard to the Federal Communications Commission. Ditto with regard to every other regulatory body of prime importance in Washington. They were all established by the Congress to be independent bodies administering not the wills of Presidents but the laws of the people, and administering them in quasi-judicial fashion. To expect the President to tell those bodies what to do is absolutely next door to expecting him to tell the Supreme Court what to do. It is an expectation which, if continued, and if played upon by Presidents, can end the Republic.

'Back to George Washington!' is what we should say to our Presidents. He had as many trying problems as any President has ever had — except Lincoln. And once he went to the Senate. And then he said he would never go there again, and did n't. Wise man! He knew his place. He had majesty,

and he had modesty. He understood the institutions that he founded. Why not revive them?

Let the national legislature again be the national legislature. Let judicial and quasi-judicial independent bodies created by the national legislature again be judicial and quasi-judicial independent bodies. Let our citizens back home think up some notions again — once in a while — for their own salvation. Let them stop looking at one hat in Washington for all the white rabbits. Let them look also at the hats of the legislators and of the members of the independent and responsible boards and commissions. And let the hat of

the President be shrunk to presidential size. Let Presidents again be just Presidents. Then we can stop weeping for them and they can stop feeling sorry for themselves — which will be a big gain all around.

But they don't need any tribute of tears, anyway. If we must cry for somebody, let us cry for Stanley Baldwin. He is carrying — I repeat — a much heavier job. And, by the way, he is sixty-eight years old.

*Place aux vieux!*

And can't we stop encouraging our Presidents to swell up like little-boy toy balloons? It increases their chances of bursting — at any age.

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## ROMANCE

REPLETE with food, now satiate, somnolent,  
He settles in the armchair with his port,  
Lights a cigar and, like a runner spent,  
Puffs as he turns from stock reports to sport.

With love-refracted reminiscent eyes  
Wistful and timidly she watches him;  
Her heart peers through the cruel years' disguise  
And sees a youth, eager, erect and slim.

Out of the lamplight on the windowpane  
He comes to meet her as she once adored him,  
Leading his charger by the bridle rein,  
His other hand outstretched to draw her toward him.

And thus she stands a moment, while her heart  
Beats with the ticking clock. She turns her head.  
He nods while reading, hardly hears her part.  
'Good night, my dear, I think I'll go to bed.'

R. S.

# LETTERS FROM THE DUST BOWL

BY CAROLINE A. HENDERSON

[FOR twenty-eight years Mrs. Caroline A. Henderson and her husband have been farming in Oklahoma. For the past five years her household has been one of many that have fought as best they might the devastating effects, first of the unprecedented drouth, and then of the resulting dust storms. Her letters, written to a friend in Maryland, open a vivid and pathetic chapter of American agriculture. — THE EDITORS]

EVA, OKLAHOMA  
June 30, 1935

MY DEAR EVELYN: —

Your continued interest in our effort to 'tie a knot in the end of the rope and hang on' is most stimulating. Our recent transition from rain-soaked eastern Kansas with its green pastures, luxuriant foliage, abundance of flowers, and promise of a generous harvest, to the dust-covered desolation of No Man's Land was a difficult change to crowd into one short day's travel. Eleanor has laid aside the medical books for a time. Wearing our shade hats, with handkerchiefs tied over our faces and vaseline in our nostrils, we have been trying to rescue our home from the accumulations of wind-blown dust which penetrates wherever air can go. It is an almost hopeless task, for there is rarely a day when at some time the dust clouds do not roll over. 'Visibility' approaches zero and everything is covered again with a silt-like deposit which may vary in depth from a

film to actual ripples on the kitchen floor. I keep oiled cloths on the window sills and between the upper and lower sashes. They help just a little to retard or collect the dust. Some seal the windows with the gummed-paper strips used in wrapping parcels, but no method is fully effective. We buy what appears to be red cedar sawdust with oil added to use in sweeping our floors, and do our best to avoid inhaling the irritating dust.

In telling you of these conditions I realize that I expose myself to charges of disloyalty to this western region. A good Kansas friend suggests that we should imitate the Californian attitude toward earthquakes and keep to ourselves what we know about dust storms. Since the very limited rains of May in this section gave some slight ground for renewed hope, optimism has been the approved policy. Printed articles or statements by journalists, railroad officials, and secretaries of small-town Chambers of Commerce have heralded too enthusiastically the return of prosperity to the drouth region. And in our part of the country that is the one durable basis for any prosperity whatever. There is nothing else to build upon. But you wished to know the truth, so I am telling you the actual situation, though I freely admit that the facts are themselves often contradictory and confusing.

Early in May, with no more grass or even weeds on our 640 acres than on

your kitchen floor, and even the scanty remnants of dried grasses from last year cut off and blown away, we decided, like most of our neighbors, to ship our cattle to grass in the central part of the state. We sent 27 head, retaining here the heifers coming fresh this spring. The shipping charge on our part of the carload was \$46. Pasture costs us \$7.00 for a cow and calf for the season and \$5.00 for a yearling. Whether this venture brings profit or loss depends on whether the cattle make satisfactory gains during the summer and whether prices remain reasonable or fall back to the level that most people would desire. We farmers here in the United States might as well recognize that we are a minority group, and that the prevailing interest of the nation as a whole is no longer agricultural. Hay for the horses and the heifers remaining here cost us \$23 per ton, brought by truck from eastern Oklahoma.

The day after we shipped the cattle, the long drouth was temporarily broken by the first effective moisture in many months — about one and one-quarter inches in two or three gentle rains. All hope of a wheat crop had been abandoned by March or April.

Contrary to many published reports, a good many people had left this country either temporarily or permanently before any rains came. And they were not merely 'drifters,' as is frequently alleged. In May a friend in the southwestern county of Kansas voluntarily sent me a list of the people who had already left their immediate neighborhood or were packed up and ready to go. The list included 109 persons in 26 families, substantial people, most of whom had been in that locality over ten years, and some as long as forty years. In these families there had been two deaths from dust pneumonia. Others in the neighborhood were ill at that time. Fewer actual residents have

left our neighborhood, but on a sixty-mile trip yesterday to procure tractor repairs we saw many pitiful reminders of broken hopes and apparently wasted effort. Little abandoned homes where people had drilled deep wells for the precious water, had set trees and vines, built reservoirs, and fenced in gardens, — with everything now walled in or half buried by banks of drifted soil, — told a painful story of loss and disappointment. I grieved especially over one lonely plum thicket buried to the tips of the twigs, and a garden with a fence closely built of boards for wind protection, now enclosing only a hillock of dust covered with the blue-flowered bull nettles which no winds or sands discourage.

It might give you some notion of our great 'open spaces' if I tell you that on the sixty-mile trip, going by a state road over which our mail comes from the railroad, and coming back by a Federal highway, we encountered only one car, and no other vehicles of any sort. And this was on Saturday, the farmers' marketing day!

The coming of the long-desired rain gave impetus to the Federal projects for erosion control. Plans were quickly made, submitted to groups of farmers in district gatherings, and put into operation without delay.

The proposition was that, in order to encourage the immediate listing of abandoned wheat ground and other acreage so as to cut down wind erosion, the Federal Government would contribute ten cents per acre toward the expense of fuel and oil for tractors or feed for horses, if the farmers would agree to list not less than one fourth of the acreage on contour lines. Surveys were made promptly for all farmers signing contracts for either contour listing or terracing. The latest report states that within the few weeks since the programme was begun in our county 299,986 acres have been

ploughed or listed on these contour lines — that is, according to the lay of the land instead of on straight lines with right-angled turns as has been the usual custom.

The plan has been proposed and carried through here as a matter of public policy for the welfare of all without reproach or humiliation to anyone. It should be remembered that 1935 is the fourth successive year of drouth and crop failure through a great part of the high plains region, and the hopelessly low prices for the crop of 1931 gave no chance to build up reserves for future needs. If the severe critics of all who in any way join in government plans for the saving of homes and the restoration of farms to a productive basis could only understand how vital a human problem is here considered, possibly their censures might be less bitter and scornful.

At any rate the contour listing has been done over extensive areas. If rains come to carry forward the feed crops now just struggling up in the furrows, the value of the work can be appraised. The primary intention of the plan for contour listing is to distribute rainfall evenly over the fields and prevent its running off to one end of the field or down the road to some creek or drainage basin. It is hoped that the plan will indirectly tend to lessen wind erosion by promoting the growth of feed crops, restoration of humus to denuded surfaces, and some protection through standing stubbles and the natural coverage of weeds and unavoidable wastes. One great contributing cause of the terrible dust storms of the last two years has been the pitiful bareness of the fields resulting from the long drouth.

I am not wise enough to forecast the result. We have had two most welcome rains in June — three quarters of an inch and one-half inch. Normally these should have been of the

utmost benefit, though they by no means guarantee an abundant feed crop from our now sprouting seeds as many editorial writers have decreed, and they do nothing toward restoring subsoil moisture. Actually the helpful effects of the rains have been for us and for other people largely destroyed by the drifting soil from abandoned, unworked lands around us. It fills the air and our eyes and noses and throats, and, worst of all, our furrows, where tender shoots are coming to the surface only to be buried by the smothering silt from the fields of rugged individualists who persist in their right to do nothing.

A fairly promising piece of barley has been destroyed for us by the merciless drift from the same field whose sands have practically buried the little mulberry hedge which has long sheltered our buildings from the northwest winds. Large spaces in our pastures are entirely bare in spite of the rains. Most of the green color, where there is any grazing, is due to the pestilent Russian thistles rather than to grass. Our little locust grove which we cherished for so many years has become a small pile of fence posts. With trees and vines and flowers all around you, you can't imagine how I miss that little green shaded spot in the midst of the desert glare.

Naturally you will wonder why we stay where conditions are so extremely disheartening. Why not pick up and leave as so many others have done? It is a fair question, but a hard one to answer.

Recently I talked with a young university graduate of very superior attainments. He took the ground that in such a case sentiment could and should be disregarded. He may be right. Yet I cannot act or feel or think as if the experiences of our twenty-seven years of life together had never been. And they are all bound up with the little



corner to which we have given our continued and united efforts. To leave voluntarily — to break all these closely knit ties for the sake of a possibly greater comfort elsewhere — seems like defaulting on our task. We may *have* to leave. We can't hold out indefinitely without some return from the land, some source of income, however small. But I think I can never go willingly or without pain that as yet seems unendurable.

There are also practical considerations that serve to hold us here, for the present. Our soil is excellent. We need only a little rain — less than in most places — to make it productive. No one who remembers the wheat crops of 1926, 1929, 1931, can possibly regard this as permanently submarginal land. The newer methods of farming suggest possibilities of better control of moisture in the future. Our entire equipment is adapted to the type of farming suitable for this country and would have to be replaced at great expense with the tools needed in some other locality. We have spent so much in trying to keep our land from blowing away that it looks foolish to walk off and leave it, when somewhat more favorable conditions seem now to 'cast their shadows before.' I scarcely need to tell you that there is no use in thinking of either renting or selling farm property here at present. It is just a place to stand on — if we can keep the taxes paid — and work and hope for a better day. We could realize nothing whatever from all our years of struggle with which to make a fresh start.

We long for the garden and little chickens, the trees and birds and wild flowers of the years gone by. Perhaps if we do our part these good things may return some day, for others if not for ourselves.

Will joins me in earnest hopes for your recovery. The dust has been particularly aggravating to his bron-

chial trouble, but he keeps working on. A great reddish-brown dust cloud is rising now from the southeast, so we must get out and do our night work before it arrives. Our thoughts go with you.

August 11, 1935

MY DEAR EVELYN: —

On this blistering Sunday afternoon, I am, like Alexander Selkirk,

. . . Monarch of all I survey;  
My right there is none to dispute.

There is no one within a mile and a half, and all day I've seen just one person pass by in an old stripped-down Ford.

Will and Eleanor went early this morning with a family of neighbors to visit the dinosaur pit in the next county to the westward — about seventy miles from here — where the State University is engaged in excavating the bones of some of these ancient monsters, reminders of a time when there was plenty of water even in the Panhandle.

It seemed impossible for us all to leave home at once, so I stayed here to care for a new Shorthorn brother, to keep the chickens' pails filled with fresh water, to turn the cattle and horses in to water at noon, and to keep them from straying to the extremely poisonous drouth-stricken cane. We spent the better part of a night during the week trying to save two of the best young cows from the effects of the prussic acid which develops in the stunted sorghum. We thought they would die and I am not sure yet whether they recovered because of the liberal doses of melted lard and molasses or whether the poison was not quite strong enough to be fatal. It produces a paralysis of the respiratory system, and when death occurs, as it frequently does, it is due to suffocation from lack of oxygen.

Ever since your letter came, I have

been thinking how different are the causes of our personal difficulties. It is hard for us prodigals in this far country, in our scarcity of all things, not to feel envious of the Del Mar Va pigs luxuriating in potatoes, peaches (and cream?), and the delicious Younger-berries. But, as I started to say, our own problems are of a quite different sort. We cannot complain of laziness on the part of our citizens. Oklahoma is one of the first states to get away from direct relief. Official reports of the administrators here emphasize the eagerness with which people accept any sort of work to help themselves and to make unnecessary the acceptance of public aid. In our county the FERA force is being cut down. Three case workers and two from the office force have been dismissed during the past week.

This progress toward more nearly normal conditions of employment occurs in the face of the most critical farm situation that we have ever encountered. For over a month we have had *no* rain, and the two light local showers early in July had only a slight and temporary effect. All hope of an adequate forage crop has now followed into oblivion the earlier hopes of wheat and maize production. We have no native or cultivated hay crops. The cattle stay alive thus far on weeds, but the pastures are destitute of grass. Many think it can never be restored. The heat is intense and the drying winds are practically continuous, with a real 'duster' occurring every few days to keep us humble. After the government erosion control project was carried through there was, for a time, a partial cessation of the dust blowing. But as the freshly upturned earth is pulverizing under the influence of continued heat and wind and entire lack of moisture, it too is ready to blow. A recently established Oklahoma law permits the County Commissioners to

require the working of land that is being allowed to blow to the detriment of other farms, and I note that one such order has recently been issued in our county.

You asked about the soil erosion control programme and what could be done with an allowance of ten cents per acre. That amount just about covers actual expense of fuel and oil for listing with a large tractor. Possibly it leaves a slight margin if listing is done with a lighter outfit. In no case was any allowance made for a man's labor or the use of his farming equipment. The plan was proposed to encourage widespread and practically simultaneous working of the blowing fields, with a reasonable proportion on contour lines. Undoubtedly it has been of great benefit, and had rains followed, as everyone hoped, we should feel that we were approaching the turn in the long road. As a matter of fact, the complete absence of rain has given us no chance to test the effectiveness of the contour listing. A few people signed up for terracing as a more permanent method of conserving and distributing the longed-for moisture — if it ever comes! Will has been working early and late with one of the county terracing machines, laying up ridges on contour lines for every foot of fall. He hopes to be ready to-morrow to turn the machine over to a neighbor who will also make the experiment. Later on he would like to run the terrace lines across the pasture lands, but the future for us is most uncertain.

Everything now depends on whether a definite change of moisture conditions occurs in time for people to sow wheat for 1936. The 'suitcase farmers' — that is, insurance agents, preachers, real-estate men, and so forth, from cities near or far — have bet thousands of dollars upon *rain*, or, in other words, have hired the preparation of large areas of land all around us which

no longer represent the idea of *homes* at all, but just parts of a potential factory for the low-cost production of wheat — *if it rains*.

A short time ago a big tractor, working for one of these absentee farmers across the road from our home, accidentally hooked on to the cornerstone of the original survey and dragged it off up the road. All these many years that stone has marked the corner of our homestead. I have walked past it hundreds of times as I have taken the cows to their pasture or brought them home again. Always it has suggested the beauty of the untouched prairie as it was when the surveyors set the stone, the luxuriant thick turf of native grasses, — grama grass, buffalo, and curly mesquite, — the pincushion cactuses, straw-color and rose, the other wild flowers which in their season fulfilled the thought of Shakespeare: —

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die.

The cornerstone has also suggested the preparation for human occupation — the little homes that were so hopefully established here, of which so very few remain. After twenty-nine years, eight places in our township, out of the possible 136 (excluding the two school sections), are still occupied by those who made the original homestead entry. And now the stone is gone and the manner of its removal seemed almost symbolic of the changes that appear inevitable.

We can't see why your wheat prices should be so hopelessly low. You may judge now a little of how we felt in 1931, with wheat at less than 'two bits' per bushel! The price here has recently been about a dollar a bushel, several cents above the Kansas City price. I suppose the idea is to discourage shipment, as there is not enough wheat in this area now to provide for

fall sowing — if it rains — and seed wheat must be shipped in.

One morning at the store, being in a reckless mood, I invested a dime in five small tomatoes and wished you might be getting something like that price for your surplus. Potatoes cost us around thirty cents a peck. I hope the protest of the Maryland growers has been successful in giving them some return for their work. Peaches are priced at four pounds for a quarter, but are not for us. So count your mercies, lady. It may surprise you to see how numerous they are.

The last sack of flour cost \$1.69, and twelve-ounce loaves of good bread are still to be had for a nickel, considerably *less* than the price we paid during the dear old days of reputed prosperity — before processing taxes were a subject for political debate and court consideration. We feel rather proud that the proprietor of the Elkhart flour mill which we have patronized for many years has withdrawn from the group of Kansas millers suing the government for recovery of the processing tax. He explained his position by stating that, as the benefits derived from these taxes had been an actual life-saver for farming and general business interests in this section, he would not seek to embarrass the government in its attempt to collect the tax. His independent action in refusing to join in the raid seems worth mentioning in these days when individualism is supposed to be dead.

It's time to do the evening work, put the guinea pig to bed, and begin to watch for the return of our explorers. I do hope weather conditions are favoring the growth of your crops.

January 28, 1936

DEAR EVELYN: —

As I have said before, our own problems seem of slight moment as compared with yours. Yet more than ever

of late 'the day's journey' has indeed seemed to 'fill the whole long day.' As yet there are no decisive changes, no clear light on our way. Late in the summer, before Eleanor returned to her work in the medical school, she drove the tractor for her father, and with the help of the old header they worried down the scattering, scanty crop of sorghum cane and Sudan grass which had made all the growth it could through the hot, dry summer. That there was anything at all to harvest we attribute to the new planting methods encouraged by the Soil Erosion Control service, of listing on contour lines and laying up terraces to check the run-off in whatever rains might come. A shower the night they finished cutting and another about ten days later, conserved in the same way, gave us most fortunately a second cutting over the same fields, and a few loads of maize fodder from spots here and there on another part of the farm. These crops of roughage have little or no market value, but are indispensable if one plans to winter any cattle. The old, nutritious native grasses which used to provide winter pasturage are forever gone. Killing frosts happily came later than usual. In October, I drove the tractor myself and we two cut and hauled and put into the barn loft (including the earlier cutting) some twenty tons of fodder from two hundred acres, expensive feed when regarded as the entire outcome of a year's work and investment, yet essential to our attempt at carrying on.

As you know, however, wisely or otherwise, this region has permitted wheat growing to become its main concern. The wheat situation around us is so varied and precarious as to be most difficult of appraisal. Our own acreage is fairly typical of the general condition. We have a little wheat that came up in September, made a fair start, and for a time furnished pastur-

age for the small calves. A part of it was early smothered out by the drift from near-by fields. Part of it would yet respond to abundant moisture if that were to come. Much of the early-sown wheat did not come up. Some of the seed sprouted and died before reaching the surface. Other portions remained dry until sprouted by a light rain in December. Most of that still lies dormant waiting for warmth to promote its growth. Large areas were drilled after the December rain, with varying results as to germination.

After the four-to-six-inch snow of early January, the editor of our county paper was asked by the United Press for a candid report of actual conditions. His estimate allowed the county as a whole a 25 per cent chance; not, if I understood him, a fair chance for a 25 per cent crop, but about one chance in four for anything at all. His statement showed that fall and winter precipitation so far had been a trifle over half the normal amount for that time of year. And you must try to remember that a failure this year would mean five in succession for a large part of the high plains region. So our great problem here is production, after all. You can readily see that the conditions I have so hastily outlined promise no protection against the ravages of dust storms if the spring winds rage as in previous years.

On the whole it is not surprising that here and there some bitterness should have been felt and expressed, perhaps immoderately, over the recent AAA decision in the Supreme Court. People here, business men as well as the farmers themselves, realize that the benefit payments under the AAA and the wage payments from Federal work projects are all that have saved a large territory here from abandonment. A December statement by the Soil Conservation service reports an area in five states, including part or all of sixty-eight

counties and 87,900 square miles of territory, as in need of active measures for protection and control of the dust-storm menace. Mr. Bennett, director of the service, regards this as the greatest 'physical problem facing the country to-day.' I was astonished to find by a little primary arithmetic that the area involved is equal to that of all the New England States, with New Jersey and Maryland and about half of Delaware added for good measure.

The desolation of the countryside would admittedly have meant the ruin of the small towns, entirely dependent as they are upon country patronage. It will also mean — if it must ever be abandoned through utter exhaustion of resources and sheer inability to hang on any longer — a creeping eastward into more settled and productive territory of the danger and losses originating in the arid wastelands. It is a problem now that no merely individual action can handle successfully.

But to return briefly to the Supreme Court decision. It has naturally been the cause of much regrettable confusion. It would probably have caused even more disturbance had there not been a background of hope that something may yet be done to compensate for the disappointments necessarily involved.

Farmers are not asking for special favors. They ask only an even chance as compared with other workers. But people don't understand.

Perhaps the many books on pioneer life with the usual successful and happy outcome have helped to give a wrong impression and perpetuate the idea that country people live on wild game and fish and fruits and in general on the free bounty of heaven. Many people have no idea of the cash expense of operating a farm to-day, or the work and planning required to keep the wheels going round, to say

nothing of a decent living or suitable education for the children. This year we are keeping a separate account of expenses for car, truck, and tractor, all of which are old and frequently in need of repair. I fear we shall be horrified and discouraged by the close of the year. Not that I should willingly return to the long, slow trips of fifteen miles to town in a jolting wagon. Not that I want to take it out of the flesh and blood of horses in the hot heavy work of seed time and harvest — if they come again. But we can't combine the modern methods of work with the income of our early pioneering, when \$200 used to cover all of a year's expense.

I think I told you of shipping our cattle to pasture. It proved to be a disastrous mistake. To keep in tune, I suppose we should blame Secretary Wallace or the broad-shouldered Mr. Tugwell, who likewise had nothing to do with it. Really the source of trouble was our own erroneous impression that grass is grass, and that our cattle would gain if they could have ample pasturage. Evidently other factors of acclimatization must be considered. Our experience was duplicated in that of many of our neighbors, most of whom, on finding their cattle in far worse condition in the fall than in the spring, decided to sell for whatever their stock would bring. Perhaps they were wise to do so. We shipped ours back, availing ourselves of the drouth rates for such shipments. In the spring we had paid 85 per cent of the regular rate. In the fall, to encourage reshipment and the restocking of the country if possible, the government rate was 15 per cent of the regular charge. I was quite alone here for a week while Will went after our little bunch. He had to unload them late at night ten miles from home.

That was November first, and most of our efforts and resources ever since



March 8, 1936

have been devoted to trying to bring our cattle back to a normal condition. They are gaining slowly, but our home-grown feed is disappearing rapidly, and the grain feed of threshed maize which we must purchase, while about right in price for the seller at \$1.10 per hundred, is piling up expenses. We have sold one mixed bunch of older cows and summer calves. That will help a little toward caring for the others, but there could n't be much direct gain, as you will agree, in selling eleven head for \$225. Still this is better than we could have done a year or two ago, when cattle were practically without value. In general, there has been an improvement in farm prices, both absolutely and relatively, which has given us courage to keep on working, and has kept alive our hope for some definite change in weather conditions that may once more make our acres fruitful and restore to us some sense of accomplishment.

At present this great southwestern plains region, most of which has been perseveringly tilled during the fall and winter so as to cut down the loss by wind erosion even if the wheat proves a disappointment, seems to be lying asleep like the princess in the fairy tale. Perhaps you can share with us the painful longing that soon the enchantment may be broken, that the deliverer may come with the soft footfalls of gentle rain and waken our homeland once more into gracious, generous life.

Perhaps it is a sin to parody anything as beautiful as *Ulysses*. Yet as we gray, lonely old people sit here by the fire to-night, planning for the year's work, my thoughts seem bound to fall into that pattern.

It may be that the dust will choke us down;  
It may be we shall wake some happy morn  
And look again on fields of waving grain.

So good night, dear friend, and a happier to-morrow.

DEAR EVELYN: —

Since I wrote to you, we have had several bad days of wind and dust. On the worst one recently, old sheets stretched over door and window openings, and sprayed with kerosene, quickly became black and helped a little to keep down the irritating dust in our living rooms. Nothing that you see or hear or read will be likely to exaggerate the physical discomfort or material losses due to these storms. Less emphasis is usually given to the mental effect, the confusion of mind resulting from the overthrow of all plans for improvement or normal farm work, and the difficulty of making other plans, even in a tentative way. To give just one specific example: the paint has been literally scoured from our buildings by the storms of this and previous years; we should by all means try to 'save the surface'; but who knows when we might safely undertake such a project? The pleasantest morning may be a prelude to an afternoon when the 'dust devils' all unite in one hideous onslaught. The combination of fresh paint with a real dust storm is not pleasing to contemplate.

The prospects for a wheat crop in 1936 still remain extremely doubtful. There has been no moisture of any kind since the light snow of early January. On a seventy-mile drive yesterday to arrange for hatchery chicks and to sell our week's cream and eggs, we saw more wheat that would still respond to immediate rainfall than I, with my stay-at-home habits, had expected to see. A few fields were refreshingly green and beautiful to look upon. There seems no doubt that improved methods of tillage and protection are already yielding some results in reducing wind erosion. But rain must come soon to encourage growth even on the best fields if there is to be any wheat harvest. Interspersed with the more

hopeful areas are other tracts apparently abandoned to their fate. A field dotted thickly with shoulder-high hummocks of sand and soil bound together by the inevitable Russian thistles presents little encouragement to the most ardent conservationist. My own verdict in regard to plans for the reclaiming of such land would be, 'Too late.' Yet such fields are a menace to all the cultivated land or pasture ground around them and present a most difficult problem.

The two extremes I have just suggested — that is, the slight hope even yet for some production on carefully tilled fields, and the practically hopeless conditions on abandoned land — are indicative of the two conflicting tendencies now evident through an extensive section of the high plains. On the one hand we note a disposition to recognize a mistake, to turn aside from the undertaking with the least possible loss and direct one's time and energy to some new purpose. On the other hand we observe that many seem determined to use even the hard experiences of the past, their own mistakes and other people's, as warning signals, pointing the way to changes of method and more persistent and effective effort right where they stand.

The first attitude may be illustrated by an incident of the past week, the attempt of former neighbors to sell the pipe from the well on their now deserted homestead. This may not seem significant to you. But to old-timers in this deep-water country, so nearly destitute of flowing streams, the virtual destruction of a well of our excellent, life-nourishing water comes close to being the unpardonable sin against future generations.

The same disintegrating tendency is shown in a larger and more alarming way by the extent to which land once owned and occupied by farm families is now passing into ownership of banks,

mortgage companies, assurance societies, and investment partnerships or corporations. The legal notices published in our county paper for the past week include two notices of foreclosure proceedings and nine notices of sheriff's sales to satisfy judgments previously rendered. These eleven legal actions involve the ownership of 3520 acres of land, the equivalent of twenty-two quarter sections, the original homestead allotment in this territory. In only two cases apparently had the loan been made from one person to another. Four life insurance companies, one investment company, and one joint-stock land bank are included among the plaintiffs.

These forced sales take place just outside of the window of the assessor's office, and we were told that they have now become merely a matter of routine. No one tries to redeem the property in question; no one even makes a bid on it; in fact, no one appears but the sheriff and the lawyer representing the plaintiff.

I am not questioning the legal right of these companies to take over the title of the farms for their own security or that of the people whose money they have invested. In a sense their action in pressing their claims may hold some encouragement for the rest of us, since it suggests that they look in time for a return of value to the acres which at present no one seeks to rescue. In addition to the large amount of land now owned by these corporate interests, very many farms belong to nonresident individuals. The 'quarters' north and south of our own place are so held, while the one on the west has recently been taken over by an investment company. Unquestionably this remote control stands in the way of constructive efforts toward recovery.

Yet there are numerous evidences of the persevering restoration of which I have written. The big road maintain-

ers keep the highways in excellent condition. New license tags are appearing on cars and trucks. Churches, schools, and basket-ball tournaments continue much as usual. One village church reported forty people in attendance on one of the darkest and most dangerous of the recent dusty Sundays. The state agricultural college for this section has an increased enrollment this year. More people are managing in some way — we hardly see how — to keep in touch with the world of news and markets, politics and entertainment, through radio service. A local implementation agency recently sent out invitations to a tractor entertainment with free moving pictures of factory operation and the like. The five hundred free lunches prepared for the occasion proved insufficient for the assembled crowd. Within a few succeeding days the company took orders for three tractors ranging in price from around \$1200 to \$1500. Some people must still have faith in the future!

More impressive to me was the Saturday rush of activity at the small produce house where we did our marketing. Cars kept driving up and people coming in with pails or crates or cases of eggs. Cream was delivered in containers of all sorts and sizes, including one heavy aluminum cooker! Eggs were bringing fifteen cents per dozen and cream thirty cents a pound of tested butterfat. No large sums of money were involved. In many cases the payments were pitifully small, but every such sale represents hard work and economy and the struggle to keep going.

At the hatchery they spoke of slow business through the extremely cold weather. The young man in charge also referred to the changes or postponements in people's plans because of their failure to receive the expected payments under the now extinct allotment plan. With spring in the dusty

air, however, and renewed hope that the government contracts will later be fulfilled, orders were coming in encouragingly.

We plan ourselves for four hundred baby Leghorns about the middle of April. That will be an increase for us, but is about the safest small investment we can make to yield an all-the-year-round return. We shall have to put quite a bit of work and expense into the brooder house to keep out the dust, and the rain — if it ever comes. But we are happier to keep on trying.

This impressionistic account of conditions here and of our hope for the future would scarcely be complete without some mention of government assistance. We have had only slight contact with the Rehabilitation Service. We know that the man in charge here is taking his work seriously, trying to give definite aid and encouragement to those who have reached the end of their small resources and have lost hope and courage. He stopped here the other morning to see whether we really meant it when we promised the use of our tractor and other equipment to a young man in the neighborhood who is trying to make a new start for himself and wife and small daughter through a rehabilitation loan. In spite of seriously adverse conditions, this agent, who meets many people, spoke of a rather surprising general spirit of optimism. I suppose there is something of the gambler in all of us. We instinctively feel that the longer we travel on a straight road, the nearer we must be coming to a turn. People here can't quite believe yet in a hopeless climatic change which would deprive them permanently of the gracious gift of rain.

To me the most interesting and forward-looking government undertaking in the dust bowl centres about the group of erosion control experiments scattered over a wide area. The Pony

Creek project, fifteen miles east of our home, includes all of one congressional township and parts of three others, seventy square miles altogether, or something over 42,000 acres. This is a pretty seriously damaged area, principally devoted to wheat growing, and even now blowing badly. If the methods employed succeed in checking the drift and in restoring productivity, much will have been accomplished, both of intrinsic value and of use as a stimulating object lesson. We hope some day to drive over and see how they are progressing.

We talked about this work with the young man who helped us last summer to run our terrace lines. At present they are employing 140 men from WPA rolls who would otherwise be idle and in need of relief. The work is frankly experimental. It includes such activities as surveying contour lines, laying up terraces, cleaning out fence rows piled high with drifted soil, filling gullies to prevent washing in that longed-for time of heavy rainfall, cutting down dead trees and brush, digging holes for the resetting of trees in favorable locations, testing the adaptability of different types of grass to the difficult task of reseeding wind-blown spaces, and so on. Altogether it is just such work as a provident farmer would like to get done if he had the time and means. It is done without expense to the farmers who agree to coöperate in the plan. Our young friend smiled when I asked about 'regimentation.' The farmers do promise to maintain for five years, I believe, the terraces built for them and to follow a system of crop rotation. But plans for planting and cultivation are worked out for each place in individual conferences, to suit the farm and the farmer. Don't worry about the stifling of individuality. 'It

can't be did,' as one of our preachers used to say. Of course no one can predict yet the result of these experiments, but they seem to me abundantly worth while.

Our personal plans — like those of all the rest — are entirely dependent on whether or not rain comes to save a little of our wheat, to give grass or even weeds for pasturage, to permit the growing of roughage for the winter, and provide some cover on the surface and promote the intertwining of rootlets in the soil to reduce wind damage. Our terraces are in good condition to distribute whatever moisture may come. We hope we have learned a little about protecting the soil which is the basis of our physical life. In the house the poinsettia and Christmas cactus are blooming a second time and the geraniums blossom in spite of the dust. Eleanor has just sent us budded hyacinth and daffodil bulbs in little moss-filled nests. They will help us to look forward for a time at least.

March 13

We *must* try to get this mailed tomorrow. It has been a terrible week, with one day of almost complete obscurity, and others when only a part of the sun's rays struggled through the gloom with a strange bluish luminance. On such days each little wave of the troubled water in the stock tank glitters with a blue phosphorescent light. When I dip out a pail of water to carry to the henhouse, it looks almost as if it were covered with a film of oil. On days like this, when William Vaughn Moody's expression 'dust to eat' suggests a literal danger, we can't help questioning whether the traits we would rather think of as courage and perseverance are not actually recklessness and inertia. Who shall say?

# WORKING GIRL

BY MARY DOYLE

## I

GIRLS WANTED to count tobacco coupons. No previous experience necessary. Apply FLO-RODORA TAG COMPANY, No. — Seventh Avenue. \$4.

MOTHER said very little about it. But I knew she had been clinging grimly, desperately, — and, I knew also, hopelessly, — to the dream of seeing me through high school.

None of us, indeed, discussed the matter at all. This was n't because as a family we were in the slightest degree inarticulate. On the contrary; when we three sisters, or even two of us, were at home there was never a moment's letup in the chatter. And Mother for her part loved gossip as dearly as any of her neighbors in what then was still Irish Harlem.

But chatter and gossip were purely for entertainment — in fact, our basic, staple form of that necessity. The serious issues of life were invariably met and dealt with wholly without speech. Life's inevitables were so clear and familiar that they never had to be mentioned. It never even went as far as 'right' and 'wrong'; at every important point there simply was just one thing to do, so you did it.

And nobody had to explain what that one thing was to a thirteen-year-old girl whose elder sister was a stenographer at twelve dollars a week; whose second sister was a milliner's apprentice; and whose widowed mother was stoically watching \$2000 of insurance money dwindle steadily toward zero.

'Social security,' even as a phrase, had n't yet been coined; and, if it had, we should n't have understood it. The only social security we knew was the possession of some kind of job. But among our inevitables was also a conviction, which in that vanished world actually had foundation, that when you needed a job you could find one, if you made an honest try.

So it was that the day after I finished grammar school I bought a copy of the *World* and set to work on the 'HELP WANTED — FEMALE' columns. What I found was the advertisement copied at the head of this article.

Nobody had to explain to me, either, what '\$4' meant. To add 'a week' would have been a wholly needless expense.

Next morning, with a tearfully hovering mother giving anxious little last-minute jerks and pats to a newly let-down skirt and newly put-up braids, I left our top-floor flat in West 115th Street, ran down four flights of carpeted, gas-lighted stairs, and scurried toward Eighth Avenue, half a block away, and the 116th Street elevated station.

It was the first time in my life that I ever rode alone on the L. My cheeks were still hot, and my eyes, I don't doubt, saucer-like, when at last I reached Sixth Avenue and 23rd Street.

I was just six months past thirteen



— a gawky youngster. I had on button shoes that came well up over my ankles, and a skirt (with a 'Heatherbloom' petticoat under it) that hung accurately even with my shoe tops.

My black winter coat came to just below my hips; or at least to just below where my hips would have been had I possessed any. It looked — at any distance over fifty yards — quite a lot like fur; it was really 'caracul cloth.' It had a high, snug collar, and sleeves with sharply pointed shoulders. It was hourglass-shaped at the waist, but such skirt as it had flared out determinedly.

Under it I wore a black sateen shirt-waist with a high stock, around which was carefully wound a broad black ribbon tied with a bow under the left side of my chin. And on my head, pinned to two coils of braided and rolled-up yellow hair, was a broad, black, flat, straight-brimmed sailor hat.

Huddled under my coat, where, I fervently prayed, no one would notice it, was a little paper bundle of sandwiches and an orange — my lunch. For if I got the job I might have to go right to work, and restaurant lunches were not bought out of four dollars a week. Well did I know that the most tremendous and deep-cutting social distinction among working girls was between those who carried their lunches and those who bought them.

The Florodora Tag Company was on the east side of Seventh Avenue just south of 23rd Street. It was merely a name concealing the issuing depot of the coupon-premium department of the American Tobacco Company, whose offices were two blocks east, on Fifth Avenue.

The Florodora office had been created simply by throwing two adjoining small retail stores into one. The door which had been that of the left-hand shop was for customers, the right-hand one for employees. Along the line where

the partition had been was a high wooden counter, with a brass netting above it which reached to the ceiling and contained a row of little wickets. On high stools behind some of these wickets sat girls of about my own age.

In the middle of the floor was a railed-in information desk. The young woman behind it listened in bored indifference to my timorous inquiry, and sent me out to reënter by the employees' door. Once through this, I found myself in the rear of the high counter, the row of stools, and the girls perched upon them.

Directly before me, however, was a plain flat-topped desk; and behind this desk, with his feet upon it, lolled a red-faced man in a derby hat, who calmly looked me over. From that instant I hated him with all my narrow young puritanically trained Irish heart — which I think now was probably unjust.

My examination took scarcely thirty seconds.

'What's your name? Where do you live? How old are you?' I knew the answer I was expected to give to this last; such knowledge was breathed in with the air of Harlem streets. 'Sixteen.' That this was a lie, Mr. Benson was certainly as well aware as I; but the law required him to exact it. There were no working papers in those days.

He motioned with his head to a gentle-faced, plainly dressed woman who had come forward from the rear of the room and was standing a little behind his shoulder.

'Put her to work.'

I had my first job. I was shown where to hang my coat and hat and stow my luncheon package. In another thirty seconds I was perched on a stool behind one of the previously vacant wickets; my only instructions were to watch the girl beside me and learn what she was doing and how she did it.

By early afternoon I had already started, slowly and fumblingly at first, counting the endless, grimy masses of coupons; and within a week I had settled down so thoroughly into the life of a 'working girl' that school days and hopscotch on the sidewalk seemed remote as a dream.

## II

On the whole, I liked it. The thrill of being an earner, I found, was a lasting one; and at home my status had improved, literally overnight, in a tremendous and gratifying fashion.

Instead of seeing my sisters off and then helping Mother until time for school, I too could march forth with them right after breakfast, and scramble like any grown-up young woman for a seat on the L. The luncheon package, to be sure, was a daily humiliation, but one that I was grimly determined should not continue long. And though, instead of being foot-loose at three, I did n't get home now until after six, it was worth it to know that little-girl chores and errands were behind me for good and all.

Better still, my evenings and Sundays took on a new importance and value. I began to take my first small and timid steps in the social life of 115th Street; to refuse to accept contemptuous dismissal as 'the kid'; and to assert my claim to some, at least, of the privileges of young ladyhood. It must be distinctly understood that in 115th Street you lost no social prestige by 'going out to work'; on the contrary, you gained it, however humble your 'business job' might be.

And the social life of 115th Street was as real — in fact, probably in many ways more genuinely and more whole-heartedly enjoyed by its participants than its counterpart on Fifth Avenue.

To begin with, I never have had one

tenth as much fun and excitement from any motor ride that ever came my way as we used to get out of street-car excursions. Each Sunday afternoon from May to October, if the weather was fine, found my next oldest sister and myself hurrying out as soon as the dinner dishes were done — sailor hats bobbing, petticoats rustling, cheeks aflame; the final touch of Sunday-best smartness furnished by a bunch of tulle tied in a rosette under each left ear, where it produced an effect somewhat similar to the tail light of a rabbit.

Almost invariably we would be caught up within a few steps of our front door by groups of other girls, neighbors and former school chums, all hastening in the same direction and with the same purpose in mind. And this was our thrilling enterprise: —

Arrived at the corner of 116th Street and Eighth Avenue, you stood on the corner and waited for a downtown Eighth Avenue open car. If the first that came along had its front seat — the one just behind the motorman — already occupied, you waited until one came along that had n't. Then you mounted breathlessly, with giggles and squeals, and, with mighty clangings of the gong, careered away — down the whole stretch of Central Park West, through Columbus Circle, and on and on, all the way to 23rd Street. (We never quite dared to prolong the ride still farther, as we could easily have done, by venturing to the remote, strange, and perilous territory of 14th Street.)

As 23rd Street drew near, you demanded transfers from the conductor, who handed them out with a wink; for he too knew the game. You presented these to the conductor of the 23rd Street cross-town car. That was a short ride; the real fun began again when, once more securing transfers, you descended at Fourth Avenue and embarked upon an uptown open Madi-

son Avenue car — again refusing to be content with anything but the front seat.

There was no park view on the Madison Avenue line, but to offset this there was first the thrill of bowling, at the hair-raising speed of fifteen miles an hour, through the cool, dim, and echoing old tunnel from 33rd to 42nd Street, — with the motorman beating out a solo on his gong purely for our delectation, — and then that of whisking around the corners, first into 42nd Street and then into Madison Avenue, past the huge red-brick pile of the old Grand Central Station and the wonderful new Hotel Manhattan.

There were some glorious hills, too, on Madison Avenue before, all too soon, we reached 116th Street. Transfers again; and the 116th Street cross-town car took you back to your starting point — where yet another set of transfers, requested as demurely as any of their predecessors, permitted you to embark upon a second round.

Those of us possessing sufficient impudence (of whom I was one) not infrequently succeeded in accomplishing the circuit three times in the same Sunday afternoon — a ride of something over thirty miles — at the total cost of one nickel plus eleven successive free transfers.

More thrilling still were those red-letter Sundays when Tom Whitney, whose father had a 'very fine job' with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, or some other young man equally well able to pass Mother's rigid and rather terrifying inspection, shyly proposed an excursion, and took you all the way to South Ferry on the Eighth Avenue car, there to bestow upon you the ultimate in Sunday treats — a round trip to Staten Island on the ferryboat.

But that was too much to hope for more than once or twice in a season. To be sure, in those days you were al-

lowed to stay right on the boat at the Staten Island terminal, and so enjoy the round trip — half an hour down the bay and half an hour back — for a nickel apiece. But your escort must not only pay that, but full fare for two each way on the streetcar; and when you add another nickel apiece for ice-cream sodas, plainly the entertainment of a lady soon ran into money.

Whatever the excursion for the day might be, it must be completed by sundown Sunday evening. For nobody who was anybody in Irish Harlem would ever run the slightest risk of missing the Sunday evening promenade on Seventh Avenue.

The earliest promenaders began to appear not long after four; and it was well on toward nine before the final stragglers departed. But our particular 'set' waited until after supper, and reached the avenue at about half-past seven. By that time the function — and a function it was, no less! — was sure to be in the fullest swing.

At that hour on any fine Sunday evening from early spring until late in the fall there was only one place to look for the beauty and the chivalry of Harlem. That one place was the west sidewalk of Seventh Avenue, from 110th to 125th Street. Why it must always be the west side only was then and still is a mystery to me. The fact remains that so it was. Even families living on the east side of the avenue must needs cross over to join in the ceremony.

The western sidewalk was packed from doorsteps to curb with people in their Sunday best — each family in its own compact group; all moving in the same direction at the same unhurried pace; all complying meticulously with the same unwritten rules.

Even in joining the procession you must observe due formality. You waited politely, occasionally bowing and smiling to acquaintances as they

passed, at the corner of your own street. Presently a group of your own nearer friends came by and, by gesture and by pausing to make room, invited you to join them. With more bows and smiles, and properly dignified greetings, you swung into line and moved forward with them.

Conversation, in the course of the promenade, was far from the carefree chatter that went on among the groups of your own age, in your home or your friends'. It was deliberate, even intermittent, low-voiced and restrained, and leaned heavily upon the two topics of the weather and the current state of the respective promenaders' health.

But the real interest of the ceremony began with the northward journey. The southward stream, into which you first insinuated yourself, flowed along the inner half of the sidewalk to 110th Street; but there you swung around, almost in ordered ranks, and found yourself now close to the outer edge of the sidewalk.

And here, along the curb, at the street corners, around the lamp posts, the young men were congregated — young men in derby hats, or in 'straws' with extraordinarily low flat crowns and far-extending brims and occasionally a gay-colored hatband; young men in remarkably tight-fitting suits of ready-made blue serge whose lapels were so short they barely permitted a glimpse of a gorgeous puffed-out silk necktie with a 'diamond' horseshoe pin; young men very much on their good behavior, who gazed upon you solemnly, in silence, and whose very existence you for your part were extremely careful to ignore.

Once in a very long while, perhaps, some unusually daring youth who had been permitted by a girl's family to claim her acquaintance might step forward with lifted hat and engage her in a few moments' conversation; but the slow-moving, densely packed proces-

sion soon took her away. To have joined her in the promenade would have been tantamount to publishing the banns then and there, or at the very least would have been public announcement that they were 'keeping steady company.'

As it was, not even the briefest greeting escaped the watchful eyes of the matrons in the apartment-house windows overhead who lined the entire fifteen blocks like sentinels, each comfortably ensconced in her chosen observation post, her elbow cushion on the ledge. No landlord with an apartment overlooking that stretch of sidewalk need ever fear having it vacant on his hands.

### III

Those Sunday evenings were the climax of our social life outside the home. I do not believe a single boy or girl of my acquaintance in those days had so much as seen the inside of a theatre. We found our fun inside our homes, too, and much of it was musical. I am sure there was not a family in our block so poor as to lack its piano, or so small as to lack at least one daughter who had 'taken lessons' and could thump with a right good will. Nor did ever an evening pass, the year round, when there could not be heard in our apartment house, coming from at least one and usually from several flats at once, sundry young voices, barytone, tenor, contralto, and soprano, dealing lustily and not untunefully, in solo and in chorus, with 'She Lives in a Mansion of Aching Hearts,' 'Ring Down the Curtain,' 'My Mother Was a Lady,' and even such slightly daring ditties as 'She's My Filipino Baby.'

But for the real heads of Harlem households the one great social hour of the day was signaled by the janitor's ring for the garbage.

It was then that every dumb-waiter door in the building opened spontane-

ously and simultaneously; and then that, leaning on the sills, waiting comfortably for their respective turns and for their pails to be returned, everybody chatted comfortably with everybody else — Mrs. McGuire and Mrs. Keogh, Mrs. McGowan and Mrs. Donovan, and so on down, floor by floor, with greetings and questions and answers flying up, down, and across the narrow, echoing shaft.

What we were doing, as I realize now, was conforming, in all ways that the city would permit us, to the pattern of village life. I could in time think of a hundred quaint instances of this. We did not even lack the village blacksmith; the favorite resort of the school children in the afternoons was Hines's blacksmith shop. I myself must have stopped scores of times to 'look in at the open door' and watch, fascinated, while young Jimmy Hines helped his father fit new shoes to a team of huge Percherons.

But the village pattern faded out imperceptibly into the pattern of the city; the Hines family lived in a huge red brick apartment house on the corner of 115th Street and Eighth Avenue, two flights up, above the saloon; the elder Hines was our local district leader, and young Jimmy, our sometime schoolmate, was destined to succeed him and become a power in the inner circles of Tammany Hall.

And as far as I myself was concerned, though half my life might be that of a 'simple village maiden,' as soon as I went to work I became, like every other Harlem working girl, a denizen of two worlds. And the 23rd Street world of my job supplied a wholly different array of pleasures and problems from those I knew at home.

The equipment for coupon counting consisted of a big basket under the counter into which we tossed the counted bundles of coupons; a premium book in which we verified the custom-

er's right to the premiums for which he asked; a pad of premium order slips and a pencil.

Only one day was needed for the discovery that a certain percentage of the customers could be depended upon to ask, innocently or otherwise, for more, or more expensive, premiums than their coupons entitled them to claim; and that a small but definite percentage of this group would take your refusal with a very ill grace, and even attempt to bully you.

The first few times this happened were trying and even terrifying, but brought a further discovery — that the hated Mr. Benson had had ample experience with such problems, and that the machinery for disposing of the belligerent objector was prompt and efficient. After that the occasional disputes became welcome breaks in the monotony. And within three or four days you knew the premium book by heart, and needed it only to show to the customer when arguments did arise.

Easy and simple as the work was, it gradually developed two trials, a big one and a little one.

The big one was the unbelievably filthy, ragged, and foul-smelling condition of practically all the coupons I had to handle and count, and the almost equally unwashed and malodorous state of the people who presented them. But my disgust, it might as well be confessed, was not based wholly on sanitary grounds. It had its snobbish side.

The greater part of it was honest revulsion against uncleanness. Our mother had always, however narrow our straits or difficult our circumstances, clung fiercely to her own standard of decency in living. She would work until four o'clock in the morning if necessary, and then get up at half-past six to get breakfast, if thereby she might be sure that her home was always meticulously clean and her three daugh-



ters not only neat but as dainty as her hard-worked fingers could keep them. I still remember vividly the shock with which I realized that large numbers of human beings actually did n't mind being dirty.

But my resentment at the uncouth creatures who crowded up to my wicket was not all because of the dirt they compelled me to share. We had our social as well as our sanitary standards. We lived in a 'railroad flat'; but every one of us would have been insulted had you called it a tenement. In the school days I had just left behind me, we had played hopscotch and skipped rope on the sidewalks; but not for anything would we have danced on them to hurdy-gurdy music, the way tenement children did.

Not only had I absorbed all the customs and taboos of 115th Street; I was old enough to remember a still earlier childhood in old Newburgh, up the Hudson, where we had been people of assured social position, and both my father and my grandfather had been men of substance and standing in the community. And at thirteen it was a bitter thing that my father's daughter could find no better occupation than counting coupons for 'a lot of dirty kikes and guineas' (they did n't become 'wops' for another seven or eight years).

My second trial had to do with the social life of the office — that is to say, its real life, as distinguished from the mere work that went on in it. It was concerned with my boss's attitude; or rather with what I had from that first day assumed to be his attitude, and the effect produced thereby upon a thirteen-year-old mind thoroughly inculcated with an elaborate pattern of ideas regarding the respect and deference due one of my sex from the vastly inferior male.

As already told, my highly sensitized gorge began to rise from that first mo-

ment when Mr. Benson sat calmly, his feet on the desk, his hat on his head, and coolly inspected me. It went, day by day, steadily higher as I learned that I must work under his constant scrutiny.

My grievance, moreover, received reinforcement as I learned, in the process of getting acquainted with my fellow workers, that they all shared it, and for the same reasons.

Not one of us, of course, had the faintest comprehension of the problems, the responsibilities, or the technique of managing a mechanism in which each of us was but one small cog. All that we saw was that Mr. Benson lounged at his desk all day long, and watched every tiniest move we made. That he must be constantly alert to the manner in which each of his subordinates did her work, in order to keep the depot running smoothly; to prevent, or at least quickly clear up, disputes that jammed the even flow past the wickets and the premium counter; and to see, above all, that each transaction was promptly and properly entered so that the records would always be straight — this naturally never occurred to us.

Each one of us had come from a home in which she had been imbued with the idea that when a man stared at you it was insulting, and his intentions were probably evil (evil in what respect our mothers carefully refrained from ever specifying; but that added the impressiveness of mystery).

In retrospect, Mr. Benson seems not merely harmless, but probably a far more efficient manager, underneath his apparent easygoing indifference and good nature, than it occurred to me then to consider him. And perhaps one of the best indications of his real capacity to fill a post of the peculiar difficulties this one offered was his handling of a situation that at the time infuriated us youngsters.

## IV

It was a situation created by the most conspicuous member of the force of premium wrappers. This group of workers was of course a step above us counter girls in the office hierarchy. They were grown women; they were better paid (they earned, I think, from six to eight dollars a week); and, instead of filthy coupons, they had to handle only clean merchandise and wrapping paper. But they were a colorless lot; all, that is, except one. And this exception was unwillingly admired, envied, hated, and despised by all the rest of us.

To thirteen-year-old me she was a puzzling and gorgeously beautiful creature, at once repellent and fascinating. She possessed an hourglass waist and 'Grecian bend' rivaling Lillian Russell's. In fact, so pronounced were her feminine curves and carriage that part of her mystery, for me, was in her remaining upright at all when her centre of gravity seemed so far beyond the perpendicular. This effect of insecurity was accentuated by the enormous structure of glitteringly blond hair.

As she clicked here and there about the office upon her grotesquely high heels, my eyes, whenever I could safely take them from my work, followed her with a fearful fascination. More than once I sacrificed part of my precious lunch hour to tag unobtrusively behind her on the street, and watch how almost every man she passed turned to look after her.

Naturally, watching her as I did, it did not take me long to see that she never overlooked the frailest excuse to brush alluringly against Mr. Benson. And this, coupled with his attitude toward it, threw me into still further emotional upheavals. Convinced as I was of his depravity, I could not see how he could possibly resist her blandishments; and when he entirely ig-

nored them, as he uniformly and invariably did, this merely meant to me and my fellow youngsters that to the other counts against him must be added that of hypocrisy.

Now, of course, I am not so sure. In fact, the possibility has occurred to me that there might have been nothing worse than considerable worldly wisdom, tact, and patience, and perhaps even a gleam of philosophy and kindness, behind his seeming unconsciousness of anything untoward in her behavior.

But to my ferocious young intolerance the combination of 'such goings-on' behind my back with the unending smelly procession before me gradually became too much to be endured. It was n't the desire for more money that stirred my young ambitions; it was the hunger to escape from the hated conditions. But where could I find a way out?

Little by little, as I shyly won my way into confidential acquaintance with the other girls, I learned the background of the office, and explored its possibilities for promotion. They were n't remarkable. For two weeks, indeed, I substituted for the girl at the information desk during her vacation; but that soon ended, and back I went to coupon counting. And even if it had been permanent, neither that nor promotion merely to premium wrapping would have satisfied me. My whole youthfully snobbish heart was set upon escape from the dreary, dingy premium depot to a 'nicer' place.

Finally, as we ate our lunch together one day, the girl at the wicket next to mine casually let fall a bit of information wholly new to me, to which I listened eagerly. I had, of course, learned before this that the Florodora Tag Company was merely the name of this department of the American Tobacco Company, though why the disguise was thought necessary I have never

found out. But I did learn that the company, besides using the Florodora depot to give out premiums in merchandise, would, if the coupon holder preferred, send him his premium's cash value.

The important point about this for me was that these money premiums were paid directly from the main office, and a staff of girls was employed there to write out checks for them. All you needed, the other girl told me, was to be able to write a good clear hand at high speed. Another girl who had been employed in the Florodora depot before me had been promoted to the check-writing department. She was now getting six dollars a week; but she had reported back what meant far more than the increased pay to me — that the check writers worked in a department entirely by themselves, with a woman supervisor; they had a big, clean, well-lighted office, and, most important of all, they merely wrote the checks; they had neither to count dirty coupons nor to deliver the checks in person to the objectionable recipients.

It took me perhaps two weeks to digest this information and gather sufficient courage to ask Mr. Benson for time off in which to go over to the Fifth Avenue offices and apply for a check writer's job. He was so firmly established in my eyes as a lewd and tyrannical villain that it rather took me aback when he not only promptly granted my request, but cordially wished me luck in my enterprise.

And, after all my qualms, the actual winning of the promotion proved absurdly simple. I told my story, wrote samples of my penmanship, and found myself on the waiting list. Two months later my turn came. I bade farewell to Florodora, and achieved the transition from Seventh Avenue to Fifth.

The most important thing about the check-writing department for me was the chum I found there. She was a girl

of almost exactly my own age, as black-haired as I was fair; her name was Celia, universally pronounced 'Ceely.' Within a week we were inseparable.

For some two years Ceely and I were as near to one soul in two bodies as it is possible for human beings, compelled to sleep in different homes, to be. We not only shared our lunches and our lunch-hour excursions, and every possible evening hour (alternating in exact schedule between her home and mine), but all our hopes and speculations upon the nature of life and mankind — employing that term both in its general and in its specific sense.

Our first great mutual discovery was a common ambition. Having found that promotion could be won and that its rewards were both tangible and sweet, I was already aspiring further. Ceely imparted to me what she had already learned was the next step open to us. This was the order department on the floor below. By dint of hanging around we presently won permission to practice, at lunch time and after hours, writing out orders on the huge old-fashioned Elliott-Fisher billing machines. After that it was once more only a question of waiting for the vacancies until we became full-fledged order clerks at the princely wage of eight dollars a week. What was vastly more precious to both of us was the privilege thenceforth of carrying lunch money instead of lunch.

That was a proud and happy morning on which we first rode down on the L without our telltale packages. But, having secured our twenty-five cents apiece per day, we set our joint ingenuity to work on plans for better utilization of this wealth than mere stomach filling. In a remarkably short time, though not without some painful experiments with pickles and other deceptive viands, we had worked out a standard schedule.

Its basis was the daily coöperative

purchase of a quart of milk, two boxes of gingersnaps, and a bag of peaches — total cost thirty cents, or fifteen cents apiece. This left ten cents apiece for shopping.

Neither of us ever wasted a thought on the meagreness or the monotony of our luncheon fare. Our minds were too fully occupied by more thrilling things than food. As for calories, we had never heard of them; and vitamins had n't even been invented. Ten cents a day was enough to transform us, in our lunch-hour peregrinations through the big department stores, from merely wistful pilgrims into potential customers, entitled to respect and courteous attention.

Many of the finest stores in New York of that day were within a few minutes' walk of Fifth Avenue and 23rd Street; but it was Siegel & Cooper's huge, gaudy, and glittering building at 18th Street and Sixth Avenue, with its tall pinchbeck fountain in the centre of the big ground-floor rotunda, that drew us oftenest.

My own first purchase was consummated after three days of self-denial, which enabled me to lay three dimes on the counter and proudly bear away a pair of clocked stockings of mercerized lisle, whose lustre faintly suggested silk. The choice, of course, was as much Ceely's as mine, and had been arrived at only after a long series of anxious inspections and comparisons, and mutual conferences. We finally decided upon a pair of brilliant royal blue.

Once I had them, I could n't, of course, wait until I got home; we scurried straight from the store to the office, and then and there, in the girls' washroom, I put them on. And that afternoon and evening it rained. Rain? It poured in torrents.

That night came the tragic result. I pulled off my wet new stockings; but their essential principle remained be-

hind. My skinny legs were of a deep rich purple hue. They retained this color for fully ten days thereafter. It is still a mystery to me how a color that in the stockings yielded so easily to a bit of rain water proved, upon the human skin, so stubbornly resistant to the most desperate scouring. Poor Ceely suffered, in sympathy, nearly as much as I. I can still remember her tragic stage whisper each morning as she joined me in the L train: 'Have you got it off yet?'

## V

Fairly soon after we became order clerks, Ceely and I developed into the two fastest machine operators in the entire department; but nobody, not even we ourselves, ever found out which of us was the better. We did n't want to know. We were content to outdistance all the others; but if either of us ever found herself, by luck or by that little extra touch of deftness one's fingers have some days, getting ahead of the other, she unobtrusively slowed down. Day after day and week after week we finished in an exact tie in the number of orders written; nor could anyone, even the department manager, browbeat or tempt us into a real trial of speed and skill.

But, for all that, the more completely Ceely and I put our comradeship above all else, the harder we tried to merge our very personalities, the more plainly the inevitable end of that comradeship came in sight. For with every exchange of confidence the profound difference in our two characters revealed itself more clearly.

My own ambitions had been no more than whetted by my rise from coupon counter to order clerk. Once Ceely and I were safely established as the leaders in our department, I began not only looking but actively fretting for further and more spectacular worlds to conquer. And I still remember with

what a painful shock I finally realized that Ceely actually did n't want to come along.

The heights were not for Ceely, and she knew it. She was contented with her fairly comfortable little home, her fairly decent working conditions, and her fairly decent wage. Beyond that the most to which she looked forward in life — and a few years later, indeed, attained — was a small portion of romance; and, after that, marriage and a home of her own, a little one.

So, good-bye to Ceely.

But with each day in which we exchanged daydreams I was growing more impatient and more greedy. Order writing had become hopelessly humdrum; and no business career of which I could learn seemed to offer a girl anything much better, particularly a girl who had gone no farther than grammar school.

I could, of course, by now have taken a night-school course in shorthand, bookkeeping, and typing, and have become a secretary, like my calm and efficient elder sister; but nothing in what I saw or heard of such a career appealed to me. I knew far more clearly and emphatically what I did n't want than what I did.

Once more I began hunting for my way out; and once again I found it.

Almost next door to us in 115th Street lived a girl whom we had all known slightly for several years. She was in charge of the news and theatre-ticket stand in the Hotel Belmont. I eagerly begged for more particulars; and all that I heard seemed to spell romance. This girl, only a little older than I, and with no more natural advantages, spent her days in the midst of glitter and movement. She was trusted with important responsibilities, knew by name and sight men and women whose names were in newspaper headlines. She even served some

of them as customers. And I was cooped up all day long in a bare office, pounding out interminable orders for tobacco on a clumsy old billing machine.

Again, it took me a long time to pluck up courage to ask for what I wanted; and again, the moment I did so, all seemed absurdly easy.

'Why, of course,' she said instantly. 'You've got the right idea; you'll be a star as a news-stand girl. I'll take you down myself to Mr. Bascom, and he'll hire you the minute he sees you.'

Mr. Bascom (the elder, in case anyone who reads this remembers either of them) was then manager of the Tyson Company, which in those days controlled practically every news and theatre-ticket stand in New York City.

A few days later we did go down to see him; and all the way my warm-hearted sponsor filled my ears with a steady flow of coaching on the intricacies of news-stand management. Much of this later stood me in excellent stead; but all of it put together fell far short (as, indeed, any verbal description must have done) of conveying the full rowdy flavor of the job.

For Mr. Bascom did hire me — not quite the minute he saw me, but in a surprisingly few minutes afterward. And, innocent that I was, I was raised to the seventh heaven when I learned that my salary was to be the princely sum of twelve dollars a week. I wondered why both Mr. Bascom and my champion dismissed that as an inconsequential detail!

Very early one morning, almost exactly three years after the one on which I had first gone forth to confront the world, I found myself, a news-stand girl assigned for training, creeping like a small and badly frightened mouse into a place the remotest like of which I had never seen before — the carved and gilded corridors of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria.

*(To be concluded)*



# THE PULL OF THE PRINTED WORD

BY WILLIAM FEATHER

## I

ONE of the public delusions is that the printed word is particularly dynamic and that a thought expressed in type may start forces in motion that may eventually alter the direction of civilization.

Those who are unaccustomed to having their thoughts expressed in print usually await the release of their brain child with all the terror that a youngster awaits the explosion of a giant cracker after he has ignited the fuse. The cracker does create a terrific noise, but the printed word, in 999,999 cases out of a million, makes about as much noise as a fat goldfish in a glass bowl.

There are exceptions, of course. Several years ago a salesman asked me to buy a series of fifty-two posters for my shop. These posters were printed in many colors, with bold illustrations. They were supposed to teach thrift, safety, loyalty to the employer, opposition to the labor racketeers, and 'all that stuff,' as Amos 'n' Andy would say. I told the man that I was n't interested, because I was trying to make a living by doing the same thing in a different way.

He became confidential and told me that the objection which he had to meet oftenest was that the employees would n't pay any attention to the posters. 'They won't read the stuff we put on the bulletin boards,' said the employers.

The salesman showed me how he met this objection. He offered to bet the employer any sum up to one hundred dollars that he could produce three posters, smaller than his regular posters and printed in a single color, which, if placed on the most inconspicuous board in the plant, would be seen and read by every employee before the end of the day. Not only would the posters be read, asserted the salesman, but the employees would probably send a delegation to the office of the management.

One of these posters stated that the American workman was a bum, a loafer, and a no-good, and cited evidence. The other two posters were equally outspoken. The employer was prompt to admit that such posters would be read, but that he would be afraid to display them. The point I am trying to make is that people are fiendishly alert in ferreting out anything that hits them where it hurts.

I have been writing the copy for a group of house organs for nearly twenty years, during most of which time they have had a monthly circulation of about 200,000. They must be read by some people, or those who pay me would not keep on sending them out. But what is it in them that prompts people to write to me or the users? Occasionally an item is reprinted in a more important publication and readers frequently send complimentary letters. I find that what

gets under the hide of people is not the more or less profound material that represents serious thought, but such cases as the following:—

Dogs probably come ahead of everything else. Love a dog and the world will love you. The formula is so easy that a self-respecting author refuses to use it except in an extremity.

'Knock' some group or special interest. One time I referred to a certain type of female as a gum-chewer. The expression was not original, but it was used with precision. At once the maker of a popular chewing gum sat down and ponderously wrote my customer that if he expected to continue to do business with his company he must stop referring to its clients in derisive terms.

At another time I made a remark about tearooms, explaining that I did not like the food, the decorations, or the atmosphere of the places. This prompted the owners of a chain of tearooms in New York City to protest indignantly.

Last year I described a supper that my wife prepared in our kitchen on the cook's night out. We had a casserole in which were blended a piece of meat and fifteen different fresh vegetables, all purchased that day at market. The dish was delicious and my description of it evidently made the occasion seem important, because the owner of a string of restaurants in Eastern cities complained that such articles interfered with the patronage of their business. Why, they asked, should they buy from anyone who described the delights of dining at home?

Generally speaking, a writer can knock farmers, Protestants, politicians, plutocrats, university presidents, professors in non-denominational schools, Wall Street, bankers, authors of books, college undergraduates, Great Britain, or symphonic music without annoying the kind of people who write nasty letters. On the other hand, it is

dangerous to knock chiropractors, osteopaths, insurance companies, Jews, Catholics, Christian Scientists, newspapers, or women. These groups seem to be on the defensive, and will not only write letters but, unless you are sufficiently humble in your apologies, attempt to put you out of business.

I have had correspondence from each of the groups mentioned except the Jews, Catholics, and Scientists, but I know that I have escaped their wrath only because I have never had occasion to criticize them in print.

Several years ago I had the opportunity to make an unusual test of reader response to the written word, and it confirms everything in this argument. The editor of a daily newspaper in a large city asked me to start something in the Letters-to-the-Editor column. He wanted to take the minds of the people off Higher Things and get them back to Fundamentals. Shortly thereafter I was walking through the City Square with a friend who would n't intentionally harm a sparrow. In a sadistic and facetious mood, he said that the pigeons in the Square ought to be shot and their bodies given to the poor.

So that day I wrote to the paper and, under the initials B. F., proposed this humane undertaking, explaining that enough corn was fed to the pigeons by sentimental fools in the course of a week to keep several children from dying of starvation.

The response was instant and devastating. Nothing I have ever written in my career as a writer has equaled it. Whenever the correspondence died down, it could be fanned into a flame by another brief note, pointing out that the pigeons merely amused loafers who ought to be at work and that they fouled public buildings. The cruelty of war seems to leave people fairly cold, but individual cruelty, whether to an animal or a Negro, arouses their wrath.

Note the wide reading of such books as *Beautiful Joe*, *Black Beauty*, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

## II

At this point I should like to take up the other side of this subject. Every editor is frequently in receipt of letters from readers who have written something with the notation 'I dare you to print this.' If the communication contains no obscene words — which is rare — and is not illiterate, the editor often obliges. As an editor, I amused myself recently by doing this, and thus got rid of a man who had bored me biweekly for a year. He claimed that what he had written would rock the town. I printed it just as he composed it, with the observation that I was willing to take a chance. Nothing happened, of course, and, short of libel and obscenity, seldom does anything happen.

When I concluded my term as foreman of the Cuyahoga County grand jury two years ago I published the jury's report and sent copies to fifteen hundred people. One copy reached the desk of the editorial writer of a newspaper with a large circulation, one of many published by the owner. His editorial on the report occupied the entire upper half of the editorial page. Over it was an eight-column headline. That was as big a splash of publicity as I ever expect to get in a newspaper. The owner saw this editorial and, as is his custom when he likes something, ordered it published in every one of his other newspapers. Altogether this piece appeared in big type where it could be seen by several million people. What was the reader response?

I was in New York four days after it was published in that city. I saw perhaps a dozen people during my visit and, much to my chagrin and surprise, not a single one mentioned it. From various parts of the country I received from friends five clippings of the article,

but to this day those are the only readers who to my certain knowledge saw the article, and I am not sure that even they read it.

More interesting, however, is the reader response to a daily piece I have written for ten years for a newspaper in an Eastern city. For three thousand days without interruption this feature has appeared. Perhaps in that time I have received as many as five hundred letters. With a circulation of more than 250,000, the newspaper must have half a million readers. Until the depression came upon us, my feature, which was syndicated, had a daily circulation of more than a million, but even the extra 750,000 produced only one or two extra letters per week.

It may seem from all this that I am a pitiful example of a writing profession, but that is not the case at all. It happens that people don't write letters to writers like me, nor, I suspect, do they write letters to writers like Lippmann, Brisbane, Hearst, or Bruce Barton, at least not in quantities that make the correspondence a burden. They are more likely to write to the conductor of the column on astrology or love. Men are far more likely to write to the sports or financial editor than to the editorial director. Ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths per cent of all people are indisposed to write at all.

At the risk of being accused of conceit, I should like to state that, in my own experience as a professional writer for more than twenty-five years, favorable comment on anything I have done has come from people of exceptional critical judgment. One would naturally remember such comment, but the point is that the person whom one would expect to be too busy to say a word of encouragement is actually the one who takes the time to do so. Whether the mass of people have any reactions at all to the kind of material

I write, or to half of what is in the newspapers or magazines, I am unable to say, but I suspect that their reactions are pretty feeble.

Editors get deeply discouraged over the situation. They risk the lifelong enmity of crooks and politicians by publishing leaders designed to serve the public welfare, and the result is two letters of approval and six of disapproval. A month later, the makeup man fails to include the usual daily installment of Andy Gump in the comic section and for three hours the office is unable to transact any business because the telephone board is jammed with excess calls from irate subscribers.

The problem of reader response, however, is not so difficult as it seems. I have contended for a long time that the serious writer who wants reader response and action can get better results by confining his output to such magazines as the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harpers*, and the *American Mercury* than he can from the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, or *Liberty*, with their tenfold circulation. It is likewise true, in my opinion, that a well-written timely letter in the *Herald Tribune* or in the *New York Times* creates more stir among people who count than a full-page blast in a whole chain of newspapers.

Believe it or not, there are only about 250,000 people in the whole United States whose opinion is important in matters of grave concern. As these people go, so go the others. The thinking of these people starts the ball rolling. It never rolls until they start it.

The mass of people read exclusively for entertainment. They read the vituperative outbursts of Hearst in the same frame of mind that they read Dorothy Dix. They will read nothing that is n't easy to read or entertaining. Their reactions are those of an oyster unless one of their deep prejudices is

offended — such as a religious or class matter, a job, a pension, a privilege, or a racket.

These are the perennial themes of politicians: religion, class, jobs, pensions, privileges, rackets. Such vague things as personal liberty, sanitation, police protection, sound finance, tax rates, honesty in government, or economic liberty are forgotten immediately if the issue can be switched to religion or pensions. As is well known, of course, the public is also interested in crime, sex, food, and money. But these are matters for the news columns, whereas I am trying to confine this paper to subjects which lend themselves to editorial discussion where there is a chance for detached observation.

### III

In any discussion of response to the printed word there must be included something about advertising, for without advertising the output of the printed word would be cut down at least nine tenths. With the exception of books, almost everything printed in the United States is subsidized by advertising, and without advertising few publications could exist.

Successful advertisers talk a language that the masses can understand, although it may leave the 250,000 intelligent people cold. Aside from a headline or two on the front page and 'The Confessions of a Wife' and 'Little Orphan Annie,' millions of women read nothing but the advertisements in a newspaper. With sufficient volume and pressure, literally thousands of women can be so aroused by printed advertising that they will leave their households and present themselves at the doors of the department stores at 9 A.M. Such numbers can be aroused to action by no other appeal. More women undoubtedly attend the important sales in some cities than vote at any election.

I suspect that the prospect of buying a dollar pair of sheer silk stockings for 83 cents interests more women than an utterance of Roosevelt, Coughlin, Townsend, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Walter Lippmann, or Sinclair Lewis.

The point of all this is that the response to the printed word is meagre and uncertain, and that what is beautiful and true is rescued from oblivion and cherished for the future by a pitifully small group. Never at any time in all the world are there more than a few thousand people who are interested in anything as remote from their daily existence as a poem, a fine bit of prose, a new law of money, or a new Einstein formula.

The complete destruction of the Congressional Library or the British Museum would cause less genuine dismay and conversation throughout the so-called civilized world than the death of one of the quintuplets. God must be at the bottom of this. He works in mysterious ways, as we know.

Nonetheless, I deny that writing which fails to reach the eyes and brains of the mass of people is useless and might as well never have been written. Let me give you the life history of an idea as it was outlined to me by an economist who was also an amateur reformer.

A city in Massachusetts had an alarming deficit, and the thoughtful people of the community were deeply concerned about it. The members of the city council, it was decided, had to be put out of office. It was announced that the deficit was a million dollars. This had no effect on the newspapers of the community or the voters. It did startle the large taxpayers, however.

The reformers, being resourceful, then dug up some dirt. They knew that the fifteen members of the council were in the habit of dining at city expense before the weekly council meetings. The per capita expense of one of

these meetings was \$73. The leading reformer got a photostat of this bill, which included dozens of boxes of cigars, candy, and several cases of whiskey. The plunder was probably delivered to the respective homes of the city officials in a truck. At an expense of \$1200 to himself, the clean-up man distributed several thousand copies of this expense item. The metropolitan newspapers gave it big display and it seemed as though the crooks were sunk.

But the reaction was quite different. The common people refused to believe that anybody could spend \$73 for a dinner. They contended that something was wrong, and that this was just a fight between two sets of crooks. The exposure, however, did have the effect of causing the councilmen to reduce their per capita charge for dinner to \$2.50. You can buy a pretty good meal for that sum, but among people who might be vitally concerned with a million-dollar deficit the figure is not exciting.

The reformer, however, decided to make the most of this second expense account, and at last he got the reaction he wanted. To his delight and amazement, *hoi polloi* were outraged. Those who were accustomed to feeding their families for three days on \$2.50 were infuriated to learn that the louts who represented them in public office squandered \$2.50 on a single meal. The whole lot were promptly kicked out of office.

The man responsible recently said that you might as well talk to the moon as talk to the people of the United States about inflation. As an economic term or terror it means nothing to them. However, pork chops at forty cents a pound, or whatever they now cost, does mean something. According to him, the Administration is more concerned about the price of pork chops than it is about the unbalanced budget



and the annual deficit. As a voting proposition, fifteen cents more per pound for pork chops means more to the ordinary voter than a three-billion excess of expense over receipts.

Again let me recall the famous episode of Governor Vic Donahey and the baked potato. Donahey had been elected to the highest office in Ohio by making his appeal to the farmers. He condemned high taxes and extravagance, and presented himself as a simple illiterate yokel. After he had taken office, a bill came through the auditor's department that included an item of fifty cents for one baked potato. Donahey seized his opportunity. With tremendous indignation he denounced this charge, refused to allow it to be paid, and told the farmers that never would he O.K. an expense of fifty cents for one baked potato so long as the men who raised the potatoes were forced to sell them at fifty cents a bushel. Mr. Donahey is now the junior United States Senator from Ohio, and he can without doubt enjoy any office within the power of the Ohio people to give him so long as he lives.

Let us now move over to another city, where a woman is employed as a writer on the woman's page of a newspaper. This woman wrote about sex, marriage, household problems, and all the stuff that intellectuals regard as drivel. The editor of the paper also thought it was drivel, but necessary, much as the vital statistics about the Polacks and Hunyaks are drivel to many of us.

This woman announced in her page one day that she would give a free party in one of the big halls of the city. As I understand it, the event received no publicity outside of her page. On the day of the party, she asked the editor of the paper to come as her guest. A hundred thousand people tried to attend that party and the editor had to fight his way in, assisted by six

policemen. No vital economic issue could have attracted a hundredth of that crowd to a public meeting.

#### IV

Recently I had an interesting experience in connection with the Townsend Plan. I read in a Cleveland paper an article by the promoter of the Townsend Clubs and, without waiting an instant, I telephoned the editor of the newspaper at his home and asked him if he would give the same space to the opposition that he had given to the advocates. He said he would be delighted to do this and I told him that I would supply three articles the following day.

This was one of the few times in my life when I wrote only to please myself. I was n't being paid for the articles and I did n't particularly care whether they were published or not. So I decided to make an experiment. I reasoned that it was no use to try to be logical or reasonable about the Townsend Plan. I decided that my attack would be just as brutal and savage as I could make it. In the first draft I not only called the Plan cockeyed, but the followers, too. The editor turned white when he read the denunciation and asked for time out while he went into a huddle with his staff. The upshot of this was that he asked me please not to call the followers fools, but he gave me full permission to call the leaders all the names I pleased.

And so I had the satisfaction of a clinical test. I was certain the animals would be aroused, and I was not mistaken. I had attacked a privilege which the elderly people expect to enjoy. Dozens of letters came to me and the paper. I might have written 'hundreds of letters,' but that would probably be untrue. Rarely do hundreds of people write on any subject. When columnists and others write of 'hundreds of let-

ters,' they mean they received six or eight letters.

Those of us who admit that we aren't burdened with letters console ourselves with the reflection that it is n't how many letters we get that counts but the kind of people from whom we get our letters. Reader response from a man of power is worth a thousand responses from ordinary people — if you want to get things done. Fortunately, if you have ideas, these powerful people are not hard to reach. They know what's going on, and what they don't know is reported to them by their agents. They are the hope of civilization. Short of chopping off their heads, they can't be put down. When real danger lies ahead, they see it or are quick to receive the alarm from those who do see it.

In my brief solemn moments the contemplation of the whole situation is a source of grave uneasiness, because I think that the mass of people should be more concerned with personal lib-

erty and the vitality of the Bill of Rights than they are with the price of pork, silk stockings, or gasoline. I think that Thoreau, although ignored for a long time, had as many important things to say as anyone who has ever written in this country, but then I reflect that he was n't a married man, and I tell myself that if he had been maybe the family budget would have bothered him more than the infringement of his civil liberties.

The fact may be that some of us take ourselves too seriously. Or it may be that as writers we are just plain dull. Whatever may be the explanation of the indifference of the ordinary man to problems that excite a few of us, we know that he is decidedly alive when any issue takes a form that disturbs his dignity, or threatens his pocket-book. It may be just as well that the printed word does n't lead him to prompt action. Some group might be marching on to Washington every hour of the day!

# POEM AGAINST WAR

(1936)

SHRILL gulls in the twisted trees with salty voices,  
rust-throated crows above the raw-boned beaches;  
crickets rubbing flimsy wings in the meadowy  
gulf of hills, and grasshoppers springing on gray-green  
angled legs through a thin gold cloud of evening:  
let it be these by which we well remember  
our childhood stained and innocent and hard.

Bronze kelp on wet and purple shale, and blackened  
streamers dried in the hollowed rock; bright snakes  
of mountain-water writhing through melted valleys,  
thistles in upland pastures bluer than heaven,  
the slanted roads, and late moon-colored stubble:  
let it be these by which we know our country.

Not by crane-masted, vessel-screaming harbors  
nor the beaconed iron stems of citied forests,  
not by the steel hawks of disaster roaring  
across pure skies aghast at monstrous purpose,  
not by the fixed and millioned meadows waiting  
the jerk of vast perfected death, nor by  
collapsing mountains, let us learn the reaping

of a generous land. We have inherited curving  
clean dark furrows and wind in the corn and redtop  
and the cricket's eternal burden in fern and pasture,  
we have inherited peace and difficult wisdom:  
let it be these by which we know our country.  
When we comprehend our childhood simple and hard,  
then may we know how to bear our seed and our harvest.

## NEW ENGLAND STEEPLE

TALL on the village hill the church stood lonely  
against the dark,  
shining and white against the stars, with only  
our eyes to mark

its midnight solitude, its soaring steeple  
pointed and clean.  
Far down the dim-lit street the village people  
dreamt unseen;

and past the green and past the church there slumbered  
the quiet dead:  
on the bend of the hill the low stones gleamed unnumbered.  
'Look up,' you said.

'We are uncounted among the silent sleepers  
in this windless land —  
we alone and the crying brookside peepers.  
Give me your hand.

'Here is our love,' you said, 'in this white spire leaping  
into the sky:  
it will endure though we be awake or sleeping  
or if we die.'

In that instant of truth, in the clear precipitate hour  
dark was undone,  
and the mellow bell in the sheer incredible tower  
struck the new day with one.

FRANCES FROST

# THOUGHTS ON NEWSPAPERS

BY MARCO MORROW

Here shall the Press the people's right maintain,  
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain.

— JOSEPH STORY

The Press, Sir, is the one light of civilization that remains to stay the flood of subversive doctrines that have become, Sir, a veritable conflagration of poison, gnawing with its wolfish fangs at the cornerstones of the Constitution.

— ANY CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS

A noble calling; now it is an 8 per cent investment and an industry.

— WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

A **FREE** press is essential to a democracy. Without it democracy is impossible. The American press has done and still is doing great service to the American people. But a free press, like every other free thing, is free to prostitute itself. And unfortunately at times it does.

To portray the newspaper we shall have to enlarge our canvas and get a picture of American life as a whole. For, after all, the press is only one factor of modern life, only one cog in the machinery of what we are pleased to call civilization. It can be understood and evaluated only in its reciprocal relations to other cogs in the Big Machine. Civilization is so complex; its various institutions are so intimately interwoven that no one of them can be studied in isolation. Absolute 'self-determination' for a social institution is as impossible as for a people or for an individual. This is especially true in America, where we most nearly approach democracy. We are ruled by our *Zeitgeist* — the Spirit of our Time.

So a picture of modern journalism must be painted against its background, with a full understanding that

the press has had its share in developing and making possible the conditions which exist to-day. Admittedly we have lived in a crassly materialistic age, and the press, as we see it, is the child of that age. It may be that the Prophet Jeremiah, or a reincarnated Savonarola, or a John Calvin could run a newspaper to-day, but I doubt it. I fear he would have to find some other medium of denunciation. One of the most notable prophets of profit, Calvin Coolidge, said, 'The business of America is Business,' and again, 'Civilization follows profits.' He was quite right. A civilization founded on profits can persist only if profits persist. Publishing is an intricate and precarious business, and it is no accident that the newspapers of America have gravitated into the hands of business men, who think in terms of business and are wholly and heartily in sympathy with the objectives and ethics of business.

In sketching the background against which we must judge newspapers let me begin with the words of the brilliant United States Senator from Kansas, John J. Ingalls, as they appeared in the *New York World* nearly fifty years ago.



In April 1890, the *World* published a twenty-column interview with the Senator. In the course of a three-hour talk he said:—

With the possible exception of the two terms of Washington, there has not been an absolutely fair, free and impartial expression of the deliberate will of the people in any presidential election since the foundation of the government. I doubt if there ever will be. Patronage will allure the ambitious, force will coerce the timid, demagogism will gull the credulous, fraud will rob the weak, money will buy the mercenary.

The purification of politics is an iridescent dream. Government is force. Politics is a battle for supremacy. Parties are the armies. The decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in a political campaign. The object is success. To defeat the antagonist and expel the party in power is the purpose. The Republicans and Democrats are as irreconcilably opposed to each other as were Grant and Lee in the Wilderness. They use ballots instead of guns, but the struggle is as unrelenting and desperate and the results sought for the same. In war it is lawful to deceive the adversary, to hire Hessians, to purchase mercenaries, to mutilate, to kill, to destroy. The commander who lost a battle through the activity of his moral nature would be the derision and jest of history. This modern cant about the corruption of politics is fatiguing in the extreme. It proceeds from the tea-custards and syllabub and dilettanteism, the frivolous and desultory sentimentalism of epicenes.

Was Senator Ingalls right? The Mugwumps who were clamoring for Civil Service reform were properly indignant, and even the Stalwarts thought there was no occasion for such frankness on John J.'s part; but the interview on the whole was a fairly accurate expression of the political philosophy of America in the 1880's. *And of its business philosophy as well!* The purification of business was not even a dream, iridescent or otherwise. It could n't be thought of. Not until fifteen or twenty years later did students of affairs begin to discover that

it is business—always business—which stands in the way of cleaner politics and decency in government.

Many things have happened since 1890. The populists had their little day in Kansas. The Agrarian Movement swept the West and subsided, but left an indelible mark upon our political structure. . . . Grover Cleveland regained the Presidency, only to find that he had a Congress on his hands. . . . The Peerless Leader, Bryan, and the Holy Cause of 16-to-1, went up like a rocket and fizzled out into ridiculous sputtering sparks of fundamentalism. . . . The Pullman strike sent Eugene Debs to prison. . . . Mark Hanna made McKinley President, and fire-eating Joe Foraker, aided by William Randolph Hearst and other Yellows, drove McKinley into a pitiful war with decrepit Spain, while the Chicago packers waxed fat upon the embalmed beef with which they killed our soldiers. . . . The Direct-Primary Election system was adopted. . . . The public-bet damned policy of railway magnates led to regulatory measures in the nation and the several states. . . . The capital of Kansas was removed from the Copeland Hotel, and the government of Kansas was taken from the exclusive control of the general attorneys of Kansas railroads. . . . Big Business was born. . . . The Muckrakers exposed the shame of the cities, in an attempt to arouse an indifferent public to the corruption, bribery, and graft rampant in every metropolitan city in America. Little spasms of reform were discernible, but as a rule the respectables elected to displace the crooks were so inefficient that the cities were soon glad to turn back municipal control to the very thieves who had been deposed. . . . The boss-busters upset the applecart in Kansas. . . . Theodore Roosevelt discovered Malefactors of Great Wealth, swung the Big Stick, and proclaimed the Square Deal. . . . The

Bull Moose made their stand at Armageddon, indirectly elevating to the Presidency of the United States a Princeton College professor, the most learned scholar, the greatest egotist, and probably the most idealistic man who has ever occupied the White House. The New Freedom was his slogan. He was reëlected because he 'kept us out of war,' and then he plunged us into the holy crusade to make the world safe for democracy. . . . Profiteers preyed upon their country and prayed to their god that the war would be protracted. . . . The Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution was adopted. . . . The War-to-end-War finished, the iniquitous Treaty of Versailles signed, an inscrutable Providence, aided and abetted by practical politicians who knew exactly what they were doing, and Big Business, which knew exactly what it wanted, inflicted the weak and pliant Harding upon a careless, unprotesting nation. . . . Then came the boom days of the 1920's, and the Captains of Industry who had ruled the American people since the Civil War were compelled to hand over the sceptre to bankers and financiers of the Morgan, Mitchell, Harriman, Baker, Insull type. . . . The World War was succeeded by a world-wide economic war, infinitely more cruel and devastating. . . . Warren Gamaliel Harding, driven to his death by double-crossing jackals, was succeeded by the complacent Calvin, and the boom went on. . . . Mass production flooded the country with commodities. . . . A New Era had dawned, with poverty about to be abolished. . . . There was the wildest extravagance in public expenditures, with taxes mounting higher and ever higher. . . . So little regard was paid to public expenditures that we spent for education alone within one billion dollars as much as we spent upon automobiles. . . . Dividends on stocks, interest paid on bonds, net

profits of banks, increased 216 per cent in four years — eight billion dollars. . . . Veterans and alleged veterans of the World War raided the United States Treasury. . . . Calvin chooses not to run, and the Great Engineer steps into the Presidency, at a time when wise men already see the handwriting on the wall. . . . Herbert Hoover, of whom it may be said, as was said of Henry III of France: '*Qu'il estait une fort gentile Prince; mais son reigné advenu en une fort mauvais temps.*' . . . The world staggered under a load of unpayable debts. . . . Bootlegging became one of the nation's chief industries. . . . Gangsters robbed, killed, kidnapped, and, through the connivance of corrupt courts and unscrupulous lawyers, walked the streets unmolested and unafraid. . . . And then, the gamblers of high finance blew the fool's bladder to the bursting point and the bubble exploded. . . . The descent into Purgatory was easy and rapid, but a patient people hoped for the best and looked for a miracle to happen. . . . It did n't happen. . . . Ten million men and women were unemployed; slowly starving, or, more hateful still, living upon charity. And they were told to have faith in God and in America: 'We will come out of this as we came out of Valley Forge.' . . . In the fall of 1932, not because of what had happened, not because of what was said in the campaign, but solely because the people wanted a change, they elected Franklin Delano Roosevelt President, and a New Deal was in order. . . . We slipped off the Gold Standard, and a bank moratorium was declared, and the revolution of 1933 was under way — and is still waging; a legacy which I fear we oldsters will dump into the hands of the youngsters. . . . And may God have mercy on them!

Against this historic background the virtues and faults of newspapers stand

out clearly. Newspapers are very human institutions. Some are corruptible and will sell whatever influence they may have for a price. There are newspapers which are so situated in regard to banks, to public utilities, or to other business interests, that they cannot call their souls their own. There are newspapers which perilously skirt blackmail in their relations with the commercial world. But remember that there are bankers who are crooks, lawyers who are shysters, clergymen who are hypocrites, business men who are racketeers, politicians who are demagogues, and pots who call the kettle black.

We must realize that there are all sorts of men in the publishing business, all sorts of newspapers, all sorts of policies and ideals. The newspaper, in its technique and content, is a reflection of the ideas and ideals of the man or men who own it. William Randolph Hearst could hardly publish a newspaper that would appeal to the readers of the *New York Times*.

An integral part of the newspaper is advertising. Is it wasteful? Is it over-enthusiastic? Is it as misleading as a

political speech? But advertising is the lifeblood, nay, the very heart of the competitive system of distribution. You cannot eliminate advertising without killing the system, and we had best not say anything against the competitive system unless we have very good connections, indeed, with Moscow.

Do advertisers dictate to editors and publishers? Very seldom. It is not advertisers who exert important influence on journalism so much as the great and holy cause of better and bigger business. In good times and bad, Business must be served, and the press must — well, 'coöperate' is the word we use.

Journalism in America is not at a particularly low ebb as compared with other American institutions. We have only to look at the rest of the world, outside of Great Britain and America, to see to what depths journalism can fall. The newspapers of America do not wield the influence they might. They are not the leaders they could and should be, but the press in the main is relatively free. There are editors with high ideals and there are publishers who appreciate their great responsibilities.

# THE SCHOOLMASTER OF PITCAIRN

BY ROY PALMER CLARK

ON the twentieth of April, 1881, the *Acadia*, a large three-masted full-rigged clipper ship, loaded with wheat, left San Francisco bound for Cork to await orders. The ship's crew consisted of twenty-two hands — the captain, three officers, the common seamen, and two apprentice boys, named Lincoln Clark and Ormond Fowler. The former eventually became my father. There was also one other member of the crew that helped to form an important part in my life. This was the sailmaker, Phillip Cook Coffin. Many, many years after, I had the pleasure of marrying one of his daughters.

From the time the *Acadia* cleared the Golden Gate, and until she reached the South Seas, the weather was perfect and the voyage uneventful. This imperturbable, peaceful voyage came to an end on a clear moonlight night, June 5, 1881.

Lincoln, whom henceforth I will call my father, had just come to his room after being relieved by the watch, and was in his bunk reading when all of a sudden there was heard a mighty grinding, crunching noise, and a crash that shook the vessel from stem to stern. My father was thrown from his bunk to the floor, and then through the cabin dining-room door, and into the dining room.

It did not take long before every man was on deck, wondering what had happened. As soon as it was found that the ship was wrecked on a coral

reef, there was great excitement, but, as related to me by my father, there was no unnecessary confusion. Captain George immediately saw the situation, and his orders were prompt and quick. Each order given by him was promptly obeyed. First a kedge anchor was cast astern, which was fastened to the windlass, and all hands began to work the windlass, and in time the ship gradually began to free herself from the reef. At last she was free and began to drift to sea. There was a slight breeze blowing offshore, so orders were given to hoist sail so as to help on the kedge anchor, but as fate would have it the wind shifted just at this opportune time, when it seemed that all danger was over, and blew the *Acadia* back on to the reef, this time never to come off again.

Soundings of the ship were taken, and showed that she was leaking badly. Orders were given to lighten the ship, and tons of wheat were thrown overboard, but this proved to no avail, for the water in the hold of the vessel still increased. As a last resort all hands took to the pumps and spelled off and on for two hours. But the ship was doomed. There was nothing left to be done but to seek safety for the crew, so two boats were lowered into the water and the crew of the *Acadia* left their home to the mercy of the elements and took to the ship's boats for weal or woe.

The sailmaker, Phillip Coffin, sug-

gested to Captain George that they set sail for Pitcairn Island. He stated that he had been there some years before on a whaling ship, and that the people were very kind and hospitable. This suggestion met the approval of the captain, and without delay was put into effect, so the two boats left Ducie Reef and the ill-fated *Acadia* for Pitcairn Island.

Often have I heard my father relate how it was at this time he enjoyed the best meal he had ever had. The Negro cook took some bottled fruit, and, for the want of something better, washed out his hat well with salt water and then emptied the contents of several bottles of fruit into it, stirred in some broken ship's biscuits, and served a meal à la mode. There must have been high hilarity and merriment. However, the meal was enjoyed by all.

As the boats drew near to land the islanders saw them and surmised correctly that they belonged to a shipwrecked crew. They hastened to prepare food and go to their assistance. A boat put off from land loaded with fruit, water, and other articles they thought would be needed. The boat's crew were shown every consideration, and were treated with kindness such as they never expected. On reaching shore there was also spread on the sand a great repast, such as potatoes, chickens, fried bananas, and other native foods.

The crew were led up the steep incline to the landing edge and then on to the village, called Adam's Town.

My father related to me a rather ludicrous and amusing story in regard to himself. It so happened that some of the older folks did not hasten to the landing place, for at the time they were busy in making tappa cloth from the bark of the aute tree, and could not at the time leave their work. My father was then a lad of sixteen years, and in spite of all that he had heard about the

island and its people, he became frightened as he neared the village. Coming faintly to the ears was the weird sound, as he thought, of tom-tom drums, and he had fearful misgivings that they would soon be attacked and eaten, the drums being beaten in anticipation of a feast of human flesh soon to be. He was actually frightened and thought that his last days had come. Some of the islanders have the appearance, even to this day, of their native forbears.

His fears were soon dispelled by the effective welcome given them by the older folks. Everything was done to make the crew as comfortable as possible and to make all feel at home. Each of the thirteen families took one or more of the crew in their own homes. My father and Ormond and Captain George were taken in by the pastor or minister of the island, Simon Young, a direct descendant of Edward Young of the *Bounty*. Even to this very day the remembrance of the name of Simon Young calls up respect and reverence for one that was more than a man of God. Mr. John Tay changed the religious aspect of the islanders, and from that year to the present time the people of Pitcairn have followed the teachings of the Seventh-Day Adventist Doctrine.

The crew of the *Acadia* spent many happy days on the island before a ship was sighted to carry them back to San Francisco. This was in February 1882, after spending nearly eight months on Pitcairn. There was one that did not leave the island, and that was Phillip Coffin. He wooed and won one of the young island girls and was soon married, and thereafter made his home with the islanders.

During my father's stay on the island he had become one of them. For a time he taught school, and proved himself helpful to the small community in many other ways. He has related to me of how he became



sun-struck and wandered about in the hills and valleys as a madman, claiming that he was a wild Indian; of how he was saved from drowning; of times spent in swimming and fishing, and of many other enjoyments and pleasures. Truly it was a sad farewell as he gathered up his few belongings and said good-bye to each of his dear friends, expecting never to meet again.

My father's sea career after his homecoming was not at an end. For some time he worked for the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, as clerk and purser. Finally he tired of sea life and turned to the electrical trade.

Time passed. He married. I was his first child. Five years later my sister was born. We were the only children.

About this time some of the Pitcairn Islanders had occasion to leave the island. Two finally reached San Francisco, and eventually the home of my parents and grandparents. These islanders were made welcome and became as one of the family. Our home was their home as long as they chose to stay. It was a case, on their part, of receiving their cast bread after many days.

During the visit of the islanders to our home the old life of Pitcairn was brought vividly back to my father's memory. Old experiences were related. Narratives forgotten were brought forcibly to his mind, and from this time the germ of Wanderlust and the desire to visit Pitcairn again entered his very being. He spoke often to me, in my youth, of Pitcairn and the South Sea islands. He spoke of getting away from civilization with all its grasping selfishness and its inhumanity. He hinted to me of his desire to visit the South Seas again. This was the call of the tropics, though he little realized it. When this call once gets into one it stays there for life, or until the desire is gratified. He spoke to me of how he would like to see me find a home and

wife on Pitcairn, and that I might love the island as he had. This wander call was so great that worldly ambition was set aside, and he made a trip to Tahiti to see what the prospects were of making a living there for a time, and if opportunity offered to go on to Pitcairn. It was decided that Tahiti was not a fit place to bring my mother, myself, and sister, so the idea was abandoned.

It seemed that providence opened a way, and just a little over twenty-five years ago my father and I landed on this island. The tropic call was answered in a most unusual way, the most of which, I am sorry to say, I cannot record.

I was a miscreant at school. No teacher ever liked me, or, as far as I am aware, ever tried to turn a bad boy into a good one. I played truant away from school for weeks at a time, and associated with evil companions. I was on the downward road.

My parents decided to take me out of school and find some kind of work for me to do. At last work was found in the worst possible place for a boy of my temperament. I worked in a theatre, and soon began to smoke and drink and waste my money in other useless ways. Then it was that something happened. I look back through my life and find that it was God's intervening hand that changed my whole course of life.

Well do I remember the last farewell of myself and mother. As I was leaving home I gave one backward glance as I turned the corner, and saw my home, my mother and sister, for the last time. Both are dead now and the old home is gone. Nearly all of our relatives we have lost track of, and my father and I are alone away off on a lonely island in Mid-Pacific. Alone and not alone, for we have many kind friends on Pitcairn.

My father and I left San Francisco

in July 1909, for Tahiti, and eventually went on to Pitcairn.

What a welcome we had! I shall never forget it! My father found old friends and we were feasted and dined as ever any royal family were, and in the very same home that sheltered my father some forty years ago we were welcomed as he was during his first stay on the island.

Life was made pleasant for us, the islanders doing all in their power to make us feel at home. We lacked for nothing. We in time became as one of the islanders, and well do I remember the time when one of them came to my father and offered him a home in the most magnanimous manner possible — a home that we could call our very own, and in which to-day myself and family live.

The old sailmaker, Phillip Coffin, was still on the island and had raised a large family, of which most all live to-day. Phillip Coffin and my dear old father have gone the way of all men, and now I am more alone than ever.

My wife and I have been married for over twenty years and we are happy and contented. We have a girl just past her sixteenth year. I rejoice to know that the Lord has been able to use me in His work on the island, and have in more than one way proved myself useful to the now large community of Pitcairn Island.

The tale of how it happened that I came to Pitcairn is ended. As the tropics called to my father they also call to me, and I would not leave them for any and all the allurements of any city in the world.

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## WOMAN AND THE PROFESSIONS

BY KAREL ČAPEK

We are always reading in the papers about one of these 'firsts' — the first woman lawyer or mayor or veterinary surgeon or geometrician, or the first woman expert in some other strange male occupation. This shows either that male occupations are not very difficult, or that women can do the same as men if they once set themselves to — neither of which is a very important discovery. I believe that even I, if I had started in time, could have learned to be a lawyer or a locksmith; but the interesting thing is precisely that I have not done so, that I work in a different medium from those who have, and that

there are so many possibilities and activities open to each one of us. But women do not find it interesting to do something different from men; it seems to them more romantic to do the same as men. In so far as they do this from the need to earn money I have nothing to say; for each of us wants to live. But I protest that they act like this from a set idea, and maybe you think me reactionary.

Man is — from innate foolishness — a specialist; once he gets his teeth into his job or his passion, he looks neither to the right nor to the left; his destiny is to become an expert, be it in bacteriol-

ogy or the production of leather goods or literary history. His mind has a tendency to devour one thing and leave all the rest; he is interested only in his own bit of the world (and perhaps in politics besides), and that is why he now and then achieves something immense in his own field — just because of this narrow, one-sided, boyish, and passionate absorption. Now, if there were only men in the world, the desolation would be simply awful for innumerable reasons, but among others because the world would contain only experts who had nothing to say to each other. Each would be thinking of his own job and would not even be able to understand the experts in other subjects; for specialization is uncompanionable, noncultural, frankly unsocial; it would mean definite isolation or restriction or differentiation of species. I grant you that a rabbit is interested in green stuff, but he is not interested in a giraffe or an eagle, because he has nothing in common with them. Your true locksmith is interested in castles, but not in archaeologists or lyric poets, because he, too, has nothing in common with them. So much for men's occupations.

Woman — from some innate waywardness — is a universal, many-sided soul, not given to intense application, but full of surprising interests. You would be oddly put out if a lady were to tell you that she is not in the least interested in music or literature, or that she does n't know what boxing is; she has to be interested in everything, to know something about everything, to be able to meet each one of our interests, and it is a sad thing if she has no more wit than to talk to a lyric poet about free trade or to an airman about Central European politics. You expect from a woman the many-sidedness and sociability which link you up with the ordinary currents of social life. It lies

with her to help correct the one-sidedness of your profession, to carry herself and you beyond the narrow limits of your professional interests — in a word, to conserve social culture, or rather the sociability of culture, in the midst of you narrow and hardened specialists.

I mentioned that your true locksmith is interested in castles but not in archaeologists or lyric poets; well, it is quite accurate to say that his wife is less interested in castles, but more in the archaeologists or poets who may happen to live in the same street, and that she tells her locksmith husband between the soup and the meat that the archaeologist's wife is going to have a baby, and that the poet is up to his eyes in debt; all this breaks through the narrow limits of the marital locksmithery and builds a bridge between his workshop and the world. You see, woman has something in common with everything that is going on around her; you are a witness how instinctively she understands her cultural and social vocation; just think what a universal interest she takes each morning in a more or less wide circle of human life around her. When all is said and done, it is an honorable and important profession, for which man is not too serious but too narrow-minded.

This is a definite division of labor: the man goes out to earn the living; he is a specialist, an inventor, a business man, or something else practical; then he comes home and his wife tells him all the news, everything she has heard, what the neighbors are doing, and all the rest of it. If the woman becomes a specialist, an inventor, or something practical, who will link *her* up with the universal interests of the world, and what will become of us?

Yes, what will become of us? For don't forget that the so-called woman's question is of vital concern to men's interests.

# THE EXCLAMATION-POINT STYLE

BY ALAN DEVOE

LORD DUNSANY, in his shrewd paper on 'Decay in the Language' in the March *Atlantic*, has effectively reprimanded those modern writers who have forgotten their adjectival niceties. I should like, even more briefly but no less feelingly than Lord Dunsany, to comment on another stylistic eccentricity which in its way seems to me quite as gravely symptomatic of language decay. I refer to the exclamation-point style.

This is a literary manner somewhat difficult to define, but I can perhaps make its nature clear if I say that those who employ it appear to be in a state of continuous and soul-searing excitement. They find life amazing! Beautiful! Terrible! Awful! They quiver, they laugh, they weep, they exult!! Far from being concerned with 'emotion remembered in tranquillity,' they are agog about emotion-in-the-raw, and they are a race of public eye-rollers, teeth-gnashers, and ecstasians.

The exclamation-point style is, of course, no new thing, but until recently it has been chiefly employed by writers addressing themselves to highly impressionable or barely literate audiences. 'Monk' Lewis, the parlormaid's delight of a century ago, used exclamation points with an almost unparalleled gusto; his pages are positively prickly with them. The contributors to the pulp-paper magazines — I mean such as *Horror Mys-*

*teries*, *Tombstone Terrors*, and the like — have ever found the exclamation point an indispensable bracer, and the perusers of this brand of fiction have long been familiar with sentences like: 'The door of the crypt creaked open! A claw-like mummified hand emerged! The night was rent by a shriek!!'

The exclamation point itself, of course, is merely the commonest and most patent symbol of the exclamation-point style. It is entirely possible to write in this style without using that particular punctuation mark at all. In this case, the breathlessness and vibrant excitement are contributed wholly by the choice of words. Like this: —

Bob Breathless whirled like a flash. His blazing eyes narrowed instantly to glittering slits of hate. 'You devil,' he spat.

It is this somewhat subtler but even more dangerous variety of the exclamation-point style which has come so rapidly to the fore in current writing. Lord Dunsany believes — or pleasantly pretends to — that the noun-into-adjective metamorphosis had its origin in a railway carriage. There can be little doubt that the exclamation-point style came into being as a part of the twentieth-century reaction against reticence. It is obviously a parallel of the sudden literary consciousness of navels and buttocks and fixations and psychoses; it goes hand in hand with our writers' gleeful concentration upon

such matters. One thinks of the monk in Siberia. . . .

If the exclamation-point style were nothing more than a transitory boisterousness to acclaim the New Freedom, one could probably regard it with indulgent equanimity. It seems, however, to have come to stay. It begins to look very much as though the exclamation-point style were becoming rooted as an American language mannerism.

The far-reaching viciousness of the style — and what convinces me that it is a premonition of disaster — is its insistence upon continuous excitement, upon vivid action, upon 'handing the reader a jolt.' Exclamation-point writers view the world with a kind of hyper-consciousness in which a country lane, instead of simply 'winding' as it used to do, now 'writhes in tortured convolutions through the morbid vegetation,' and in which — according to one much-praised novel I have lately read with bated breath — a college professor seated reading at his desk 'knots and unknots his fingers in febrile serpentine twistings.' Characters in exclamation-point novels 'surge' and 'lunge' and 'sway' and 'reel' as they progress along the sidewalk, and it is their habit, when encountering another character, never merely to speak to him, but always to 'hiss' or 'leer' or 'gasp' or 'croak.'

Now all these words are very good words, which once upon a time were charged with meaning and rich in implication. But word inflation — which is the consistent policy of our exclamation-point writers — is very much like currency inflation. The more these electrifying words are employed, the less they come to be worth.

If a college professor, seated quietly at his desk, is to be described in such

supercharged terms as I have quoted above, how on earth are we to do justice to the behavior of the same professor when he has been treed by a tiger? When we have reached the point where the normal citizenry are 'lunging' and 'gasping' and 'hissing,' what word reserve is left to chronicle their behavior in a great catastrophe?

Our national vocabulary is in some danger, I fear, of becoming chronically hysterical, and many of our once-pregnant words are thus threatened with degenerating into ultimate meaninglessness. At the present writing Mr. Thomas Wolfe is still able to work up a thundering cosmic furor about a glass of water or a poached egg, and Mr. William Saroyan is still contriving to beat his breast and launch into a fresh frenzy of magniloquence with every breath, but how long it can last is problematical. Hollywood, of course, has already been for several years a sepulchre of dead superlatives, as have a good many newspapers. 'Awful' has meant nothing for a decade; 'gorgeous' hovers on the brink of limbo; 'terrific' has long since been sucked dry of its last particle of significance.

One by one the once-great potencies of our words wither away and die. Lord Dunsany looks forward with a grammarian's glumness to the day when we shall speak nothing but nouns, and shall utter our thoughts in short choppy jerks, as do the inhabitants of the Upper Zambesi. I think that the literary gentleman from Ireland is too optimistic. I look forward to the day when even the hugest, startlingest, and most super-colossal words will have died of inanity, and when we shall be able to express truly great excitements and emotions only by means of loud coughing grunts, like yaks.



# THE BAWX

BY JACK YEAMAN BRYAN

## I

ELIHU closed the door quickly, so shutting out pursuing phantoms of darkness and rain. His face relaxed. He raised the lantern and looked about the room as though either what he saw here were unreal or the reality which had surrounded him outdoors were a contrasting illusion. In here it was warm and dry and quiet and safe. A patch of live coals still glowed among the ashes in the fireplace. On the smaller of two beds his children, Adam and Woolly-May and Hector, lay breathing the soft breath of sleep.

He dropped his shovel against the wall, placed the lantern on a table, and took off his dripping hat and jacket. He put dry wood on the coals. Eddies of smoke began to spiral into the chimney. When a flame appeared at the base of the eddies, he drew up a chair, and extended his bare black feet. Mud squeezed pastily between his toes as they stretched and nodded into the increasing warmth.

He dipped absently into a pan of home-grown peanuts which stood on one side of the hearth. The nuts were not thoroughly roasted, but he munched them without being fully conscious of their flavor. He was listening to the rain on the roof and the quiet breathing of his children and the dark whisper of his fears. Sometimes he would pause in his chewing, the better to listen. And his eyes would enlarge with visions of something confused yet vivid.

After one such pause he shook his head. He threw the remaining peanut hulls away impatiently and took an old guitar down from its place on the mantel. He began to practise several difficult chords, the long fingers of his left hand racing up and down the frets, his right fingers capering over the strings as they picked through one series, then another.

Presently he abandoned formless practice. His hands began to mould a melody in a minor key. It was his own creation — speaking music, born in some lost evening of quiet. For it, like all the music that was strictly his own, he had no name or words. When he wanted to sing he turned to the music of other men — to the songs he had learned when working for Mr. Pinkney, from whose fields the spontaneous chorus of working Negroes sometimes rose like the fragrance of ripe paw-paws.

He had learned those songs in the years before he and Lucy went away from the Pinkney Place and took up this little cabin in the bottoms. Others he had learned at the shanty church, in camp meetings, and at those summer-night herdings of his kind where the blending of voices wrapped all comers in a vital unity.

Now he merely hummed as he played. His music was a leaping of spirit to active expression. But in that action his body too must share. His

body took up the rhythm of his notes and his humming. Every muscle subtly wove and throbbed in harmony with each shading of accent. His feet, close together, beat the time upon the floor, the bare soles slapping sharply, then softly. He played the same thing repeatedly, always with some variation.

Adam awoke and stared at his father and at the lantern and at the fire. Adam was the oldest child. He was five. As he watched and listened his eyes became bright. His muscles began to throb to the hypnotic voice of Elihu's guitar. He hummed with his father softly, blending his child voice into pure accord with that man voice across the room. Becoming more bold, he sat up and sang in his childish alto, 'Lawdy-Lawd, Lawdy-Lawd, ooouuh Lawd . . .' Those were the only words he used. He sang them over and over, varying them to suit the rhythm. He had learned them from a spiritual the big folks sang, and later adapted them, in his simple way, to this music which his father played so often since the rains became severe.

When Adam stumbled at one of the new variations, Elihu stopped and looked around. He was about to speak, but the sudden fall of silence and the oddity of his child's expression restrained him. They stared at each other across the flickering dimness of the room — he and kinky-headed Adam. Each seemed to be seeking from the other's eyes the clue to a mystery which had been no mystery until startled away by the hushing of Elihu's music.

In the silence Elihu again became aware of rain on the roof. Rain, rain, rain . . . a million little devils spitting on the roof and never going dry. Endless streams of water descended in four straight rows around the cabin and spattered on more water down below.

Water now lay on the fields more than ankle-deep. The ground had already been soaked by heavy winter rains when this one began three days ago. But the others had not been like this. And so Elihu listened. He shook his head.

*'Jeee-zus mel'*

He turned again to Adam.

'You go to sleep, honey chile. Doan' be messin up Papa's music.'

He struck chords in the same key again. But the spirit of the thing was gone. It would not come back at once. For, clearly now, there was the rain speaking outside; speaking, too, through an insistent whispering within him. This music was not suited to the rain. With all his variations there was still a recurring clamor from the tiny inner voices.

He leaned the guitar against one leg of the table. Absently, for diversion, he picked up a worn mail-order catalogue. Mr. Pinkney had let him have it. Elihu could not read, but he liked to look at the pictures. So did Lucy and the children. Whenever he was sure Lucy would not see him, he turned to the section on women's clothing. Lucy would not be back for a while. She had gone to see what Molly and Sam Jackson had heard about the river levees up the bottom lands. So now he turned to the forbidden section.

There was a model in women's underwear which reminded him of that brown gal down near the cotton gin. Only the brown gal was a living thing. She was more hotly alive than a young jinny mule.

Last fall he had sold two and a half bales of cotton at the gin. Intoxicated by his temporary wealth and several drafts from a quart of corn, he had visited the brown gal. He played for her on his guitar. His music caught her as it did himself. She hummed with him first. Then she began to dance. And he saw his chords

turn hot with life in her quivering, pulsing nudity. . . .

He put the catalogue back and picked up his guitar. The music he had played in that room near the cotton gin had come to him six years ago when he married Lucy. She had been like the brown gal then. But she had changed so much since, it was hard to remember her that way. Three children were here and another was coming by and by. Now the floor squeaked when she walked across it. So, while he played, it was the brown gal who stepped out of memory to dance for him in the fire-light. His feet slapped the tune while his hands moulded harmony into the beat of dancing nakedness. He became so absorbed that he did not hear Lucy approach the cabin. He did not hear her until the door opened.

## II

Lucy came across the room leaving muddy figures of bare feet on the floor behind her. She extended her hands toward the fire. Her clothing was soaked and her hunching shoulders trembled within it. She looked at Elihu suspiciously. She knew those measures well — knew too their implications.

'Man,' she said, 'how come you playin' thataway now?'

Elihu said nothing. He studied his toes.

'How come you din't fetch that lantuhn an' ca'y me home?'

'What fuh I should come fuh you? Ise tiuhd.'

'Tiuhd! You got no call to be tiuhd. You ain't done scassly nothin' scusin' only to pick on that bawx uh yo's and mope along 'twixt heah and that rivuh. I neah by it got los' out theah. Cain't hahdly see wheah youse going with all that watuh evuhwuhs.'

She stripped off the ragged sweater she was wearing and put on an old coat.

The coat and sweater were two of the Pinkney cast-offs. She brought up a stool and sat down.

Elihu said, 'What Sam and Molly say?'

'Sez that levee holdin' out cleuh on up the bottoms. But hit's washin' mighty bad.'

'Hit's washin' some out yonnuh too. That rivuh jus' keep a-sneakin' highuh.'

Lucy leaned toward her husband with eyes wide. She said, 'Reckon hit'll bus', 'Lihu?' She said it in a low voice, as though speaking clearly would make the thing happen.

And his thinking, too, startled away from the question. 'Naw,' he answered quickly, 'hit's too stout.'

The stillness came again, and with it the spitting of devils.

Presently Lucy added, 'Sam done built a raf' to-day. Sez they got to have hit to move to high lan' on ef that levee bus'. Sez hit's mos' twenty miles to high lan' an' ef hit staht to bus' an' we ain't got no raf' we cain't do nothin' scusin' only to climb up on the roof an' pray the Lawd He send us he'p fo' we git kilt. Sez we git wash away sho' 'nough ef we moves off in ouah ol' wagon aftuh that rivuh staht to growlin' through the levee.'

Elihu considered her words. His eyes told of their many visions.

'Reckon so,' he said. 'A mule cain't tote no wagon through them roads the way they is. I build us a raf' in the mo'nin'.'

'But sposin' hit bus' fo' mo'nin'? Then mo'nin' be too late! How come you ain't tho't bout no raf' to-day like Sam?'

Elihu frowned into the fire. 'Reckon I was studyin' 'bout somethin' else.'

'Sho' — studyin' 'bout some rapscallion foolishuns! You ain't got a lick uh sense agin you staht moonin' ovuh that bawx. Nevuh got yo' min' on what yo' doin' — hit's always

a-ramblin' off with that chahm of Satan.'

'Go 'long, woman. Sam din't think on no raf' by hisself. Reckon that white-man county agent been roun' an' tol' him, an' them he could git to on these-heah roads.' With forced conviction he added, 'Won't do no good to build one noway. That levee ain't agoin' to bus'.'

'Co'se hit ain't! The good Lawd ain't aimin' to let hit bus' an' ca'y off evuhthin' we's got in this wul'.' She paused. The multimillion devils signaled their presence unceasingly. 'But if hit *do* bus' we got to have us a raf'. Unless hit be too late.'

Elihu watched the play of light. And he listened to that which contrasted with its soothing glow. In the silence that message from the rain began to whisper more loudly within him. The rain — day after day more rain! And the muddy, sliding water rising higher and higher beyond the levee. Deep water, dark water, higher and higher. . . .

Tiny fragments of music, shapeless and sad, spoke back within him to that whispered inner message about the rain and the river. Here, in these fragments, was the first quiver of new music — music all his own.

He took up his guitar and picked out one bit, then another. They came slowly and were repeated time and time again. They made him forget the rain, so hard he worked with them. Beads of sweat appeared on his forehead. Black fingers bobbed gropingly up and down the frets; black fingers skipped back and forth across the strings.

Although Lucy fidgeted with disapproval of this return to her enemy, she was really fascinated with certain bars. In those bars lived hints of what was meaningful to them in the sound of little devils spitting on the roof — and of deep water sliding darkly. But

Elihu failed to complete the thing. The parts he sweated over would not blend together. His inspiration was on a snag which would not free him for all his struggle. He could not weave out of feeling that which he did not yet feel completely.

Lucy's interest waned. She scooped up a fistful of peanuts. The crackling of shells startled Elihu harshly.

'Hush that noise, woman!' he said.

'Whut fuh I got to hush?'

She cracked another shell and tossed the meats into her mouth.

'Hush, I sade!'

Elihu's eyes glittered. He was only like this when his witch music had him, and had him fast. On such occasions Lucy usually obeyed him, showing her resentment only in quiet little ways. Not always — but usually. She released the peanuts into her lap. She sat there limply with the pink brown of her palms turned upward.

Elihu struck the guitar again. He tried fitfully to bring the music back. But its voice had now receded. And between its vivid flight and his fingers stood the barbed fence of his irritation.

He put the guitar aside impatiently and scowled at the fire.

The sound of the rain filled the room once more. Its soft rush was constant and vocal. Gradually it drove him away from his anger, and Lucy from her passive resentment. When her husband's face had become large-eyed with imagination, she eased one hand into her pocket, pulled out a twist of tobacco leaves, and passed it to him. He took it absently, bit into it, and passed it back. Lucy tore off a portion for herself. Occasionally they spat into the fire. They watched the juice strike the logs and slowly sizzle as it dried away. In this munching, spitting communion she felt more at ease.

But for Elihu it brought a closer en-

croachment of the rain upon the quiet security of their home. He chewed sometimes and sometimes he merely listened. At last he arose. His hat and jacket were still wet, but he put them on. He took the lantern and shovel and went out.

### III

The water on his fields seemed no deeper now. It covered his ankles, but it had come just about that high before. Somehow he had expected to find it nearly knee-deep and yet it was not. Nor was the rain as heavy. An elfin surge of gayety gave zest to his stride. As he walked the half mile to the levee, he sang snatches of a light cotton-field strain, his barytone rolling over the water and reverberating richly on the wetness of the air.

His feet sank greasily into the bank of the levee as he climbed it. Not only was it wet from the outside; it seemed also to ooze from within. But this levee was thick and high. So the tail end of his jubilation remained until he reached the top and his lantern showed him the river.

Dark river, muddy river, sliding like oil. . . .

The water had risen a good ten inches in the last hour. And it was eating away the soggy body of this protecting wall. Elihu walked along the levee's broad crest, testing it with his shovel. The earth was soft on top, but seemed fairly solid underneath. He tested it clear up to Sam Jackson's line and back. While slushing along up there in the rain-spangled sphere of lantern light, full awareness of certain things seeped anew into the well of his inner voices.

Down on one side lay his fields covered with shallow water. On the other side was high water, black and wide and silent. On all of it more water from the sky hopped and splashed

and frisked. But for the levee, the water on the river side would sweep over the bottoms. It would come up above the pilings on which the cabin stood, come as high as the windows, maybe the top of the windows. And eventually the cabin might give way before the flood, might tumble from its stilts and disintegrate into a mass of floating driftwood.

Elihu descended to his fields, intending to go home by a different route. He had walked only a few yards when he came upon a spot where the surface of shallow water was not level. It was surging upward from the earth, boiling swiftly before it spread out over the flatness surrounding it. Elihu watched it in wonder. With the toes of his right foot he tested the ground. Where the water welled upward there was no ground.

He looped the handle of the lantern over one arm and began to shovel mud at the surging spring. But the water threw the mud away and came on as before. He shoveled faster. He worked feverishly. He shoveled till his muscles ached. And still it rose and raced outward. It seemed to gush more and more swiftly instead of less so. He stopped and watched it, panting.

Water — muddy water — river water spreading across his farm.

Again he tested the hole, this time with his hand. It was growing slowly — he could feel the earth crumbling away in tiny grains — growing toward the levee. He felt weak and little as he watched it. And the dike now seemed feeble too — a thing of dirt that water could melt away.

'Jeeee-zus!' he whispered.

He turned toward the cabin, his bare feet splashing listlessly, numbly, his body slack and heavy. As he drew nearer the house he became aware of its windows glowing through the high slant of the rain. Off there behind him



the river, before him the windows — the windows and the river, far apart, yet near each other. And creeping nearer. . . .

With the roads the way they were, Old John, the mule, could not haul them the twenty miles to safety in as many hours — even if the wagon did not mire down entirely. They would be trapped in the flood if they tried to move, trapped and swept away and buried under silt from the North. No one would ever know where.

He entered the house with weariness dragging at his heels. Already Lucy was in bed. She turned lumpily beneath the covers and studied his expression.

'What you see, 'Lihu?' she said.

'Watuh sudsin' up outen the groun'.'

Lucy failed to comprehend the full meaning of this. She merely looked puzzled for a moment, then sighed and turned back into the pillow. And Elihu made no effort to explain.

He looked vaguely about at the intimate things which filled the room. This was the epitome of all he had produced in six years of married life. He felt the back of a chair near him. He had made it of green brush from the swamps — brush that would bend easily. And the beds, he made those too. For the springs he had used young saplings split down the middle and nailed width-wise. Soon all this might be gone. With them the mule would go, and Ludillut, the brood sow, and all the guineas and dominicker hens. The stored fruit of six years of labor gone. Six years of work to be done over. Long months of hunger and weather and lostness. He stared at the quiet heads of his children, then looked away into the shadows.

'You bettuh come to bed, 'Lihu,' said Lucy. 'Hit's gittin' late.'

'I cain't be doin' no sleepin'. I got to keep a shahp eye on that watuh.'

Lucy sighed, 'Reckon so.'

Elihu sat down near the fire and waited. He listened for water rushing through broken levees. He heard only the multiple tapping of rain and the sleep-breath of his children and, before long, the snoring of Lucy. As he listened, as moments slipped smoothly backward into the blurred magnitude of the past, those new fragments of music, of minor music, began to hum far down within him. One after another they came back. Suddenly he felt sure of one of the links between them. The measures were beating in the fresh wakefulness of his blood. The way they should end was still unknown to him, but that would come.

He turned for his guitar. It was not where he had left it. Nor was it on the mantel. He strode across the room to the bed where Lucy lay. She had hidden it again. She was always hiding it when she wanted him to do something else. Sometimes in ploughing season or planting season or when the crops were ripe she would hide it during the day and let him have it only after darkness made work in the fields impossible. She took pains that he should never know where she hid it. On certain occasions, if the sense of it was clear, this checking of his purposes could be borne with fair humor. Not now. He shook her furiously.

'Lucy!'

She awoke with a start. Her eyes were half blind with the dilation of sleep and leaping terror.

'Hit done bus?'

'No! Wheuh's mah bawx?'

Lucy lay down in disgust.

'Yo' bawx! What fuh you want that bawx? Me an' them chillun got to sleep whilst we kin.'

'Gimme that bawx, woman!'

'I ain't agohna do hit! You ain't wuth nothin' as longizun you kin git yo han's on't. You'd let that rivuh sneak right up an' drown us ef you was playin'.'

'Gimme that bawx, I sade!'

'I ain't, you triflin' rapscaillon!  
Hit done 'nough bad. Git away fum  
me!'

'You is!'

'I ain't!'

The children were awakened by the shouting.

Hector began to cry in alarm, and Woolly-May joined him, and so did Adam. Elihu was infuriated by all the noise.

'Hush!' he yelled. He glared at them.

The children swallowed their cries. A startling silence followed. Through it the sound of devils could be heard again. Many times during the winter, and for the last three days on end, they had been tapping on the house — wanting in — millions of them. And now it was nearly midnight. Another day was coming by and by. Still they were tapping.

All at once Elihu felt extremely tired.

'You chillun go to sleep,' he said, and went back to his chair.

Lucy and the children were restless for a while. But one by one they drifted away to the nowhere-lands of slumber. Quite suddenly and inadvertently Elihu followed them as he sat there before the fire.

#### IV

He awoke slowly, for a moment not quite able to separate a sense of unusual fact from fading recollections of unusual dreams. It was morning — neither dark nor light. Water lay about the soles of his feet. Water was bubbling in at the base of the door. It gurgled around the timbers under the house. It sputtered in a thin layer beneath the fire.

He sprang from his chair.

And then, at his call, Lucy was out on the floor, her toes curling back from

the shallow race of water, her arms fumbling into her dress.

'Lawd have mussy!' she moaned.

And the children were awake, too. All three sat up in bed watching their parents with frightened absence of understanding.

Lucy talked incoherently. She declared, in vague jargon, that it was Elihu's sinfulness which had brought this calamity down upon them.

'Keep tellin' you . . . keep tellin' you the Lawd aimin' to slam down on us 'count uh you . . . keep tellin' you He git tiuhd uh yo' triflin' cyuhlussness . . . git tiuhd uh you messin' with that bawx 'stid uh beahin' yo' cross uh wuk 'thout shuhkin' . . . keep tellin' you that bawx got Satan in hit. . . .'

If Elihu heard, he did not heed her. Nor was he now irritated by this recital of his routine shortcomings. He flung the door open and considered the change in his world.

Out there only water could be seen. It was thickly brown in hue. The muddy bubbles on its surface moved blandly, telling, in their smooth way, of the deep, rising relentlessness beneath them. And through the dusk of dawn came the muffled roll of tumbling rapids.

He hesitated, for the moment lost somewhere between thought and panic. Then, with uncommon presence of mind, he hurried to the kitchen and packed eggs, cold boiled pork, corn meal, and hoecake in those kettles which still possessed handles.

Meanwhile Lucy dressed the children and confided to them, between hurried intakes of breath, the source of their troubles. Once she was forced to stop long enough to rush out to the steps with a spell of morning sickness.

Before it was quite over, Elihu was gripping her hard by the arm, asking where she had hidden his guitar during the night.

She shouted huskily, 'Git yo' han's offa me! I ain't *evuh* goin' to give you hit no' mo'. Hit's done 'nough bad. Hit's got Satan in hit. Hit done us bad and now hit's got to git wash' away. Leggo!'

She tried to shake free, but Elihu's fingers dug sharply into the fat of her arm.

'Wheuh you hide it?'

'I ain't aimin' to tell! An' if you *evuh* *does* fin' hit Ise goin' to bus' hit up.'

Elihu's voice was quiet and hard like the grip of his hand. 'You bus' mah bawx and I bus' yo' head wide open. You doan' tell me wheuh 't is and I th'ows you in that watuh an' *you* git wash' away. I th'ow you in *now*!'

She looked into his face and was startled by what she saw.

'Up yonnuh in the cawnuh,' she said weakly. 'On them raftuhs — in 'twixt them bale wrappin's.'

Elihu released her. He climbed to a small loft made by a few loose boards placed across the rafters. Sure enough, hidden in the miscellany stored there he found his guitar.

'Good ol' bawx!' he said.

He tuned it quickly and struck a few gay familiar chords. But Lucy was sobbing now and so were the children. And slowly, imperceptibly the water was rising in the room. So he laid his guitar aside and took nails and a hammer and began rigging a ladder up the front of the house to the roof. And he made a rope of bale wrappings. With this he helped Lucy and the children up the ladder to the roof. He carried there, too, his guitar, the food supplies, blankets for shelter from the weather, and the catalogue.

Although the sky was still heavily overcast, the rain had ceased. Elihu and Lucy and the three children sat on the comb of their house, waiting, waiting. Lucy and the children were huddled

together somewhat apart from Elihu and wrapped in blankets against the morning's rawness. All were quiet now. With lips protruding in awe they gazed about at the wide sweep of the new facing on their farm.

Flowing water — muddy water — miles of water. . . .

In the heightened daylight lingering segments of the levee were visible off to the west. Gigantic currents were whetting them away — what was left of them. To the east, patches of budding woodland clung to the hidden earth from which they grew. North and south lay only the sliding plane of the flood. Brush and logs moved along its surface here and there. Once two dead chickens drifted by soggly; and once what had been a horse.

The water had nearly reached the window sills when Sam and Molly Jackson and all their children appeared on their raft off toward the west. On the raft, too, were all the household goods they could haul away.

Elihu stood up on the comb of the house and shouted to them and Lucy waved and cried for help. Sam made a show of poling his raft toward the cabin till the current carried it by with the bubbles and drift.

'Cain't load you on noways,' Sam called. 'Twon't hol' no' mo'. Most likely them Rade Crose boats be 'long this evenin' uh tuhmah.'

The raft turned slowly around and around as it floated toward lands of strangeness. Gradually, steadily it faded with distance. Elihu sat down in despair. And Lucy moaned again to their Lord.

The water slowly climbed to the middle of the windows and promised more. All the fowls had been washed away long since, and the brood sow, too. Now there was a splashing, a deep worrying of water where the stable marked Old John's relaxing struggle against drowning. Inside the house,

furniture could be heard bumping gently against the walls as it floated around the room.

'Evuhthin's ruint,' Lucy sobbed. 'Evuhthin' we got's plumb ruint.'

V

The day stole by like the widened river. As twilight approached, the family became more restless and shifted about more often to ease the discomfort of sitting on the angular roof. They watched the graying horizon with more nervous acuity. But no rescue boat appeared.

With the coming of darkness a light breeze arose and brought more rain to the bottom lands. Just a shower, falling gently, spattering gently all around — on the roof, on the water, on the blankets. It fell by starts and stops for a time. Then, in the wake of a brisk gust of wind, it came down in earnest.

Already the house was shivering subtly in that bland swirl of eddies about it. And now more rain. . . .

Lucy reopened her prayer. It mounted in fervor with the saying. It became a chant, an ardent chant in haunting, gasping singsong.

'Good Lawd — praise Lawd — Lawdy-Lawd — look down . . .

'Look down on us yo' chillun . . .

'Yo' sinful trespassin' chillun . . .

'Look down, good Lawd, look down — look down. . . .'

It went on and on in simple words, chanted lyrically.

Though Elihu was profoundly moved, he did not join her. Beneath his gloom there was a coiling stir, a groping for something, a groping through darkness, through rain, through isolation. But it was a groping this prayer could not truly aid.

Eventually Lucy, too, became silent like the rest, her despair complete and numbly voiceless.

The rain passed away in time. A mist that brought darkness closer took its place. Elihu drew his guitar from beneath the protection of his blanket. Disregarding Lucy's protest, he picked through one after another of the bars which had been born from it the night before. And he strove long to bring those loose fragments together — to tie them up in a soothing, revealing bundle of magic. He listened to the tentative song from his guitar, listened to the whisper of his groping — listened and struggled with fingers and fancy to bring them together. . . .

Suddenly he slapped his thigh.

'Oh, dohg!' he muttered excitedly.

In this wide and quiet scene something had been slowly welling in his depths with more lucid flow. Now it reached the surface.

He rubbed his hands briskly on the underside of his overalls and began to play.

With quick maturation the fragments multiplied and blended. The music was a throbbing portrayal of despondency which had fed on a myriad tapping; a resigned fascination with the swirl of silent, rising waters; a feeling about the outward rush of those waters and the bubbled spread of their might. Through it all, however, and sparkling in the end, gleamed a trusting upward glance of hope.

He played it a second time, smoothing away the magic's roughness. With his humming he enriched this magic, and with the rhythmical accompaniment of his whole physique he gave it living body. He played it over and over — over and over.

At first his family listened as to something strange. But its spell was vital and crept within them.

Adam crawled around behind his mother and perched beside Elihu. Listening in rapture, he learned the music, hummed with his father and writhed in

body. Woolly-May, too, piped in at times, and little Hector gazed at the shadows about him from the soft cradle of his mother's arms.

In spite of her fears and distrust, Lucy joined tentatively in a few of the measures. Then she edged closer to Elihu and abandoned herself wholly, in voice and movement, to this vividly releasing power.

The five of them made a vibrant black mass on the crest of that larger black mass which quivered faintly in the flat widths of impersonal force on every side. Yet they were now more than a mass. Incoherence had been driven from their realms of feeling. In their new unity they were lifted, for the time, into dimensions beyond their place in the flood, beyond the harsher pressures of its meaning to them. Black fingers danced fervidly over the guitar. Black bodies undulated in unison to its accents. Red mouths arched aloft their versions of its spell.

In the midst of one of many repetitions Adam snatched his father's jacket.

'Papa! Look yonnuh!'

Elihu's fingers paused. Small and faint in the mist the light of a lantern could be seen coming toward them across the water. It was in a long skiff rowed by two men.

'Hey!' shouted one of the oarsmen.

Elihu said nothing — merely gazed at the advancing light as though lost in this sudden descent to brittle fact.

'Who that?' called Lucy.

'Red Cross.'

'Praise Lawd! I *knowed* mah prayuhs be ansuhed! I knowed hit . . . I . . .'

As the boat came alongside the house, one oarsman said, 'Why did n't you keep a light up there? If it had n't been for all that singin' a while ago we'd of gone right by. What the hell you doin' — havin' a revival meetin?'

Elihu stirred. 'No suh, Cap'n,' he said. 'Jus' makin' a little music.'



# A RECORD STRIDE

BY ROBERT FROST

IN a Vermont bedroom closet  
With a door of two broad boards  
And for back wall a crumbling old chimney  
(And that's what their toes are towards)

I have a pair of shoes standing,  
Old rivals of sagging leather,  
Who once kept surpassing each other,  
But now live even together.

They listen for me in the bedroom  
To ask me a thing or two  
About who is too old to go walking  
With too much stress on the who.

I wet one last year at Montauk  
For a hat I had to save.  
The other I wet at the Cliff House  
In an extra-vagant wave.

Two entirely different grandchildren  
Got me into my double adventure.  
But when they grow up and can read this  
I hope they won't take it for censure.

I touch my tongue to the shoes now  
And unless my sense is at fault,  
On one I can taste Atlantic,  
On the other Pacific, salt.

One foot in each great ocean  
Is a record stride or stretch.  
The authentic shoes it was made in  
I should sell for what they would fetch.

But instead I proudly devote them  
To my museum and muse;  
So the thick-skins need n't act thin-skinned  
About being past-active shoes.

And I ask all to try to forgive me  
For being as over-elated  
As if I had measured the country  
And got the United States stated.

# KAGAWA: PROLETARIAN SAINT

BY PAUL HUTCHINSON

## I

VITAL religion displays its presence in any period by two infallible signs — the production of prophets and the production of saints. As long as there is prophecy, — true prophecy, not the spurious soothsaying that betrays the name, — society is brought under ethical judgment, out of which comes an end to complacency and a beginning to reform. As long as there are saints, puny man is saved from despair, being thus energized with living proof that the spiritually exacting is nevertheless the humanly attainable. However desolate the religious outlook may have become, a discovery that prophecy has revived or that sanctity is somewhere triumphant will send a shock of new hope through the religious community.

That very thing can be seen happening among Occidental Protestants to-day. Reduced to virtual despair in the effort to set up moral controls over a civilization which is the product of the amoral machine, the churches, which have found themselves being relegated to a supernumerary rôle in the social drama, are suddenly aflame with excitement over an evangelist who has emerged out of the slums of Japan. Wherever he goes, the crowds exceed the capacity of the halls in which he speaks. Dignitaries and committees besiege him to extend his visit to America another six months, another year — there are invitations

pending which would require at least five years for their fulfillment. His welcome is as unmeasured in the fundamentalist South as in the latitudinarian North. It is a welcome which betrays the desperate eagerness of the hope that in Toyohiko Kagawa the churches of the West have discovered one who can both speak to them a new word of prophecy and disclose before them a new pattern of sainthood. *Ex oriente lux!*

There will be many, I am aware, to dispute this interpretation of the extraordinary interest being shown in Kagawa's current tour throughout the United States. The American public, they will remind me, has a tradition of readiness to go off its head over visiting celebrities. Nor does it make much difference in what respect the visitor has a claim to fame. Hungarian revolutionists, Swedish nightingales, German (or ex-German) physicists, Balkan queens — there is ticker tape enough for all! Is the excitement over this itinerant Japanese evangelist, therefore, anything of more lasting significance than the excitement over last year's Oxford Communist lecturer? When Kagawa returns to his Kobe slum, will there be any more evidence that he has been here than there now is that Dr. Coué once passed this way?

It is more than likely that the present Kagawa fad, in so far as it is a fad, will flatten out in much this fashion.

By this time next year I should not be surprised to hear ecclesiastics burbling in some such vein as this: 'Kagawa? Oh yes, that Japanese fellow. Astonishing business, was n't it? He could n't be understood more than half of the time; if the crowds had been able to interpret his accent they still would n't have comprehended his ideas. Well, they satisfied their curiosity. That was all there was to that!' Yet it is possible — just possible — that the current attention being given Kagawa is of more lasting importance than these reverend gentlemen think, or than next year's drop in the excitement may indicate. I wish to suggest several reasons why the Western churches may ultimately find out that the excitement stirred by Kagawa's visit this year has genuine, continuing significance. Or perhaps caution would write that last sentence in the subjunctive: there are reasons to believe that Kagawa's visit may have such significance.

## II

The story of Kagawa's life has been told so frequently that it need not be repeated here in any detail. There is a full-length biography by William Axling; there are a number of biographical pamphlets, of which the most enlightening is that by Helen Topping, for years the Japanese evangelist's English secretary. Still more revealing are several of Kagawa's novels. Parts of the largely autobiographical trilogy, *Across the Death Line*, *A Shooter at the Sun*, and *Listening to the Voice of the Prison Walls*, have been incorporated in *Before the Dawn*, an English translation published several years ago, and *A Grain of Wheat*, another translation put out this year. Other translations of Kagawa's novels, all best sellers in Japan, are to be published in England and in the United States within the next year or two. I

mention these sources for the benefit of any who may be more interested in discovering the facts about the man's life than in a discussion of his possible importance.

In many respects, Kagawa's career reflects the yeasty period through which Japan has been passing during the last forty years. Born in the year when the impact of foreign ideas registered in the granting of a constitution, he has shaped his career amid a maelstrom of social and economic changes. In the nineties, he was the typical bright Japanese lad of the period, eager for contact with foreign ideas. He followed the typical educational routine of the ambitious, concentrating on the study of English. He was offered the typical road to political eminence, an education at the Imperial University and a place in the diplomatic service. Every such period, however, generates its rebels. Japan, soon after the turn of the century, was full of idealistic youngsters who were not content to mount the ladder which a paternalistic government was offering. They must find their own footholds. Kagawa was one of the rebels.

As far as one can see, the circumstance which threw Kagawa's career into the religious field was almost wholly fortuitous. The boy wanted to learn English. He wanted to learn it, not in the stilted textbook form in which it was being taught in a few schools, but he wanted to learn to speak it idiomatically and with the foreigner's pronunciation. A missionary was forming a group to read the English Bible; Kagawa joined the group. To give his pupils the 'feel' of the language they were struggling to master, the missionary adopted the effective pedagogical device of requiring them to commit to memory certain passages in the New Testament. Kagawa's career began at that point. One day he was an ambitious Japanese

youngster concentrating all his energies on making his tongue reproduce certain sounds which he had been assured were good English; the next he was a strangely moved young man trying to make his mind tell him what the sounds *meant*. Most of the astonishing aspects of what followed derived from his tendency to interpret the meaning of the sounds with great literalness. The Japanese, as more than one traveler has observed, are a very literal people.

The result, it hardly needs to be said, was a Saint Francis period in young Kagawa's life. What else is to be expected when a young idealist insists on trying to interpret the New Testament literally? Family ties were broken, the last hope of a public career abandoned. Presently even the modest security of a dormitory room in a missionary theological school was renounced. The young fellow had to get down into the slums, had to share the life of the poor and the outcast. It was during this period that many of the most romantic incidents in the Kagawa story took place—his living with beggars, his sharing with thieves, his caring for those with repulsive diseases. During the same period, likewise, he contracted those slum diseases—tuberculosis, which almost cost his life, and trachoma, which has almost cost his sight.

Here was sainthood in the slums. Martyrdom would have quickly followed had not certain missionary friends stepped in to make possible an interlude in which Kagawa came to this country and obtained a divinity degree at Princeton. It throws a revealing sidelight on his character to discover that while at Princeton he persuaded the authorities to let him spend far more time in studying mathematics and science than theology. But when the period of American study was over, and Kagawa returned

to Kobe, it was not to resume the Saint Francis rôle. The slums, he had discovered, needed more than the presence of saints.

At this point Kagawa began to take on national importance in Japan. He still lived in the slums, he still quoted the New Testament. But he began to do his preaching in the shipyards and in the mills of Japan's rapidly developing factory centres. As a result, Japan had its first labor union in 1912, with Kagawa as its founder. A little later there was a Japanese Federation of Labor, with Kagawa as its leader. And after that came the opening of that industrial warfare which, despite iron repression, goes on in Japan still, and will continue. In the first great shipyard strikes at Kobe, and in the rice riots which swept the nation in 1919, Kagawa emerged as the proletarian leader and hero. It was during this period, naturally, that he won the distinction of going to jail.

With the great earthquake of 1923, however, Kagawa's career entered a new phase. In the tremendous tasks of rehabilitation he found it possible to work effectively with government officials; at the same time, the government began to suspect that he might be far more useful outside jail than in. Moreover, by this time the pacifist strain in the New Testament had begun to make definite trouble for Kagawa's position as a labor leader. Japanese labor, partly influenced by what was going on in Russia and even more by a realistic appreciation of the power of its opponents, was turning definitely toward industrial war. Kagawa became increasingly insistent on eschewing violence. Inevitably there was a split, which, while never openly acknowledged, to-day makes Kagawa more of a patron saint than an active participant in the Japanese labor movement.

Deserted by his labor following, but

as keenly alive as ever to Japan's need for social reconstruction, Kagawa turned from the factory centres to the country and the seacoast villages. The plight of the farmers and fishermen grew heavy on him. Seeking means for securing some measure of economic security for these savagely exploited groups, but determined that this should not entail resort to violence, the Japanese evangelist came upon the story of Bishop Grundtvig and the coöperative movement which has grown out of his People's Schools in Denmark. The story of the Rochdale weavers and their British coöperative movement also gripped his imagination. The Raiffeisen credit-union movement in Germany fitted easily into the same picture of a transformed rural Japan that he had begun to see.

It would be untrue to speak of Kagawa as the founder of the coöperative movement in Japan. But it is beyond debate that his driving energy has transformed that movement into one of the most powerful economic and social forces in the island empire. In his campaign seven kinds of co-operatives have been developed. Of these the consumers', producers', credit union, insurance, health, and public utility coöperatives are functioning; the international marketing coöperative is still in the blueprint stage. (It is to the growth of these international marketing coöperatives, incidentally, that Kagawa looks for solution of those economic issues between nations which he holds to be the underlying causes of war.) Commanding a considerable income from his writing and speaking, he continues to live on a rigidly ascetic plane, using all the funds on which he can lay his hands to provide capital for new coöperative ventures. Thus he continues to campaign back and forth through Japan, preaching what he conceives to be the Christian gospel as no other evangelist has

ever preached it there, and organizing coöperatives as the means of securing a social order in which Christian ideals may be practised in daily living.

### III

Kagawa is viewed with suspicion by many missionaries and many Christian ministers in Japan. I once asked him why. 'Oh, they have their social position to protect,' he laughed. 'They can't afford to be too friendly with me; I'm a jailbird.' But that is not the whole story. Again and again I have listened while missionaries who would certainly be ready to brave social opprobrium have shaken their heads over the man and his work. 'He's too inclined to irregular methods; too little interested in building up the Church; too prone to go chasing off after some new scheme before he finishes what he has been doing.' Disparagement of this sort has increased in recent years. Why, then, should the American churches show so much excitement over the man's coming to our shores?

Well, for one thing, it must be admitted that many ecclesiastical leaders are glad to be able to exhibit such a missionary trophy just now. Anyone who knows Western Protestantism knows that for the last dozen years questions as to the success of its foreign missionary enterprise have been on the increase. For generations the churches have been exhorted to prove their faith by devoting thousands of missionary lives and millions of missionary dollars to the conversion of non-Christian lands. Has all this giving been wasted? It means much to a harassed mission board executive to be able to display a figure who has acquired the prominence which Kagawa has in Japan and exclaim, 'Who dares to withhold support from our enterprise when we can show results like this?'



More importantly, Kagawa is being welcomed by some thoughtful Christian leaders in the West as a first indication that the stream of Christian thinking and activity may reverse its direction, and begin to flow as it did originally from East to West. The collapse of Occidental ethical pretensions following the World War has brought a humility to Western religion which has made it the fashion to deny that there is any ecclesiastical imperialism concealed within the missionary enterprise. Numberless church conferences have declared that it is no longer the missionary purpose to take truth from West to East, but to share truth between all lands. The trouble is that there have been so few Oriental bearers of light who have come to the Occident to prove that this is more than an empty phrase. Kagawa is almost the first to be put forward by those who insist that there has been a reversal of direction in the flow of the missionary tide.

But the real importance which attaches to Kagawa is to be found in neither of these factors. It is to be found, rather, in the sense of social desperation characteristic of the Western Church at present, and in the hope that this saint from the Kobe slums can disclose a way by which the churches can regain social power without surrendering their religious immunities. Or, to put the issue baldly, can this Japanese evangelist show the churches of the Occident how they can bring to pass a social revolution without getting mixed up in the monstrosities and reprisals of a class war? It is really in the hope that he can do this that Protestantism in America is crowding to hear every word Kagawa has to utter.

For years the churches of the West have been heading straight for their present social dilemma. Forty-five years ago Leo XIII issued his *Rerum*

*Novarum* to awaken Roman Catholics to the responsibility incumbent on the Christian to secure more justice in the social order. At about the same time Josiah Strong, Walter Rauschenbusch, and Washington Gladden began to impress the same responsibility on the consciences of Protestants. For some years after that it was possible to hope that the evolutionary march of progress, diffusing enlightenment abroad, would bring the thing to pass. Men would perceive the evils of the order in which they lived; with knowledge would come the desire to reform. It was a period in which a Ralph Easley could win church acclaim for launching a National Civic Federation in which, by the simple device of persuading an August Belmont (finance), a Charles M. Schwab (management), and a Samuel Gompers (labor) to sit around the same table, the problems of an inequitable society would be solved.

Well, that bright dream has been dissipated, and Mr. Easley is out trying to catch the big bad reds who, he holds, are to blame. But the churches of the West, having spent all these years passing resolutions calling for social justice, suddenly find themselves confronted with the fact that those holding power in our existing society — and fattening on it — have no intention of surrendering it. To make them surrender implies a prior fight. Are the churches to become embroiled in such a fight? If they do, they will certainly be badly mauled, for their institutional commitments expose them everywhere to reprisals from their wealthy members. And moreover, if the churches begin to sanction class war, what becomes of the New Testament?

As the sense of social crisis has deepened, the division between parties within the churches has likewise deepened. From the right have come warnings against inexpert meddling with an intricate and still-functioning social

mechanism. From the left have come warnings against contributing, even by acquiescence, to the perpetuation of injustice. And from all sides have come warnings against seeking ends by means incompatible with that ethic of love which is supposed to be the foundation of the Christian gospel. Is it any wonder that hosts of American clergymen and lay leaders have found themselves so hopelessly confused as to be reduced to virtual inaction? Honestly concerned that the obvious inequities of the social order shall be corrected, these men have professed themselves baffled in their search for methods which could achieve this, as they might phrase it, 'in a Christian way.'

#### IV

There are two major reasons why the coöperative movement makes a tremendous appeal to men beset by this dilemma. In the first place, it offers a programme of gradualism which at the same time affords its adherents a chance for immediate activity. It does not require an initial overthrow of the existing order; the coöperator merely seeks to set up an enclave within the existing order — an enclave which he believes will gradually enlarge to absorb the whole. Plainly this is a process which need not, and probably will not, involve pitched battle with the beneficiaries of the present scheme of things. Moreover, while the movement toward a coöperative society is thus gradual, it may begin at once in definite and not too difficult acts to be performed by individuals. Hundreds of ministers, having preached resoundingly on the need for a righteous social order, must have had the experience of being confronted by parishioners who asked to be shown a definite part in bringing such an order to pass. It has been a difficult request to answer. No such difficulty besets the minister who

champions the coöperative technique. Asked to guide a parishioner who would express his social concern in action, he need not delay an instant in offering counsel: 'Join the coöperative! Work for the spreading of coöperatives!'

In the second place, and more importantly, the coöperative movement attracts church interest because of its supposed compatibility with all those vague yet potent slogans which have long provided the stock vocabulary for religious idealism. Brotherhood, mutual aid, human equality (the one-man-one-vote principle of coöperative control), social solidarity — all these can be presented as attainable within a coöperative order without first wading through blood. Few of the clergy retain confidence that a confused political liberalism can provide a peaceful social reorganization. Coöperation, however, now seems to them the only method in sight which affords hope of securing necessary changes by peaceful means. And is this a real hope or another illusion? Look at Scandinavia!

Here, then, is reason enough for the readiness of Western churches to grant a hearing to a coöperative missionary just now. And Kagawa fits the part of such a missionary perfectly. Let me list five reasons why he is being asked to speak as often as eight and nine times in a day, why the size of his audiences is limited only by the size of the halls in which they gather.

First, let it be admitted that Kagawa gives many the glow of having successfully played the philanthropist's part, for he is at least partly a product of American missionary investment. Second, in a way of which he is quite unaware he feeds the self-esteem of his hearers, for he is understood to be a Japanese who opposes those features of Japanese politics of which the American himself disapproves. Third, he often couches his most radical social

ideas in a mystical phraseology which still employs the familiar terms of orthodox piety. Thus the Baptist fundamentalist of the deep South hears Kagawa talking about the Cross, the Saving Blood, or the Atonement and goes away 'edified,' while all the time the Japanese evangelist has been trying to drive home a conception of human solidarity, of the necessity of sacrificing the privilege of the few to gain the welfare of the many, which even a Marxist would recognize as proletarian gospel. Fourth, Kagawa carries the prestige of having won a tremendous following. It has been a long time since Western churches have been able to do that; they are pathetically eager to learn the secret of this man from the East. Finally, there is this factor which I have already said is more important than all others — the hope that Kagawa can show the churches how to point society toward fundamental change without at the same time pointing toward civil war.

Having said all this to suggest the importance of Kagawa as missionary

to the churches of the West, I realize how utterly I have failed to do justice to him as a person. And yet, had I taken all the space available for such a sketch, could I have made clear the charm of this unassuming, retiring, introspective, intuitive, ascetic, humorous, friendly Japanese? I doubt it. The man so constantly reveals new facets of character, and these are so uniformly disarming, that those who know him best would be first to acknowledge the difficulty of depicting him adequately. Beyond everything else, however, the personal fact about Kagawa which matters most is his persistent identification of himself with the poor. The honors that have come to him, his mingling with the privileged in many lands, he dismisses lightly as excursions into a foreign realm. It is still the slums to which he must return to be at home. 'What business have you bringing me here?' he demanded of those dining in his honor at Washington's most glittering hotel. 'I don't like this place. I don't belong here. I belong in the slums.'

# ORCHIDS ARE PERISHABLE

ANONYMOUS

## I

At first we were pitied and embraced. The more glamorous among us had lost fortunes in the Crash — all the money our clever young husbands had been able to make so quickly in the approved American manner, all gone, and more too. It sounded well when we talked about it. 'Crash' is a finer word than 'depression.' The duller among us took successive pay cuts, or were 'staggered,' or simply lost jobs. Whatever one calls one's work, it becomes a job when it is lost, twentieth vice president or no.

We went to live with our parents — for a few months; until this thing blew over; until we could catch up with our dwindling income. Helpfully we were dragged to shore, sputtering, indignant.

The months went by and people ceased to feel sorry for us. We became Ancient Mariners and not even one in three would listen. And, seeing the slowly descending scale still slowly descending, we made over our ideas of life and ourselves and started out again.

We are not dated as a class yet, but as soon as young people can sensibly hope to make fortunes we shall be set apart and ticketed. We shall be the poor older people, the simple-livers, the ones who can never amount to anything financially, having been blighted in our productive years.

We belong to the generation who

grew up when America was earning its European reputation of worshipping Mammon. All our young men were going to be rich, successful. Starting with bare feet on the bottom rung, they could conquer the world. The young women would, of course, marry for love, but find themselves rich in due time. The rise in the world for young married couples was marked by well-observed signs — the number of maids, cars, bathrooms; the place in the country; the width of the diamond bracelet. Old school friends watched each other carefully. Fraternity brothers pledged themselves to see that no Alpha Alpha was making less than twenty thousand by his thirtieth birthday — less would be a stigma on old Alpha Alpha.

We were almost professionally good at games — no place like the links for making contacts and contracts. We could n't afford not to be seen everywhere. We had positions to keep up. The husbands put in long days at the office and came home exhausted, to pull themselves together for a gay evening in as large a company as possible. They had no time for reading, so the wives attended lectures and read book reviews and kept their husbands enough in touch with the world of literature and art to enable them to make correct replies at dinner. That was what wives were for. The husbands brought home the bacon and the wives supplied

the garnishing. The United States became a lecturer's Eden, and Europeans gained their idea of the American wife as a lonely, neurotic culture seeker.

But the days when any good clean American boy knew that he could achieve whatever he wanted to, as long as he worked and willed hard enough, were pulled from under us. So were the days when he set his jaw and determined to support his wife in the manner to which her parents had carefully accustomed her. Nowadays he can't support her even in the manner to which she became accustomed with him.

Parents used to pump their young full of ambition and then watch them soar in a world of jostling opportunities. Now the least a parent can do for a child is to teach him to face facts: Hang on to your wagon and pull it yourself.

No father and mother, contemplating with unshaken satisfaction the bills for a large and expensive wedding, dreamed of having a poor son-in-law come to live under one roof with them in his late twenties or early thirties. A ghastly idea — shameful; un-American. No daughter, leaving her girlhood room as a bride, but would have fainted at the sight of herself ten years later squeezing back into it for an indefinite stay, complete with her husband and children, dog, cat, and love birds.

## II

Gradually, as we began to see things as they were, we left the parental roof-tree. Most of us moved to the country, where it is easier to be poor and better for the children. We moved either for all the year round, instead of only for the summer, or just plain to the country — even those city souls of us who had considered the country fit only for picnics and nervous breakdowns. Little farmhouses were at a premium. No

one wanted Great-Uncle Harry's sandstone palace, fit for a Bombay rajah — not even to live in free. We entered into the simple life with zest — for one thing, it was exciting to be alone again as a family, a financial unit, however low. The wives learned to cook and the husbands to carpenter, and we quarreled about the best way to prune apple trees. We put away the best linen and silver, because we could n't keep it and the children clean at the same time. We affected a passion for salt-fish dinners and good corned beef. And we settled down to be poor temporarily, as an adventure.

But it is a very long adventure, and so much better have we become at facing facts than we were brought up to be that we are almost able to say to ourselves now that it looks as if we should never have very much money. While we are still Americans of our own generation enough to think that our *very* old age may see us with a stable of hunters and a collection of Waterford glass, we know that our middle age will not. In fact, all we ask of our middle age now is to be able to send the children to good schools.

So far have we come toward accepting reality that we don't have to dramatize ourselves as we throw the pea pods into the soup kettle (we used to try to feel ourselves in Brit-tany). We have packed away our riding boots forever and had our fur coats patched for a sixth winter. We drive the car we got for a wedding present, kept for sentiment originally. We have given up clubs, golf, tennis, anything that involves fees and tips. We have forgotten what it feels like to see a play from its own level, almost to see one at all. Nowadays we see only what looks like being immortal, and that from directly overhead. We remember that once we used to pay a hundred dollars for an evening dress, and wore orchids, and went first class to Europe



on ships with hanging gardens. It seems quite mad to us now — and very vulgar.

Because, while it may be the rationalization about which we talked so glibly when it was the thing, when we go out for dinner now in our six-ninety-five evening dress with our hands smelling faintly of onions, we consider the three footmen and the gardenia'd shoulders of our hostess and think the whole show is distinctly bad taste. 'Three thousand dollars,' we murmur to our host, 'yes, that *would* make it worth the wine merchant's while.' In fact, we want to say, that is an annual income. . . . But our host would smell socialism, brick-throwing — and it is fun to eat what one has n't cooked oneself. Our host has not had our advantages. The kitchen sink is a place for long deep thought.

### III

Now that we have had time to become what we are, we find that we have developed a new social code, a new set of manners, a new standard of living. To be really happily married now is essential. One can't maintain appearances by taking long trips and seeing other people constantly. Where we used to discuss at boarding school the ideal of being half wife, half mistress, we find now that the essential factor seems to be friendship. If one has no opportunity to worry about keeping one's love fresh by having separate rooms, it is extraordinary to find how little love is damaged by the whole family's having to dress in the one bathroom on winter mornings. And when the plumbing bursts it is rather a relief not to have to wonder if one is being the wife or the mistress as one helps to stem the flow. Husbands and wives have to be companions now. Those who married without the problematical desert island in view are out

of luck. Where we used to go to night clubs, orchids on shoulder, we stand side by side now in the kitchen, doing the dishes after a party and discussing whether John has really read Proust.

For we are all intellectuals now — husbands and wives alike. After all, if one has to spend long evenings at home for weeks on end, the time can't all be passed with backgammon and the wife telling the husband what the gland lecturer said. The husband has to read too, in self-defense. The lecture business and the book trade must be feeling the results of our new lives. In the old days when we worried about new interests and keeping our minds limber we used to fortify ourselves with a series of lectures on current events or modern literature. Now we have to read our newspapers for ourselves — *and* the books. In the long still country evenings one is discovered if one tries to talk about a book from reading the reviews.

Besides becoming companions with those we married, so to speak, and intellectuals, we have changed our ideas of society and entertaining. We see only the people we really like, and who like us. We can't afford to feed the others. No longer do we worry about which gown we wore last, or how to bring out our guests. If we have to get dinner for our guests now, we expect them to sing for it. . . . And living in the country makes one's mind horribly clear about what is worth hearing. No idle gossip; no inside information on the stock market; no girlhood reminiscences, or golf; no cars — unless it is helpful hints about rejuvenation. And when one has taken care of one's children all day the last thing one wants is to talk about them in the evening or hear about any others. Conversation is reborn.

As for our amusements — we remember the days when we used to think

of exercise as a thing apart, almost as of something one bought by the yard. Wonderful to contemplate as one digs and sows and carries water to the chickens (which muscles am I using now?). We take long country walks to rest ourselves. In fact, walking is a luxury if one has to arrange for someone to stay at home with the children while one disports oneself by walking as far away as possible. Sometime we may get back to games with balls. We tell ourselves that we simply have n't the time for them now, if we had the money. But we try to teach the children to handle balls. Besides laying a foundation for their social success at college, when all else fails one can always go out and play catch. . . .

## IV

Which brings us to what we are going to do for our children. While we did not accept ourselves as the New Poor without a struggle, we minded most for our children — material advantages swept away, none of the fine things we meant to do for them possible now.

They will have to learn their languages from books instead of wintering abroad. They will have to get scholarships even to learn them at all. And we shall have to teach them ourselves if they are to get scholarships. For, whatever views we once held about infant schools, we obviously cannot now pay to have our toddlers taught to do up buttons and squeeze oranges, nor similarly, later, to learn anything that could be taught at home — reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography. The American public-school system takes so long to teach so little that it becomes expensive, too, in its way. So while we give the baby her bottle we teach little Donald to read at our knee, and in the corner Edward draws a map of the walk we took yesterday.

As the centre of a scene like this one cannot help remembering how one meant to keep up one's music, or write critical essays. At least one can be sure now that the fruits of one's labors are sound.

And when we do pay for our children's education we intend to have them taught. Too many parents, we reflect with some bitterness, have paid to have their children read aloud to by someone with more charm than knowledge. Insist on Greek and Latin and watch the teachers. The primrose path appeals alike to the teachers and the taught.

Our children cannot go to the schools where the cost of tuition includes, as the authorities all too delicately imply, the social advantages. Their conversation about the other boys at school will never sparkle with names of the great. To the *monde* portrayed in the advertisements of transatlantic liners they are lost. They will never play polo very well, or be golf prodigies or accomplished fliers. They will not make fine collections of stamps or miniature electric railways in their teens. They will have their origins in 'poor but honest parents' in the best fairy-tale tradition, and they may even be in the difficult and regrettable position of children whose parents have had to make sacrifices for them.

But they may find that their parents have not done too badly for them. They will be able to take care of themselves wherever they are. They will be able to build, and to grow things — plants and animals. They will be able to fish and shoot — not clay pigeons, perhaps, or big game, but the sort of thing one eats afterward in an economical way. And they will be able to amuse themselves. In fact, they will have the tastes which England ascribes to country gentlemen and which this country has as yet considered non-essentials in any walk of life, until the

tide left us to make what we might of the beach. . . . Quite possibly in their extreme and hearty old age our children will be exchanging the blossoms of the first garden pea and Greek epigrams.

One thing we can give our children, something which the children of more prosperous parents are often denied in these days by the very press of modern living — exposure to books with time to read them. They will not have to cram names, dates, and titles before an examination to be able to say what influenced whom and who was Uncle Toby.

When they go to college no one will be able to present to them a course called 'The English Novel.' They will already have given it to themselves — as well as the courses their parents took called 'Drama' and 'Browning' and 'Nineteenth-Century Literature.' They will know something of history and sociology, and arrive at college with

that smattering of the sciences which American education endeavors to leave with the graduates. They will want more education than their parents could give them or they can get for themselves.

Whether they will be able to find it or not is beyond their parents' power to effect. There will probably still be other parents rich enough to ask no more of colleges than that they be safe places to leave offspring through adolescence, and no more of their children than that they be popular and good at games while the teachers administer culture.

Probably our children will be handicapped in many ways, as their parents feel they themselves have been financially handicapped for life. In some respects, however, we seem to be getting on well enough. The test of the reality of our survival or destruction lies with our children, that coming race of horny-handed intellectuals.

# REFLECTIONS IN A WHIRLPOOL

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

## I

IN the spring of 1918 a friend, whose son was an officer in the army, prophesied that the young men had been raised by the war to such a pitch of moral enthusiasm that they would live on a higher plane than their fathers; and I am afraid I shocked him by answering that, on the contrary, this war would be followed by an era of materialism.

Why should it be? Because wars always have been, and because any great moral effort is always followed by moral lassitude. Certainly the materialism came; and we had better begin by confessing that since the war we — no! that is no longer good form — by admitting that others have all erred grievously. When it was over we were told to return to normal conditions, which was never done; for in one way or another the people of this country turned to speculation. Investors, expecting great prosperity and rising prices, sought to get rich quickly in the stock market, commonly on margin, while the brokers tempted them by issues of securities too often of doubtful value. Industrialists enlarged their factories, and increased their product beyond any permanent capacity of consumption. Farmers doubled their acres by mortgaging their farms; the public at large bought what they did, or did not, need on the installment plan; and so the merry dance went on until the flood came

and overwhelmed them all. Then everyone laid the blame on someone else.

Do not understand me as implying that the depression was due wholly to overproduction; for it had, no doubt, many contributing causes of which this was one, and I am no economist with a claim to unravel them; but certainly men did not behave in a way to fend off any such calamity that might be impending. They helped to increase it. Again, do not think that I am charging with misconduct the people who sought in any of these ways to swell their wealth; for I said, not that they sinned, but that they erred, grievously.

Instead of laying by for lean years during the fat ones, people in the floodtide of business told us that, owing to the purchasing power of our high scale of wages, we were living on a plane of prosperity from which there could be no descent; and after the crash they reflected gloomily that, because of the vast growth of labor-saving machinery, employment and trade could never again be what we had known in the past. Neither of these was true; but each in its turn was so generally believed that the first caused a wild rush for the golden apples to be had for the picking, and the second a popular acclaim of any plan that purported to show the path out of the slough. So there are new ways of getting into

difficulties as well as getting out of them; but are they so very new?

In the days of man's ignorance psychology was an art; and so it is still for those who try to manage their fellows. As an art Machiavelli wrote a treatise upon it, so devoid of moral considerations that it shocked mankind; and to the present day there are men who condemn the principles he taught — and practise them. Like other practical arts, psychology stored the knowledge gained from ages of trial and error in the form of maxims or proverbs; for, so far as they relate to conduct, such sayings are in the main brief summaries of many observations put into portable forms easily remembered and transmitted. They are the results of long experience, and our forbears were largely guided by them in the conduct of both public and private affairs, for they were a real glossary of wisdom.

But now the times have changed, old knowledge has become uncouth and unsuited to a new unprecedented world. Is human nature at the present day so wholly new and without precedent? Have the means of rapidly diffusing information greatly changed mankind? They have made it possible to reach a vastly larger number of people in a far shorter space of time; they have given the speaker on the radio power to address multitudes without a corresponding opportunity of reply, and, if they are listening in their homes, with less chance of comparing their impressions at once with those of others; but has all this changed fundamentally the reactions of men? Has the existence of all these modes of addressing masses made the processes of recent upheavals essentially different from those of the French Revolution, before railways, telegraphs, motor cars, aeroplanes, and radios were invented?

Although human nature has altered little, the conditions under which it

acts have changed very much; and it is worth while to see what some of these changes are, and how they have affected that old chameleon, man, who thinks that because he has adapted his coloring to his environment he has transformed his qualities.

## II

In the first place, the World War differed from all earlier ones by the universality of the effort it demanded from the whole people. In preceding wars the parts of a country not within the theatre of operations were affected comparatively little, save by the calls for recruits and the rise in taxation. Otherwise the people pursued in general their customary vocations in much the usual way. The channels of trade were, of course, shifted to some extent, but for most men business went on much as before. But in the World War the demand for weapons and ships, not only for oneself but also for foreign comrades in arms, became far larger than it ever had been. Food also must be sent them; and we were informed by the government what we should eat and on what days — directions with which we cheerfully complied. Our colleges became, to an extent never known in previous conflicts, preliminary training camps. In short, the World War was a national effort in a degree far exceeding any earlier one. This was true in every country, but it was the more remarkable in our own, since at no time was any part of our territory in the slightest danger of invasion.

Truly a notable spectacle when we consider that apart from sentiment for the Allies, which was far from universal, the obvious cause of our action was the vindication of our rights as neutrals at sea; for the real peril to ourselves that would have flowed from a conclusive victory by the Central Powers seemed, no doubt, to the mass



of our citizens very remote. For that reason most of them have been asking themselves ever since why we entered the war, and, unable to give a sufficient answer, have concluded that we made a mistake. Imponderables, like the impulse to stop a powerful nation from becoming dominant by conquest, make slight appeal to a people suffering from the after effects of the conflict.

It would take too long, nor am I competent, to make for other countries a similar comparison between this and other wars; but everyone is aware of the vastly greater popular effort put forth in the World War, of the intensity of the patriotic sentiments aroused, of the control by the government of the conduct of industry in manifold directions, and of its interference, by rationing and otherwise, with the citizen's daily life. The immensity of the conflict, the huge supplies required for carrying it on, the momentous consequences involved, and the uncertainty of the result, rendered this inevitable; and at the same time they entailed consequences that no one seems to have foreseen at the time.

The intense spirit of patriotism aroused by the war persisted, with results which we shall examine; but curiously enough the sentiment of comradeship with allies evaporated quickly. Nor is this contrary to former experience, for it is a natural result of people with differing social habits fighting side by side. Whatever the reason may be, after the peace had been made no love was lost between England, France, Italy, and Russia, or, naturally enough, between Germany and most of the dismembered fragments of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Each nation turned upon its own separate interests the patriotism the struggle had called forth, in an effort to repair its losses, and regain its economic position and prestige, with little regard to the general condition of the

world on which these must ultimately depend.

It is worth while to recall some of the steps in the process, and watch the gradual growth of the spirit of nationalism and distrust that pervades the world to-day. When the victorious nations met at Paris to make the peace, there was no doubt much desire by many of them to divide the spoils in a way favorable to themselves, but this can be easily exaggerated; and, especially on the part of the three that played the leading rôles, there was a sincere intention of making a division in Europe that would prove just and permanent. There was an attempt to give so far as possible to every nation an access to the sea, and to make the boundaries of states coincide with those of race — impossible with anything like completeness, but backed up by provisions for the protection of minorities where racial boundaries could be only approximate. All this was well meant; but you may say that it was not well done. Granted! Yet, if the leading victors had builded better, and stood together to uphold their work, it might have been maintained long enough to acquire a presumptive right to endure.

In the hope of putting an end to war they formed the League of Nations, which some took more seriously than others, but all the victors, save the United States, joined. Thereby they were to unite in complete non-intercourse with an aggressor. Yet no sooner were practical applications discussed than hesitation, reluctance, and manifold obstacles appeared, and by the time these were circumvented no available road to the end desired was left open; with the result that the sanctions were never used until a few months ago, and they are not now being applied with the thoroughness originally provided, or so far in a way likely by themselves to be effective.

Partly, not wholly, owing to the

failure of the League of Nations to act in harmony and with decisive force against aggressors, and thereby give a sense of security to countries dreading attack, all nations have come to rely upon themselves for defense. Mind, I am not finding fault with anyone. That is a very easy thing to do, but a very harmful one, for when we have laid the blame on someone we have salved our own conscience, and feel that we are to some extent absolved from considering what ought to be done about it. The results in this case may well have been inevitable, and I am merely trying to review events as they occurred.

Again, at the meetings to make peace after the war, the victorious nations agreed on the principle of reducing armaments, and there is no doubt they meant to do so. In fact, by the Treaty of Washington they actually did limit them at sea. But in spite of the League of Nations, of the Treaty of Locarno, and of many well-meant conferences on disarmament, the feeling that each nation must rely primarily on itself for defense has caused a general increase in preparation for war, until the world is more heavily armed than ever before. This does not necessarily mean war. It may even mean the opposite, for herein lies one of the strange paradoxes into which poor man in his blindness is constantly falling. No people, at the present time, wants to fight with any other considerable military power, and yet they all feel that they may be forced to do so.

The same lack of mutual confidence that has caused increased armaments has given rise to restrictions on international trade. The classical theory of universal free trade whereby English doctrinaires argued that it was everyone's interest for Great Britain, with her then superiority in coal, iron, and machinery, to do the bulk of the manufacturing for the rest of the world —

that theory, under changed conditions, has lost its charm even in the land where it held its greatest sway. It has been replaced by something more akin to the long-discredited mercantilist principle; for every nation now wants to manufacture, and to control her own trade, while in some nations the conditions are more favorable than in England. This change in general attitude is partly because of the wealth that comes from factories, partly because every nation wants to be self-sufficient in case of war.

Now, among the legacies from the World War was the habit of looking to governments for direction and control; and hence, instead of leaving to private enterprise the problem of finding the paths back to international prosperity, the political authorities of each nation have sought to regulate these things for the immediate benefit of their own people — a tendency greatly increased by the universal suffering caused by the depression.

Moreover, it has seemed to me that statesmen take even shorter views than they did before the war threw so much into the melting pot. Of course the tendency is a very natural effect of democracy, with its recurrent elections at short periods here, or the constant hauling of ministers over the coals in parliamentary governments. There is no time to lay plans that will take long to bear fruit; the politician rarely looks ahead much beyond the next election, and so he tends to take more interest in quick results than in permanent ones.

Whether it be due to the nervous excitement of the war, — not yet calmed, — to lack of mutual confidence, to a desire for the more lucrative occupations and for self-sufficiency in case of hostilities, to the habit of looking to government for guidance, to the prevalence of short views, to the pressure of economic distress, or to all these

in varying proportions, there is no doubt that each nation, while professing a desire to enlarge international trade, has restricted that trade for its own commercial benefit — to protect its own economic life, it would say, and I do not quarrel with the expression, which is no doubt perfectly genuine in every case, for we all feel it when it touches some form of industry or occupation with which we are familiar.

The causes of such a condition are complex, the cure at present not apparent. That, unless Western civilization is doomed, this condition will not continue indefinitely we may assume; that it can be overcome at a stroke by a universal agreement among the nations is improbable; that, unless a great war should fling the world into chaos, it will be bit by bit improved, until workable international trade returns, we are entitled to hope; but that will require wisdom, a quality of which one still may say, as in the days of Job, that it is not to be found in the land of the living.

### III

Let us turn to something else the nations have been doing since the war. Beside increasing their armaments, setting up barriers to international trade, they have been debasing their currency. Why this last? The increased industrial activity due to making up for the losses caused by the war brought about an excess of production, which, with other causes, resulted in the depression. Now it was the habit formerly in cases of business crisis to allow the effects to take their normal course; people and concerns that had become overextended failed, wages that had been raised in the prosperous years fell, — often too far, — and industry started again on a lower level, gradually working its way up; while the people thrown out of work by

the depression were taken care of by public and private charity, until the revival of business furnished again an opportunity to employ them.

But in this last depression men had, by the experience in war time, become accustomed to a large degree of administrative control; and partly from sympathy, partly from fear of disturbances, they were unwilling to let matters produce their usual results, a method of avoiding them being found in what Jefferson called tricks of legerdemain with money. By lowering its value, debts and wages were both reduced; the loss from the former falling largely on people of moderate means, receivers of fixed salaries, depositors in savings banks, holders of bonds and insurance policies, a class unorganized and unlikely to make trouble; while the wage earners were unaware of the loss coming to them. They have always had an impression that plentiful money, an increase of the amount in circulation, and therefore an ultimate decrease in its purchasing value, are somehow a benefit to the poor; whereas there is no one to whom the maintenance of the value of a pound, a dollar, a franc or mark, is more important than the man who receives a certain number of them for his daily toil. The effect on him of inflation is masked at first, because he is apt to get some immediate rise in nominal wages, and the discrepancy between that and the rise in prices — and hence his loss in real wages — is not evident for some time.

The reason that a reduction in the value of the currency affects the workman particularly is that wages move much more slowly than commodity prices, which can be put up or down with comparative ease to meet changes in demand of the market. Every manufacturer knows that he can raise or lower the price of his product as he pleases — provided his rivals are doing the same — and that such changes may

be temporary; but both he and his employees are aware that an increase or decrease in wages will probably endure for a considerable period. On one side or the other, a sense of permanence is attached to them, so that a rise or fall is accomplished with difficulty, often involving a sharp dispute, a strike, and the temporary closing of a factory.

After the World War some countries, with monetary systems wrecked by the huge expenses incurred, were living on paper money of a value so reduced that it was hopeless to restore its rate in gold, and a number of them strove to stabilize their currency again on a lower level. That meant that all prices, and especially wages, with the standard of living, had fallen; and thus the lesser cost of production — that is, the lower scale of wages — gave them an advantage in the world's markets over other countries where wages were higher. In order to compete, these must get the price of their wares, and hence the cost of production, — mainly wages, — down to a point nearer to that of their competitors.

Great Britain was particularly concerned. To preserve her dominant financial position in the world, she had returned after the war to the gold standard at the old rate of the pound sterling, but found that she was doing so at a sacrifice of her manufactures and exports. Therefore in 1931 she changed her policy, and reduced the value of the pound to about two thirds of its former gold content. It placed her in a more favorable position for international trade, particularly as compared with the United States, which remained as yet on the basis of the old gold dollar. She was planning some general agreement among the nations for monetary stabilization, when suddenly we followed her lead by reducing the dollar in about the same proportion that she had the pound. This the English thought hard, and in

fact it did take away, for the benefit of our producers, a part of what they had gained in foreign markets.

The rise in prices expected from the reduction in the value of money has been slow in coming, and hence the effect in the reduction of real wages has not yet been obvious everywhere. How far the various governments intended it, how far they were aware that their actions would have the effect of reducing the standard of living of working people, it is impossible to know. Incredible as it seems, we are told that no one in the German financial administration foresaw that the prodigal issue of paper money to support the workers in the Ruhr during the French occupation would reduce the value of the mark to nothing; and yet that was its obvious result. Truly governments at the present day look very little way ahead, and hence tend to treat symptoms rather than causes.

We all desire, and certainly every good citizen should desire, that the standard of living among the workers should be as high as possible, but this can only in small part be arbitrarily controlled. If labor is not remunerative, if it does not yield some profit, it cannot be long employed, either by a capitalist or by a government that owns all the means of production. The aftermath of war has, indeed, left a feeling that everything can be arbitrarily managed, whereas, like all human affairs, this is true only within limits.

#### IV

Whatever the causes may be, the present relations between nations, diplomatic, military, commercial, and financial, are a manifestation of profound distrust among the most advanced peoples of the world, founded, let us hope, not on untrustworthiness, but on the hysteria caused by the war

and its aftermath; for if due, not to that, but to permanent causes, it will — more than war itself — break up our civilization. It may, if unchecked, spread from the nations to the divergent interests within them. In fact we may observe that the governments most distrusted by their neighbors do not trust their own people with the use of free speech, but exert a strict control over meetings, the press, the radio, and even the mails; do not permit free entry or departure of their own citizens, and clearly feel insecure without arbitrary rule. Civilization, as we know it, is based on mutual confidence that each man will conform to the moral code of the community; and the comity and prosperity of nations depend upon similar relations.

As a rule, the essential qualities of a race develop gradually and long persist, growing and changing very slowly. They are apt for long periods to run true, and a sudden turn away from these lines is apt to be followed by a countermarch, as happened in the case of the Commonwealth in England and the violence of the Revolution in France. Those who cry out that a wholly new spirit has come, and that a sharp and lasting turn has taken place in human nature, are apt to exaggerate, and find permanent tendencies stronger than they had supposed. Edward Jackson Lowell, the author of *The Eve of the French Revolution*, remarked that while radicals had at various periods differed wholly in their special tenets, they had always agreed on one principle — that human reason began about thirty years ago.

Now people had believed that the trend of all Western nations was toward democracy; and we have not recovered from a war fought, we were told, to make the world safe for it, when three great nations have come under dictatorships, two of them by the overthrow of governments popular

in form, and the third after it had taken the first steps in that direction. But in fact none of these countries had enjoyed popular institutions long enough to understand by doing, to learn to deal with one another, to fight hard for the control of the State, but within the limits tacitly or legally imposed upon the contestants. For the basic element in self-government is self-restraint, and that cannot be acquired by adopting a constitution and electing an assembly, but by living under them until the qualities needed to maintain the system become a second nature, an inseparable part of the heritage of the nation.

Since so large a part of Europe is now subject to dictatorship, and something tending in that direction is in practice advocated here, it may not be out of place to point out some of its essential qualities at the present day. However diverse the aims the three European dictators purport to follow, we may observe that they have one characteristic in common — the ruthless suppression of opinions inconsistent with their own. This is not an accident, or the result of narrow bigotry on the part of the dictators. It is a necessity. In Oriental monarchies, and even in the Roman Empire, such precautions were not needed; for, with the very slender means of diffusing opinions, personal criticism was not a serious danger, the chief peril to a ruler being not so much objections to his policy as rivals to his throne. But with the vast increase in the extent and speed of communication by print and through the air, and the consequent susceptibility of people to cleverly devised appeals, the dictator, to retain his prestige and carry out his plans, must control these agencies for the forming of opinion. Therefore, men who seek to-day the benefits of any type of autocratic rule, assumed to be benevolent and progressive, must ac-



cept with its merits the inevitable evils, and among them the loss of free expression of opinion — a right, by the way, that Americans will not abandon.

Another characteristic of despotism is arbitrariness. In fact, this is its real reason for existence. We live in an age of movement, rapid movement, demanding for its success freedom of action, unshackled by formal rules, legal technicalities, or rigid statutes. It is a time of personalities, energetic and willful, seeking results, as Woodrow Wilson said some thirty years ago, by a method more rapid than changing the law — that of the approach of their own desire. They want discretion, the power to do what they personally think best about such questions, for example, as which among deportable criminals shall be exempted from the operation of the law; whether it shall be pigs, chickens, or sheep, cotton, corn, or lumber, that shall be subject to a processing tax; where and which roads, schoolhouses, and other structures shall be built at the joint expense of the nation, state, and town.

Everyone likes authority, some people a great deal of it. But there is one thing the American cares for more, and that is to be free from arbitrary interference in his affairs. A law passed for the common good he accepts and obeys, albeit he may not think it wise and just. He can accommodate himself to it; he can lay his plans with regard to it. It is quite different from arbitrary, unstable, incalculable, discretionary rules. It was to be free from these that his forbears strove for centuries, working toward a government of laws and not of men; and if he is told not only that arbitrary measures are needed in an emergency, but that they are intrinsically better than fixed and equal laws, he simply will not believe it. Nor, for any great length of time, will he abide it.

## V

Far more important to a nation than economic prosperity, or material well-being, is the character of its people, their hardihood, enterprise, and self-reliance; and one who has been proud of these qualities developing from the early settlers, through the American seamen all over the world, and the frontiersmen pushing their way across the continent, is not a little shocked by the doctrine that every body of citizens that has suffered hard luck, or been improvident, should apply for help to the national government. To give aid to the unfortunate is noble, but to depend upon such assistance is demoralizing.

But someone will say that our inheritance is Anglo-Saxon, and that the people of this country are no longer in vast majority of that stock. It is true; and we shall, no doubt, get from the others qualities that will permanently enrich our mixture; but I do not believe that it will enfeeble our social and political traditions. Even in the existing turmoil of thought and sentiment caused by the war, and enhanced by the depression, our newer stocks, save in a very minute proportion chiefly among the newcomers, still regard America as a land of liberty and would have it remain so. They believe in our institutions as fully as the descendants of the early settlers, and find fault with them less. When we entered the war the Germans expected the people of their race here to be more loyal to their Fatherland than to the country of their adoption; but they were disappointed, and so will anyone be who thinks that the later elements in our people will be in favor of fundamental changes in our institutions or ideals.

If our traditions are, in the main, Anglo-Saxon, may we not wisely follow in legislation where Great Britain leads? In fact, some of our good friends



— chiefly among the descendants of the early settlers of this country — are continually telling us how much better things are done in England. No doubt the use of appointments in the civil service to secure votes at elections has been much more fully outgrown there. No doubt the party system has so much more cohesion that groups of members cannot force what they want upon the government, which is therefore more responsive to the opinions of the people as compared with sectional or organized interests. No doubt the whole machinery runs more smoothly, and has less need of lubrication by pork barrels, local and personal, that here shock even those among us who would like to get a larger share of them than they do.

The English and American political machinery may be compared to the railway locomotives of the two countries. The English is smaller, lighter, more rigid, capable of very fast work on a smooth and level track, but little suited to a poorer roadbed with many grades and curves; the American is larger, seems more clumsy, but with its movable bogie truck can work better in a rough country.

The people of Great Britain are highly homogeneous, with a common history, traditions, and language, a climate much the same throughout, a country small, compact, and from the standpoint of agriculture fairly uniform. In such a nation a government like theirs works very well; but the many attempts to copy it in other European countries have not reproduced its excellencies; nor in the British Isles has it been highly successful beyond the limits of national uniformity. Had Southern Ireland been in the position of one of our states, — part of a federal system with the control of her own land tenure, education, and religion, — she might never have desired to break away. One may go

farther, and recalling the fact that when our present Union was formed it took about as long to go from Georgia to the seat of government in New York as it did when the Dominion of Canada was established to go to London from the farthest of its provinces, then Ontario — recalling this, one may ask whether the Canadian provinces might not have been included in a British federal system, if such had existed. If they had been, a true federation of the Empire might have developed with some of the states in the British Isles and some overseas, each with its own government, and also a common federal executive and legislature for them all. But, with the unitary form of government, to have attempted to include Canada would have been bad both for her and for England — as was the case with Ireland.

Instead of that, the dominions, when granted self-government, have tended steadily toward a consciousness of distinct nationality, and a desire for separate conduct of their own affairs, until the Statute of Westminster has virtually made them legally independent. To imagine how a federal imperial system might have been constructed is, of course, futile speculation, for to be effective it would have required for centuries past a wholly different course of political development in Great Britain from that which took place. All I want to point out is that a federal government would have been a thing very unlike that which now exists at Westminster, with different merits and defects; and that the English parliamentary system, as it stands, excellent in the smoothness of its operation, and admirably suited to the people of the country, tends, for the purposes of self-government beyond the shores of Great Britain, to be distinctly centrifugal.

If with this we compare the federal system of the United States we find

something far more complex, a vast number of officers, elected or appointed with no consistent reason why one of these methods of selection should be used rather than the other, responsible to different authorities, or practically to an invisible party group. We find parties united by no fixed or distinguishable political principles; or separated by traditions about politics that have long ceased to exist, as in the case of the Southern States, where men still cannot vote for a Republican candidate for President because of doctrines about Negro suffrage in the South which that party abandoned so long ago that most of the present members never held them.

Yet the system has bound together the largest number of people in the greatest variety of climates, occupations, natural conditions and resources, that has ever lived as one truly self-governing nation upon the planet. The thin line of thirteen original states has admitted to full membership one block of territory after another across the whole continent, and, save for the War of Secession, no one of those states has ever desired to withdraw. That war was due to the institution of slavery, which in the nineteenth century would have disrupted any nation where the two forces were so nearly evenly balanced as they were here; and it is notable that, in spite of emancipation and the infliction of Reconstruction, the Southern people, since they regained full control of their own affairs, have never shown any desire for independence. They cherish the memory of those who fought for it, but do not regret their failure to attain it.

The creation of a single self-governing nation from Minnesota to Florida and from Calais to San Diego, containing people from all the jealous and hostile races of Europe, is no small feat for little more than a century. The fact that the greater part of the newer

states were first settled by people from the older ones helped, no doubt, in the process, but should not obscure the achievement of forming so elastic and yet so solid a structure. It was accomplished because the plan was federal and each of the forty-eight states could, to a great extent, develop in its own way. Truly, in its influence upon its membership, the American federal system has shown itself centripetal.

No doubt the distribution of powers between the nation and the states devised by the framers of the Constitution was not what we should make to-day. It was adopted at a time when, save for printing, the means of communication and travel had little changed since the Roman Empire, with the result that the interdependence of the states in trade and other matters has become much closer than it was then. Concentration of power in the national government has, in fact, increased, but such an extension should be gradual, following rather than anticipating the need. Our national union is based on mutual assistance and support, and to use it to procure advantage for any part at the expense of another, especially for political objects, would involve an element of danger. To force centralization too fast is liable to cause an undesirable tension that we have so far in the main escaped.

Errors made in the past should, like the buoys upon reefs where ships have gone aground, be warnings of dangers to be avoided in the future. If we were asked what, in general estimation, were the two legislative mistakes in our national history most nearly universally condemned by public opinion, we should probably agree that they were the Reconstruction of the Southern States after the Civil War and Prohibition. For Reconstruction no one has now a good word; it has long gone, but it has not been forgotten, and it has left a bitterness that has not

yet passed away; while the repeal of the Prohibition Amendment was carried with such rapidity, and well-nigh unanimity, on the part of the states as to indicate a highly decisive public opinion that to have given the national government power to legislate on the matter was a serious blunder. The public had become convinced that Congress, under the pressure of well-meaning enthusiasts, had used the power to pass statutes which could not be enforced, which caused respectable citizens to abet their violation, and which produced contempt for law, dangerous groups of bandits, with a legacy of crime difficult to suppress.

Now it may be observed that both of these measures, Reconstruction and National Prohibition, came from attempts by overzealous people to vest prematurely in the federal government powers much better left to the states. It is often declared that powers so conferred will be used moderately and wisely; but this is just what does not happen, because the members of Congress assume that the power having been given is intended to be used, and

pressure is brought by those whose efforts conferred it to carry out their object fully, while the great mass of citizens with more moderate views make little effort to resist the proposals, and the harm is done before their silent opinions are known.

That our methods of government are far from perfect, that there are grave blemishes in their operation, especially in the large cities, we all know only too well. That we have been misled by false applications of the blessed word 'democracy' into methods that do not give effect to the will, or promote the welfare, of the public, is obvious to anyone who can see clear and think straight. That much can be done by hard work to improve political conditions, to overcome the too selfish side of political activity, and that the effort to bring about better conditions may be more general, made with a broader view of the end to be attained, we most earnestly hope. But that this must be done within our institutions, rather than by impairing their vitality, most citizens with high aspirations are firmly convinced.

# NOTES ON OLYMPIC SKIING: 1936

BY ROBERT LIVERMORE, JR.

*January 2.* — Left Boston on the one-o'clock for New York in order to get to a dinner for the ski team. The usual confusion attending such gatherings prevailed, what with trunks being lost, uniforms given out, Dr. Hildebrand checking up on his team, and so forth.

The uniforms are a strange lot, and quite useless for skiing. Light blue knickerbockers of a cheap gabardine, blue sweat shirts with USA on the front, turtle-neck jerseys, a cap that looks like a New Hampshire farmer's, and a skater's knitted headpiece! We were supplied, however, with very fine U. S. Naval Academy coats (greatcoats) with a small Olympic shield on the breast pocket.

*January 11.* — Hamburg at 6 P. M. after sailing up the Elbe through an immense amount of shipping. One of the officers said that five hundred ships often cleared or entered in a day!

Reception by the Senate of Hamburg in the Rathaus was very cordial. We were shown the town from a bus in a sleet storm, taken to the Eisbahn, and ended at the Zillertal Beer Hall.

*January 12.* — Garmisch-Partenkirchen at 5 P. M., along with a much-needed snow. Durrance and Hunter met us at München. They have not had much skiing. About three weeks out of the two months here, I believe.

*January 13.* — Almost a foot of new snow spruced up the skiing on the lower slopes.

We rode up to the Kreuzeck on the Bahn, and thence skied by a trail to the Hochalm. Raced slalom courses in the clouds all afternoon. I felt wretchedly clumsy, as did Alex. But Dick, Ted, and Link looked perfectly wonderful. Had lunch in the Hochalm in the most delightful atmosphere — a true German or rather *bayerische Hütte*, with Kasser Sepp playing the zither and singing impromptu songs about the *amerikanische Mannschaft*.

Trailed Dick and Ted down the Kochelberg, and practically gave up in wonder at their mastery of the frightful bumps and knolls. Alex and I both felt outclassed.

*January 15.* — Twice down the Standard with 'Rietsch' pointing out his line. Alex and I were aghast at the mere thought of taking such a course, but it looked better than it might have two days ago.

The Standard is one of three possible runs for the Down Hill Race. The other two are the Neuner and the Krembs. The Neuner is probably going to be the course, but so far it has been closed for practice. It is really part of the Standard — the middle third and a cutoff besides. About a 3300-foot drop in two miles. It takes about five minutes for Birger Ruud — and seven or eight for others. The legs get very tired.

*January 16.* — Practised the 'fade-away' corner on good snow three or four times. Then ran the Standard, trying to remember the best lines. Lunch at Kreuzeck and then down the Horn. I feel much more at home. There is a trick to mastering these bumps — part of it is knowing where to go, and the other part is taking them relaxed! Try and do it. I have changed to shorter poles — they feel much lighter, easier to swing, and are much less in the way.

*January 20.* — Standard from the top to the Neuner without stopping. Then practised the gully with Sigmund and Birger Ruud. Those two are amazing in their ability to stand up on impossible bumps at high speed.

Hunter made a really good 'boner' when Birger came hurtling down from the gully, across the little bridge, and jumped through the air off a bump, landing on his side. Instead of crumpling like an ordinary runner, he bounced back into position and ended in a jump-turn on his feet. As he came sheepishly back to where we were, Ted, not realizing who he was, said sarcastically to one of the best ski jumpers in the world: '*Ah, Sie sind auch ein Springer?*'

*January 21.* — A very icy Standard with Tony and Al. A funny thing happened as I was resting with Tony at Seelos Gully. One of the numerous Red Cross Guards on the trail came rushing up, attracted by my leg, which I had scraped on the crust. Before I could stop him he unbuckled his kit and started to work with an enormous paintbrush full of iodine and yards of bandage. Then, jotting down almost my entire life history in his little book, he resumed his cold and gruesome duty of waiting for 'crack-ups.'

Lunch in the sun at Kreuzeck, watching with eager eyes a very

beautiful French girl. No luck — although Tony did his best in three languages! Twisted my knee slightly coming down.

*January 23.* — Whipped down the Standard three times on eight inches of new powder. Then we packed up for a flying trip to Kitzbühel to race there — day after tomorrow.

*January 24, Kitzbühel, Austria.* — A foot of new snow — and more base than at Garmisch — and much better 'gelaende.'<sup>1</sup>

We desperately ran the Neue Streif four times to get some idea of the course. Slept badly, thank you, in the Reisch Hotel, thinking of to-morrow.

*January 25.* — Race at 10.45. Up at the Hahnenkamm I found that I was to start No. 1 and Birger Ruud No. 2! He passed me about halfway down the course, when I fell for the *n*th time!

I was in a blue funk all the way — and skied perfectly miserably. I picked up courage, however, after he passed me and trailed after him, but in the last field I misjudged the wood path and fell down below it into the trees, losing a minute in climbing back out again. At the finish I found that Birger had fallen up above, hurting himself, and that I had passed him only to have him pass me again when I fell below the path! Anyway, the whole race was a nightmare of rotten skiing on my part. I took many needless falls and let the racing feeling get me too much. Alex and Tony had the same thing happen to them and had bad luck in falling in bad places. Durrance finished ninth in spite of a costly fall on the 'Steilhang.'

<sup>1</sup> For those who do not ski, it might be explained that 'gelaende' means 'ski country,' 'schuss' denotes a run straight downhill at top speed, 'steilhang' a steep slope, and 'knick' a sudden transformation from a steep slope to the level; 'glatt' ice is smooth and slippery, and a 'langlauf' is 'running on the flat.' — AUTHOR



I was twenty-fourth, Page twenty-sixth, Bright twenty-eighth, Crookes twenty-ninth, Lindley thirtieth. Thirty-two were in the race!

The slalom was the longest I have ever seen — and set by Bill Bracken. The girls ran it first and cut it up considerably. Evelyn Pynching won in 1:39. After thirty-eight girls had run, the men started. Seelos won in 1:13, Kneissl second in 1:18. The rest were in the 1:23's. Dick did 1:29 with a six-second fall. I did 1:35 with a fall. Dick was eleventh and I nineteenth. Alex had particularly bad luck. Seelos was miraculously steady and sure in all his turns — even on a rutted, grooved, grass-strewn course. (There was no fixing up of the course at all.)

It was a bad day for the American team, but I think very good medicine.

*January 28.* — Back to Garmisch. Went out bright and early to practise slalom on the Gudiberg, but it was too icy and not much fun. Gave up after a few abortive attempts and sat in the Ski Stadium Restaurant drinking 'ski-wasser'<sup>2</sup> in the sun. After lunch we all hurried to the Hochalm with the idea of a practice race. Climbed rather late in the afternoon to Osterfeldkopf on skins. It was cold and clear, the Alpspitze very imposing in deep shadow, and untracked powder snow everywhere. We were so exhilarated by the weather and the powder that we all whisked down and forgot about the race. I think this is the first time I have been on a real open slope in Europe — one could turn at very high speed by wishing! It was more like flying, or rather floating, than anything else I can describe.

As we pulled up at the Hochalm I found the 'Doctor,' stop watch in hand, busily timing us as we came in. He had been waiting for an hour and was furious when he found we had not raced at

all. Went home by the Kochelberg over 'glatt' ice. Almost a death ride.

*January 31.* — Went down the Standard to see what condition it was in. Sheer ice below Seelos Gully, so we decided to race to there. It was nice new powder above, beginning to get sticky. I did n't fall and was second to Dick (Durrance 4:19, RL 4:32, Page, Crookes, Washburn, Bright, Lindley).

After lunch the ice below the gully began to soften, so we decided to race again. It should have been from the top of the Standard as in the morning, but was changed to start at the Kreuzeck. It took roughly nine minutes, and the old legs took it without a murmur! At last! Finished — Durrance, Page, RL, Washburn, Crookes, Lindley, Bright. Alex took a 'purler' above the Seelos Gully and had to chase his ski one hundred yards.

*February 1.* — It started melting again last night. Ran from the Kreuzeck, lazily practising Seelos turns with Dick, Darrough, Link, and Tony. Dick sprained his ankle quite badly and had to hobble down on one ski. Good-bye to the best U. S. chance!

*February 4.* — The Neuner is open — in a howling snowstorm. Ran it four times in all. Here is a description of the whole Neuner, which is almost certain to be the race course. It is two miles long and drops about 3300 feet. First you have one third of a mile of 30-35 degree open wood running — impossible to take straight, because at the bottom comes Fade-Away Corner; the trick is to judge the top speed at which you can hold the corner. If you fall there, you roll fifty feet below the course. Next comes an easy 'schuss' over rolls to Damen Start, and there a sharp left over bumps to a steep wood trail like the upper part of Bear Mountain Trail for about one quarter of a

<sup>2</sup> A raspberry-flavored lemonade, served in a tall glass and very quenching. — AUTHOR

mile. The bottom 'schusses' you out across Krembs through deep woods flat and bumpy, then down into the Labyrinth, where there are sharp rolls and bumps that cannot be taken straight. You must traverse up the back side of a roll, turn on top, and traverse the other side the opposite way. There are two switchbacks, then a final traverse (usually icy), a schuss across a wide trough, and two woods turns to the 'Steilhang.' At the top of the Steilhang you can sideslip on 'glatt' ice for the whole distance of eighty yards and schuss the last bumps over the bridge, or turn sharp left at the top after almost stopping, then sharp right and begin your traverse lower. It is really a very deep traverse with a flattening after eighty yards, a left jog straight downhill, and a bad 'knick' at the bottom just before a bridge — which, though twenty-five feet wide, never seems wide enough.

Then follows a bumpy schuss that must be taken close to the top of a half-buried fence to Dick's Gully. This can be taken to the left near trees or to the right down a log road with a long-drawn-out left turn to the actual gully, which you sideslip, schussing the last part to Seelos Gully. From here on, the course is a schuss which I would never have done before seeing everyone else (Ruuds, Durrance, and so forth) do it first. The schuss must be done on a very particular line, where there are fewest bumps. But the bumps are not eliminated, and for tired legs it's just about all I can hold. The Ruuds seem to love it — and are able to miss a great many by jumping every few feet.

Below Seelos Gully comes one third of a mile of bumpy schuss, over a bridge, a short 'langlauf,' then another bumpy field ending in a grinding right turn into a narrow road. After a short stretch of road, another short, bumpy field — a quarter of a mile of winding, narrow trail, not steep, but usually icy,

opening out over a slight drop to a long-drawn-out turn over tricky bumps. These must be held on tired legs, because a fall will lose all your speed. After the turn you plunge over the finish slope, which is just like the landing hill of a jump — with a bad knick over a bridge at the bottom and a shoot over the flat to the Ziel. This last hill is not hard when your legs are fresh, but after five minutes of hard skiing the knick at the bottom is hard to hold and very important, as a fall means at least thirty seconds.

*February 5.* — Ran the Neuner twice to be sure of remembering it. Still snowing. Quit at noon because I felt stale.

*February 6.* — To-day is the opening of the games. We gathered with twenty-six other nations outside the Ski Stadium in a heavy snowstorm. Each nation marched in with its flags, then around the Stadium to the strains of a crack German military band, and stood at attention during the dipping of colors, lighting of the Olympic fire, cannons, and so forth, and the official opening by 'Mr. Smith.'<sup>3</sup> 'Mr. Smith' stood in a balcony, rather sloppily dressed in an old trench coat over the official brown shirt. He made no gestures and said, in opening the games, simply, 'I hereby declare the Fourth Olympic Winter Games open.' Followed the taking of the Olympic oath by the German skier Willi Bogner.

The Austrians got the biggest cheer. The Swiss, Sonja Henie, a ten-year-old girl Japanese skater, the Italians, and Negroponte, the lone Greek skier, provoked the most interest. The U. S. A. was criticized for not saluting 'Mr. Smith' as it filed past. The explanation is this. The Olympic salute and the Nazi salute are almost identical. The

<sup>3</sup>To avoid embarrassment in conversation, Der Führer was always referred to as 'Mr. Smith.' — AUTHOR

other nations, with the exception of the United States and Poland, gave the Olympic salute; I think Austria really gave a Nazi salute, and Italy the Fascist. The American Committee was afraid of giving anything that looked like a Nazi salute; so we were told to 'eyes right' on command and hold it while passing the stands. As it turned out, we were not given enough practice in this gesture, and I believe we were all pretty sloppy in our untutored military bearing. The result was that the stands thought we were doing nothing.

I was impressed by the snappy Italian team, in well-cut military uniforms (girls and all), the non-military effect of the German team, although dressed in military uniform, the very efficient handling of 100,000 people by the police (and their politeness), the interest of the spectators, and the stage set by a very efficient German Olympic Committee.

*February 7.* — The Neuner is the course. Last-minute waxing, then a taxi to Kreuzeck Bahn. I have never minded a prospective race as much. Waited in the Kreuzeck for a couple of hours while the girls raced and the forty-nine racers before me went up to the start; then I came along. The usual scene prevailed at the start — with really perfect weather, new snow on top of the day before's ice, a few low clouds, freezing temperature, and the entire course tramped out in the early morning by the 'German army.'

I whiled away the time nervously talking to anyone and everyone, and finally climbed up on the starting chute fairly composed. Hudson had fallen into the first tree and took minutes getting out, so I was worried about that. Everyone else looked perfectly wonderful as far as they could be seen.

I started out cautiously and was a little too cautious to Fade-Away Corner until I found the snow was per-

fect. At Damen Start I took the corner too slowly, but bucked up when I saw the Turk who had started a minute ahead of me. I passed him wildly yelling 'Bahnfrei!' and just made it, schussing down to Krembs. Before the Labyrinth I ran into a cloud and could n't see contours, so I took that slower than usual — but through the Labyrinth and down to the trough I went faster than I had dared before. The snow was perfect. I scraped my hand two corners above the Steilhang, but did n't lose any time. On the Steilhang I was scared of ice from reports I had had from Otto Furrer and the girls' race. I did n't take the new cut-back, but dropped left over the lip and right away turned on to the traverse. It was icy, but much easier than I had expected, and I was exulting when I caught an edge on the soft snow and toppled into a bushy spruce. Took a maddening thirty seconds getting out, went through the controls, and schussed over the bridge, just holding it. From then on everything was grand — I took it faster than I had ever done in practice and held the knick at the finish. Time was 6:04; Birger Ruud 4:47, Tony 5:42, Dick 5:16, I think, and Link 6:30.<sup>4</sup>

In a second run I should have run parts of the course faster, but so would the others. Dick was eleventh, just behind Sigmund Ruud and ahead of Peter Lunn and the other English, and Tony was beaten only by Lunn. Hudson lost all his time on the first fall into the tree — and Riddell wrenched his back and did n't finish.

*February 8.* — Practised slalom on the Gudiberg with Dick, Tony, and Link. Fossum and Konningen, the

<sup>4</sup>It has been estimated that the Olympic winner of the Down Hill Race at Garmisch averaged twenty-eight miles an hour. On the schusses of the course he was probably traveling at double this speed. — AUTHOR

Norwegians, came out too. They certainly are not as finished slalomers as the Germans and Austrians, but nothing in the way of ruts or bumps will knock them over.

The pre-racing feeling of yesterday is not as strong to-day. I judge it is a combination of hopeless despair of doing very well and the fact that slalom racing is not so strenuous.

Anton Seelos practised slalom racing steadily for five years, mostly by himself. He really studied the technique very carefully and developed one or two little tricks that increased his chances of going down a course at an absolute maximum. When he races, even the onlookers have a feeling that he always knows exactly what he is doing. One knows that he has decided where, to the inch, he will put each turn, and has judged to the finest possible point exactly how fast he can go through each flag and in between. He seems to be in no hurry at all, just slides down smoothly, no jerking, no arm raising, no frantic swings at a flag just too far uphill. His weight is always unbelievably far forward and his poles are in and out of the snow for each turn, unless it is a very fast long sweep. Going through a tight flush, his inside foot always leads — and he turns on his poles, seems to crouch catlike and straighten imperceptibly for each turn.

At Kitzbühel he pointed out these faults in each of us. 'On icy stretches, do not edge too much — we all did. When grooves, grass, rocks, and so forth, appear in badly kept slalom courses, everyone tends to lean back, a little afraid. Do not do this — but consciously bring your weight farther forward than ever.' He says you cannot get it too far if you try! This last is, as a matter of fact, the thing of greatest importance I have learned from skiing in Europe. Never until now have I known how much my weight has been on the heels.

*February 9.* — As Dick had guessed, the slalom was to be held on the Gudiberg. Yesterday the girls slalommed on the same course, and, incidentally, did not do as well as we had hoped, after having seen them in practice. Christl Cranz won in very good time, pulling herself up from sixth in the Down Hill to first in combined. She is a star pupil of Seelos. The course for us was 200 metres drop, with 35 gates. On the whole, a fast course, with sudden tricky pull-ups, as Dick had guessed. It was also very icy. They had had a hard time keeping snow on for the girls and had had to spray water on top of new snow at night to put it in shape for us. For the first ten runners I should say conditions were much more favorable than for the remainder.

Seelos and Christl Cranz were fore-runners. Seelos fell twice and unofficially made a time of 68 seconds, from the rumors that I heard.

Birger Ruud made 80 seconds, with a fall, Pfnuer made 76, Dick Durrance made 80.5, Tony Page made 85, and I ran all right to the last three gates and slipped below a pair on the ice. Lost my rhythm and fell twice more, making 97.6. Washburn also missed a flag and generally had tough luck. Then just the first 33 runners ran again on the same ice. Ruud made 78, Pfnuer 73, I think; Dick 85, Tony 90, and I, 96.

To give you an idea of how I feel about European competition on my first run, I don't think, with everything done perfectly (according to my ability), that I could ever have done better than 82 or 83. Dick might have done 77 or 78 by letting it out. Ruud fell slightly on his first run; he could probably have made 75 or 76. And Seelos made 68 seconds — with two slight falls! Figure it out.

*February 10.* — Snowing again. What a letdown feeling! No more racing to worry about. Now for some skiing!

# THE FRENCH ELECTIONS—AND JEAN DEAUX

BY LELAND STOWE

## I

'*Moi, si j'étais Sarraut,*' declares Monsieur Jean Deaux. Or perhaps, '*Moi, si j'étais Laval . . .*' It does n't matter, really, because it is the way the Frenchman instinctively talks about any Premier of France. How many times have you heard Americans say, 'If I were Roosevelt, I'd do so-and-so'? Not often, I'll wager. But this is one of the great distinctions between the way in which the American looks at politics and the way in which the Frenchman does. Jean Deaux sees the problems of his government in personal terms. More than that, if he could not see them in personal terms they would not interest him. Jean Deaux is in no sense weighed down by a modest estimate of his own capacities. He almost invariably thinks himself fully as well qualified to run the affairs of France as Clemenceau, Poincaré, or Briand ever was. So to-day, in all corners of France, he is busy telling his own little world just how France's grave problems might all be solved—if only forty million other Jacobin descendants would waive their God-given prerogatives and follow *his* advice!

France is still predominantly an agricultural country and the majority of Frenchmen still live close to the land; not a large majority, yet a sufficient one to give veracity to the oft-repeated phrase, 'The provinces are France.'

Monsieur Jean, the typical Frenchman, is no pioneer. For hundreds of years his forefathers have known no expanding frontiers. He has inherited no dream of innumerable opportunities and limitless wealth. He was born to small horizons; taught to cherish little things; imbued with the doctrine that a little must go a long way and that one must save for a rainy day. So his dream has been far more modest than our own—the dream of winning at long last independence and, above all, security. Jean Deaux has endured an interminable battle to get what he has, and experience has taught him that he must be constantly on the alert if he is to keep it.

## II

Among those things which Jean Deaux has right now is a great deal of trouble. We can scarcely appreciate his predicament unless we turn back to the United States of the weeks preceding the November elections of 1932. France to-day is almost as much bedeviled by the depression as we were then. If she has experienced no nationwide bank collapse, the strain of her deepening economic crisis has nevertheless been more prolonged, and there is general recognition that the bottom has not yet been reached.

As a saving nation, France has been



able to tighten her belt and live on her reserves. But tariff walls and quotas choke off her foreign trade, the gold franc keeps her cost of living abnormally high, hundreds of millions of dollars of tourist business have been lost in the past few years, unemployment and bankruptcies increase. Last summer the Laval ministry decreed more than eleven billion francs in governmental economies. Heroic and brutal deflation was imposed to save the franc from a second devaluation. But while the national currency was preserved, temporarily at least, a creeping paralysis gripped the business affairs of the land, and tax receipts fell more than two billion francs below the year's estimates.

In a word, the depression is darker than ever for France — more retarded than in other lands, and for that reason more difficult psychologically, perhaps, to endure.

Remembering the American mental condition of three and a half years ago, you will not find it difficult to sympathize with the situation of Jean Deaux to-day. If his bank has n't gone broke, he has seen his hard-earned savings of a lifetime dwindle steadily. If he has not had paper profits to lose, he has lost that small capital which was accumulated more slowly and painfully. If he has not had his mortgages foreclosed, he has had his franc devalued once already, and to the point where only twenty cents of every dollar remained. In addition to all this, his business is just about as hopelessly bad as American business was in the waning months of the Hoover régime. And, to top off, the Frenchman lives within a three-hour airplane flight of a Nazi Germany which is defying the world, rearming at a terrific pace, and which has just torn to shreds the Treaty of Locarno—that treaty which for ten years has given France her greatest protection and her greatest hope for security.

From every quarter the Frenchman's world is under attack. Within and without he is plagued by uncertainty and doubt and fear. Is this a fitting reward for prudence and thrift and small dreams? It threatens to be an ironical and devastating reward, indeed, for to none of the grave French problems does an adequate and hopeful answer as much as loom fitfully on the horizon. Not even a programme, let alone a definite solution. Yet, for all that, the French are confirmed republicans who refuse, to-day more than ever, to renounce their liberties for a dictatorial experiment. With all the doggedness of a peasant small-propertied people they pin their faith to democracy, and to a democracy whose very exuberances constitute its most serious limitations.

Jean Deaux is worried about his business, which is going from bad to worse. He despairs of ever getting a decent price for his farm products. He wonders if his markets will never cease drying up. He is plagued by excessively high retail prices and a high cost of living, in which governmental action has scarcely made a dent. With his income shrinking steadily, he ponders how on earth he can meet an individual tax burden which is roughly three or four times the amount which we pay in America. And Jean Deaux is desperately afraid of approaching war with Nazi Germany, as only a man can be who has seen his land ravaged by death and destruction a few short years ago.

What does he want? Merely those things which Americans, Englishmen, Germans, and Italians in the mass all want. Peace and plenty, recovery and an opportunity to live his own life, are ways of saying it. But for Jean Deaux you must also add that he wants, with all the earnestness of an industrious, skeptical, and fearsome soul, a greater sense of security than

he now possesses. Economic security and national security as well — and for him the two are well-nigh inseparable. Today both seem tantalizingly beyond his reach. This is why our contemporary Frenchman is in a confused and bitter and defeatist frame of mind. There seems to be no security for him, either economic or national, no promise of a way out.

As a consequence, the psychological background for the impending national elections in France presents as many variables and intangibles as was true with us during the Roosevelt-Hoover campaign, with a few typically European factors tossed in for good measure. If the Frenchman possesses an extraordinarily high rating for unpredictability even in normal times, how can one attempt to say just what he will do or how he will vote to-day?

### III

Jean Deaux lives close to national political affairs, and the overwhelming majority of the men he sends to the French Chamber of Deputies are little property owners and small capitalists like himself. They are notably equipped with all his faults, as well as his virtues. Sometimes, as in the Stavisky scandal, a few of them betray their trusts most flagrantly. But the multi-party system in the Chamber provides a means for swift and pitiless chastisement, whenever public disapproval flames high, and Jean Deaux comforts himself with the thought that no set of perverted interests can install itself in power and dig itself in complacently for a period of several years. Cabinets can be thrown out overnight, and this gives him the feeling — more costly than it may be illusory — that he possesses a potent check upon the men who govern; that the people can always make their wishes or their indignation known.

It was only two years ago that the good Papa Doumergue, loved and respected by all during his seven years' term of office as President of France, came out of retirement to restore order and confidence after the bloody riots in the Place de la Concorde. Jean Deaux, forty million strong, had risen up in wrath as a result of the Stavisky swindles and corruption in high places. There was no resigned waiting for a senatorial investigation, as with the Teapot Dome scandal in America. The French fought first and investigated afterward. Meanwhile Papa Doumergue calmed the waters and labored to make government more effective. With what result? Nine months later he proposed a mild amendment to the Constitution, which would empower a premier to dissolve the Chamber and call new elections under certain circumstances without an approving vote of the Senate. In more than sixty years of the Third Republic the French Senate had utilized its powers of dissolution but once, and that once half a century ago. Despite that fact, however, senators and deputies alike rebelled at Doumergue's reform proposals on the ground that too much power would be given to the premier-ship. To them the project smacked of dictatorial powers. They were all Jean Deaux at heart. They would delegate only the minimum of authority to any government or to any governors at any time. And they voted Papa Doumergue out of office, completely disregarding the imminence of another period of governmental chaos and the menace of another flight from the franc.

'You will see,' a French friend said to me shortly before this happened. 'You will see that they will never accept Doumergue's reforms. They will throw him out. They feel that Doumergue has begun to think that the country cannot get along without him;

that he is so indispensable that he can tell the people what they must do. The French people will never stand for that. You will see. And personally I think that they are right.'

It was Jean Deaux, reasserting his inalienable right to rule his own destiny and to keep the power of his government well within the scope of his own will and his own whims. This has been the unchangeable history of politics in France, and this explains why its course usually seems so confused and uncertain to outsiders.

In the same manner the French temperament and ego demand room for flexibility and improvisation. There must be ample opportunity for Jean Deaux to express his own ideas and develop his own particular plan, political or otherwise. There you have one significant explanation of the existence of so many parties in France. In the Chamber of Deputies from twelve to fifteen different parties or groups are represented, many of them with names which are utterly meaningless to foreigners, if not to the French voters themselves. The French party system spreads out like a fan with ribs of varying dimensions. In the present Chamber, which was elected four years ago, the fan is divided up in this fashion:—

The Left half consists of Communists, several stripes of Socialists, and the Radical Socialists, the latter party being the largest in the parliament. The Left ribs of the fan include about 330 of the 615 deputies in the Chamber. The so-called Centre is made up of several small groups and the Left Republican party, with a nominal total strength of roughly one hundred deputies. The Right wing, with the nationalistic Republican and Democratic Union, accounts for the other ribs in the fan, and here, too, there are a number of 'groups.' No matter where the groups may be situated by general policy, their membership fluctuates

considerably according to what question is at issue.

Picturing the system as a fan, one can more easily understand how the ribs, the parties and 'groups,' move back and forth. They overlap and intermingle, or they remain suddenly rigid, governed entirely by the matter which is being debated. So it is that stopgap parties come and go in the French Chamber, cropping up between the major parties and forming around some personality like Tardieu, Flandin, or Marcel Déat, leader of the Neo-Socialists of recent vintage. Governments come and governments go. Combinations are formed and broken again. One part of the fan closes together and draws apart once more. But the fan is always there as something that can be changed and adjusted, according to the precepts and prejudices of the moment. It is completely suited to Jean Deaux, because it does not compel him to conform too severely.

Thus far only the Communists and the orthodox Socialists of Léon Blum have succeeded in making Jean Deaux stick to a party programme and support it through thick and thin. As for the Radical Socialists of Herriot and Édouard Daladier, with half a dozen of their members holding portfolios in cabinet after cabinet during the past four years, it has been no uncommon thing for half their party strength to go suddenly into the opposition or to abstain from voting!

#### IV

But we must not suppose that the issues in the coming French elections will be as hit-or-miss as the perplexing group system of parties might seem to indicate. The general lines between the Right and the Left in France are drawn clearly enough — perhaps more clearly this year than in most previous elec-

tions. For one thing the Left parties, actuated by the fear of Fascism or the advent of an authoritarian government, are much more united than they were in 1932. Radical Socialists, Socialists, and Communists formed a united front to combat the Croix de Feu and the other patriotic leagues months ago. Since then the nationalistic leagues, like the Croix de Feu, the Royalist Action Française, and the Solidarité Française, have been muzzled, but the disturbing examples of Hitler's and Mussolini's dictatorships are too near at hand for French Socialists and liberal republicans to take anything for granted. From the point of view of the Right another example, almost as distasteful, exists in the lack of governmental stability in France: the record of eleven different ministries in the four-year term of the legislature which has just ended — an average of less than five months in office for each government that has been formed since May 1932. Frenchmen, then, will vote Left to bar the way to pseudo-Fascism or vote Right in the hope that more authoritative centralized government may be made possible.

Briefly stated, three fears and two resentments will determine the decision of the voters when France goes to the polls. In the first category may be listed fear of Fascism, fear of devaluation of the franc, and fear of Germany and of war. In the second category are two important factors — resentment engendered by the depression, and resentment against the Bank of France and the moneyed powers in the land. Like our own Republicans and Democrats in 1932, the Right and Left parties alike will promise to preserve the franc, to establish economic reforms, and to restore prosperity. The French nationalist will pledge himself to achieve these things by sound business methods in a conservative way, while the Radical Socialists and the

Socialists will insist that the money-changers shall be driven out of the temple and recovery attained by less orthodox means. All will want peace and promise peace, with the usual variations as to how best to get it and keep it.

Fundamentally, however, the economic crisis may be counted upon to exercise the predominant influence upon the outcome of the French elections. Traditionally, domestic issues prevail when the quadrennial choice of deputies occurs. This year Adolf Hitler selected the perfect moment to strengthen the hands of the French nationalists when he scrapped Locarno and dispatched troops into the demilitarized Rhineland on March 6, and it may be that the reaction to Hitler's move will be apparent when the votes are counted in France. Just how much effect this development will have remains problematical, however, for Frenchmen are assured to-day that no Left government (backed by Socialistic parties which have been liquidated in the Third Reich) could afford to be anything less than vigilant in the face of Nazi Germany.

And there is always Jean Deaux, the victim of a ruthless depression and severe deflation, and he cries for relief. In response, all the Left parties are picturing to him the all-powerful Bank of France as the real demon and culprit responsible for most of his vicissitudes. It is typical that a new Left coalition, called the Rassemblement Populaire, offers as its electoral demands a national unemployment fund, creation of a public works programme, the control of agricultural prices, and the nationalization of the Bank of France. It sounds almost like a paraphrased New Deal, but there it is.

Few things can be so well capitalized on at the polls as general discontent, disillusionment, and despair. All three of these elements are rampant in

France to-day, especially among the great mass of workers and farmers and the bourgeoisie in general. According to all normal standards it is the Left parties which would be expected to gain most from a situation such as this, and in fact the Socialists and Communists are confidently predicting that they will greatly increase their strength in the next Chamber, perhaps at the Radical Socialists' expense. In reality it would seem that the two extremes in France should be strengthened, with a proportionate weakening of the Centre parties in between. Nor is it at all improbable that the French elections may put the Left parties into power with a clear-cut majority in the Chamber. In that case the parties of Herriot and of Blum would be compelled to assume full responsibility for government at a time when the nation's treasury is virtually empty, when continued deflation is becoming almost impossible

to maintain, when the franc and devaluation must come to a decisive showdown, and when peace across the Rhine is becoming a more fragile thing month by month.

On all these scores French democracy is entering a period of supreme and crucial test. In many ways it is an extravagant kind of democracy with numerous limitations, yet it fits the needs of the French people. Jean Deaux is a crusty, hard-headed kind of democrat, but he lives in the kind of democracy in which he believes. In the coming months he will have a stupendously hard time making his democracy solve the formidable problems with which France is confronted. The French elections are a good deal more than just another election. In considerable measure they may decide what chance French democracy has to survive the grave challenges which loom before it during the next four years.



# THE MYSTERY OF MATTER

BY J. W. N. SULLIVAN

## I

THE doctrine of Materialism, although often regarded as incredible, was not considered to be ambiguous. The statement that mind is a product of matter, although objected to as unlikely, was not objected to as indefinite. The two terms, mind and matter, were accepted as referring to two distinct entities. Indeed, it was the great distinction between the two entities which made the doctrine that one is a form of the other seem so very unlikely. We knew mind and we knew matter, and it is precisely because we knew them so well that we had the greatest difficulty in seeing any connection between them.

Nowadays the position is rather different. Mind is still, of course, the thing of which we have the most direct and intimate knowledge, but matter has become mysterious. The statement that mind is a product of matter is not the clear statement it once was. It may be true, but it is also very obscure. To say that something is 'material' is to say very little about it — it is not to explain it in terms of something more familiar than itself. For what, in the light of modern science, do we mean by 'material'? When we have explained everything in terms of matter, what precisely have we done? What is matter?

The scientific answer to this question is of very great interest, not only for what it tells us about matter, but for what it tells us about science.

It has always been recognized, of course, that there are different kinds of matter. The most cursory survey of the external world is sufficient to convince us of this. But the first step toward the modern scientific analysis of matter came with the discovery that all matter, of every kind, is atomic in constitution. A piece of matter is not continuous; it cannot be divided indefinitely. It is composed of a host of separate little ultimate particles. This fact about matter is curious and interesting, but it is not in the least disturbing. It does nothing to alter our fundamental conception of that substantial familiar thing called matter. For the tiny ultimate particles were supposed to be, in all essentials, just like the pieces of matter we know. They were very much smaller, that is all. It is true that some scientific men surmised that this analysis was not final. It was surmised that atoms themselves were complicated bodies, composed, probably, of still smaller bodies. But there was nothing at all revolutionary in this speculation. The new idea was on exactly the same lines as the old one.

The experimental confirmation of this idea did, however, introduce a disturbing factor. The constituents of the atom, when discovered, were found to be electrified. They were very small and light — about two thousand times lighter than the lightest known atom — and they all carried an electric charge.

This was somewhat unexpected, but further investigation led to a far more unexpected result. These little particles were found to consist of nothing but electricity! Since all atoms are constituted of these electric charges, it follows that all matter is electricity. This discovery was a real shock to one's habitual conception of matter. For one thing, the cardinal property of matter, its substantiality, seemed to be dissolved away. Electricity had been classed as one of the 'imponderables,' like light and heat. How could such an entity form the familiar hard, resistant matter of experience? If it was indeed true that matter is merely electricity, then it would seem that there must be something illusory about our ordinary perceptions of matter. Thus our common-sense notions of matter received their first shock. It became evident that matter is not the simple, straightforward thing we had always supposed it to be. We saw that it was something more mysterious, more elusive, and we could only accommodate these new ideas by making our notion of matter more abstract.

The ordinary human mind advances only very slowly along the path of abstraction. It always dowers the new abstraction with as many concrete elements as it can possibly preserve. Thus the electric constituents of matter, which experiment had revealed, were conceived, as far as possible, in terms of familiar things. They were conceived, for instance, as *particles* — that is to say, they were supposed to occupy definite positions in space and to move from one definite position to another by definite paths. The mathematicians had shown that such particles, although composed purely of electricity, would be able to play the part of material particles in a sufficiently convincing way. Thus it was still possible to 'picture,' more or less, these ultimate constituents. No intolerable strain had

yet been placed on the pictorial imagination, so that the theory was still what is called 'intelligible.'

When the mathematicians came to work out this theory in more detail, however, the strain on the pictorial imagination was greatly increased. For it was found that every now and again these electric particles moved from one point to another without passing over the intermediate space. We could not suppose that they were annihilated at one point and re-created at another. We had to admit that these electric particles did not quite fit into the conceptions of space and time which man had hitherto developed. This meant, of course, that they were strictly non-picturable, since we can form no picture of anything except within a space-time framework. Certain picturable elements still remained, however. The two kinds of electric constituents of the atom (electrons and protons) were still conceived as particles. They were still supposed to have definite locations and to describe definite paths, although their singular manner of vanishing from one path and immediately appearing on another was admitted to be baffling. This picture of the atom — Bohr's picture — was not a perfectly clear and definite thing. Nevertheless, a good deal of successful work was done on the basis of it. It evidently corresponded, in certain important respects, to reality.

About ten years ago, however, the defects of this way of picturing the atom became very apparent. The experimentalists had obtained certain results which could not be accommodated, as it were, by the atomic model that Bohr had imagined. Now when a scientific theory, which has had a successful career, encounters recalcitrant facts, scientific men do not, as a rule, immediately abandon the theory, lock, stock, and barrel. They proceed to modify the theory, preserving its

main lines as far as possible. That procedure was followed in this case. The effect was tried of complicating the Bohr theory, while still preserving the main conception of the atom as a collection of particles. Singularly enough, this procedure is hardly ever successful. No amount of tinkering with Newton's law of gravitation will give us Einstein's law. The ether theory of light, after its first brilliant successes, encountered difficulties. It was modified and complicated for generations, but it never became successful and is now abandoned. In these cases, as in others, it was found that the fundamental assumptions on which the theory rested were inadequate. No amount of tinkering with the superstructure was of any avail; it was the foundations that were at fault. And in this case of the atom we now realize that the pure particle conception will not do.

## II

The new theory is described by the title, 'The Wave Theory of Matter.' The ultimate constituents of matter can, it appears, be represented as groups of waves. It might be thought that this change, although doubtless of great importance scientifically, does nothing to lessen the *picturability* of these ultimate constituents. We are familiar with waves as we are familiar with particles. Our pictorial imagination can form images of both these things. But can we unite these images? Can we picture an entity which is both a wave and a particle? It is here that the new experimental analysis of matter becomes so baffling.

If we take a sheet of glass and lightly powder it with zinc sulphide crystals and then bombard it with electrons, we shall find that scintillations appear irregularly all over it. Each electron, on striking the screen, causes a faint spark which can be seen in the dark by

the help of a magnifying lens. The stream of electrons behaves like a shower of rain falling on the screen, each impact giving a tiny spark. Here electrons quite certainly behave as if they were little particles. Now consider another experiment. We know that X-rays are waves. They are of the same nature as light waves except that they are very much smaller. This fact is proved by passing X-rays through crystals and examining the patterns produced on a photographic plate. We get alternate dark and bright bands, the dark bands being produced by the crest of one wave coinciding with the trough of another, and the bright bands by the coincidence of two crests. Nothing but a wave motion can produce this phenomenon. It occurred to Professor G. P. Thomson to perform a similar experiment with electrons. Electrons have nothing like the penetrating power of X-rays, but Thomson succeeded in preparing sheets of gold leaf only about one millionth of an inch thick, and the electrons were fired through these. Circular bright and dark bands were produced, just as in the X-ray experiments. Here is a conclusive proof, therefore, that electrons are waves.

The fact that an electron behaves both as a particle and as a group of waves takes it right outside the pictorial imagination. We have seen that matter has shown a baffling, elusive tendency ever since the atom was first disintegrated. The electrons and protons that constitute it have never been really domesticated, as it were, by the scientific imagination. There has always been something odd and paradoxical about them. But for the purpose of forming a picture these oddities could be ignored, and they could be likened, more or less, to objects of our ordinary experience. We can do that no longer. The new discoveries show that the ultimate constituents of matter are like

nothing we have ever known. As Edington says, we can combine the words 'wave' and 'particle' in a word, — say 'wavicle,' — but we cannot combine the ideas corresponding to them.

We have encountered similar difficulties in the phenomena of light. The wave theory of light has been very successful, and it is quite true that light does sometimes indubitably behave as a system of waves. At other times it as indubitably behaves as a flight of little bullets. We cannot picture to ourselves the sort of entity that can behave in this way. The theory that light exists in atomic form explains many things, yet here again questions arise which have no satisfactory answer. If we make experiments to determine the size of an atom of light, — its spatial dimensions, — we find that it is both big enough to fill the lens of the great Mount Wilson telescope and small enough to enter an atom. We can only conclude that the notion of spatial size does not apply to such an entity. It somehow transcends space. If this is so, then it follows, of course, that it is forever unpicturable.

### III

Scientific men are pragmatists in practice, whatever they may think they are in theory, and they are quite prepared to work with conceptions they know to be partial provided they get results. Recently some very interesting and important experimental work has been done on the atom, although the precise nature of the natural processes involved is not yet fully understood. But whatever it may be that is really going on in the atom, these experimental results can be fairly well described on the basis of the 'particle' conception.

Until quite recently the atom was supposed to consist of two kinds of electric particles — the 'proton' and the

'electron.' The proton is a charge of what is called positive electricity and the electron is a charge of negative electricity. In any atom these charges are so arranged that they balance, which is why an atom normally seems to have no electric charge. All the protons of an atom are concentrated in its 'nucleus,' together with a smaller number of electrons. Thus the nucleus of an atom always has a resultant positive charge of electricity, since it contains more protons than electrons. This resultant charge is compensated for by electrons which circulate round the nucleus, very much as the planets circulate round the sun. This is the celebrated 'solar system' model of the atom. As we see, it assumes the 'particle' conception of the electron and proton. This picture is inadequate and, if taken too seriously, can land us in difficulties. But, if we are not content merely with mathematical symbols, it is perhaps as good a picture as we can form. In its main lines it certainly accounts for a large number of experimental results. The main features of radium disintegration, for example, can be explained by it.

In a radium atom the nucleus is actually breaking up. It shoots out electrons and also a much heavier kind of particle called the Alpha particle. This particle consists of a combination of four protons and two electrons, bound together in some exceptionally stable way. As a proton weighs nearly two thousand times as much as an electron, we see that an Alpha particle is, comparatively speaking, a very massive affair. It occurred to Lord Rutherford, some years ago, to use these particles to bombard atoms. The idea was that every now and then an Alpha particle might score a direct hit on the nucleus of an atom and possibly disrupt it. Since all the chemical properties of an atom depend on the constitution of its nucleus, we should thus be able to

change an atom of one substance into an atom of another substance. We should have achieved, in fact, the transmutation of the elements. The experiments were successful. Certain elements were transmuted into others.

Nowadays we are not confined, for our projectiles, to the Alpha particles shot out by radium. A hydrogen atom consists of one proton with one electron circulating round it. It is a comparatively easy matter, by passing an electric discharge through hydrogen gas at low pressure, to strip the hydrogen atoms of their circulating electrons, and thus to obtain a supply of protons. If these protons are now subjected to an intense electric field, — something on the order of a million volts, — they can be made to acquire very great velocities. They can thus be used as artificially produced projectiles for atom bombardment. It is found that these projectiles disrupt atoms on which Alpha particles have no effect. It is a usual rule that, under Alpha particle bombardment, atoms release protons, whereas under proton bombardment they release Alpha particles. It is not a question of the bombarding particle *knocking* something out of the atom. It is rather that it sets up a disturbance in the atom and releases intense innate forces, for the energy of the particle emitted by the atom is altogether greater than the energy of the bombarding particle.

This is, in fact, a way of tapping the huge inner stores of atomic energy. But it is not in the least a practical method at present. In these bombardment experiments only one particle in many thousands, or millions, scores a direct hit. The energy obtained in this way is only a very minute percentage of the energy expended. Nevertheless, the point has been made that the atom can be artificially disintegrated and its inner store of energy partially released.

## IV

These results by no means exhaust the experimental discoveries which have been recently made in this field. We have said that an atom is built up of two sorts of entities, protons and electrons. We now know that these are not the only entities concerned. A positively charged electric particle has been found which is altogether different from the proton. It has the same electric charge as a proton, but it is very much lighter, being, in fact, of the same weight as an electron. It is called a 'positron.' It is a very evanescent entity, for its life is about one thousand-millionth of a second. At the end of that time it combines with an electron and the two vanish in a flash of radiation.

In modern experiments a positron has been caused to travel about a yard during its short life and to register its passage on a photographic plate. Years before its discovery, mathematical reasoning indicated its existence, but on such queer grounds that very few people could take it quite seriously. The mathematical researches of Dirac, who is the greatest of the British mathematical physicists, led to the conception that there are 'holes' in the universe destined for the reception of electrons. Most of such holes are already occupied, and the electrons occupying them cannot reveal their presence in any way. In time all the holes will be occupied, and that will mean the end of the material universe. In the meantime the unoccupied holes, surrounded by electrons already placed, manifest as positive charges, since they attract electrons. And these positive charges could not be of the dimensions of a proton, the only elementary positive charge known to exist; they must be of the dimensions of an electron.

It might have been supposed that this queer theory was merely a wild



flight of fancy. But the actual discovery of the positron shows that it must be taken seriously. Indeed, the scientific analysis of matter has revealed it as so mysterious an entity that only the greatest efforts of the creative imagination, the greatest feats of abstraction, are now able to deal with it.

Another entity which has recently been discovered is the 'neutron.' When the element beryllium was bombarded by Alpha particles it was found to shoot out extremely penetrating rays. It was at first thought that these rays must be a sort of wave motion, like X-rays, as their penetrating power was much greater than that of any known type of particle. But calculations made on this supposition led to very unsatisfactory results. The nature of these rays was finally elucidated by Dr. James Chadwick, at Cambridge. He showed that they consist of a stream of 'neutrons,' each neutron being formed by a proton and an electron in very close combination. The electron and the proton are sufficiently close together to mask one another's electrical charge, so that the neutron does not appear to be electrically charged at all. From this fact comes its great penetrating power. It can pass through the atoms of matter without being deflected by their electric charges. This is not possible for such electric bodies as protons, for example, which can only penetrate a mere film of lead or a few centimetres of air. The neutrons from beryllium can penetrate several feet of lead and a mile of air.

The existence of these bodies raises various interesting speculations. Since they manifest no electric charge, it would be possible for them to come in actual contact with one another. Now the diameter of a neutron is only one hundred-thousandth part of that of an atom, and its mass is the same as

that of hydrogen. Thus the density of a compact mass of neutrons would be enormous. A quart pot full of the stuff would weigh about one million million tons. We know of no material as dense as this anywhere in the universe. There are certain stars whose density is estimated to be one hundred thousand times that of water, and it may be that they contain some neutron material.

The existence of neutrons also makes it easier to conceive how complex atoms may have been built up from simpler ones. The nucleus of any complex atom contains many protons, and it is difficult to understand how random encounters could ever have brought them into such close proximity, considering the intense repulsive forces between them. But we can more easily imagine a number of neutrons collecting together, and their constituent protons and electrons, under the influence of some shock, forming the sort of combination we find in the nuclei of atoms. The existence of the neutron also throws light on the now well-known fact that a chemical element may have atoms of different weights. We used to be taught that the atoms of any chemical element were all of the same weight. That has been experimentally demonstrated to be untrue. In fact, the atoms of one and the same element may have quite a large range of different weights. Now the chemical properties of an atom, as we have said, depend on the electrical charge of its nucleus. Evidently the addition of a neutron to the nucleus does not affect the electric charge, since the neutron is electrically neutral. But it affects its weight. Thus those atoms which have the same chemical properties but are of different weights probably differ in the number of neutrons they contain.

Still another entity that has been recently discovered is 'heavy hydro-

gen,' or 'diplogen.' This is a form of hydrogen whose atoms are twice the weight of those of ordinary hydrogen. This discovery has been called the greatest American contribution to physical science since the Michelson-Morley experiment — the basis of the Theory of Relativity — of fifty years ago. The nucleus of an atom of this heavy hydrogen consists, not of one proton, as is the case with ordinary hydrogen, but of two protons and one electron. In any average specimen of hydrogen it is estimated that one atom out of every four or five thousand is of this heavy kind.

These heavy hydrogen atoms combine with oxygen, just as ordinary hydrogen atoms do, to form water. But the water so formed is rather heavier than ordinary water and has a higher freezing point and a higher boiling point. Also, it seems to be fatal to some forms of life that flourish in ordinary water. Seeds of the tobacco plant will not germinate in it, for example, although they develop well enough in ordinary water. Tadpoles of the green frog cannot live in it for more than an hour, and it kills the common aquarium fish in two hours. Researches on its influence on various forms of life are now being actively prosecuted. Various 'natural waters' are being analyzed to see if their properties depend at all on the amount of heavy water they may happen to contain. By the discovery of heavy hydrogen, therefore, a new field of inquiry has been opened up for the science of living things.

An even heavier form of hydrogen has been recently discovered, its atom having three protons and two electrons in its nucleus. It is possible, also, that there exist still other atomic entities. It seems likely, for instance, that there is an 'opposite' of the proton, just as the electron is the opposite of the positron.

## V

So far we have been dealing with the experimental work that has been recently done on the atom, but the theoretical developments are not less interesting. In fact, they are even more interesting, for they seem to indicate a fundamental change in the attitude of science toward the problem of the external world. Our scientific knowledge, it is now realized, is subjective to an extent that we had not before suspected. We have already said that the 'particle' conception of matter is inadequate. It used to be thought that scientific analysis had shown that the material universe consisted of waves of radiation and of vast multitudes of electric particles. But we now know that to say the world is constituted in this way is to go beyond the evidence. This hypothesis does not enable us to account for the actual phenomena we observe. We should only be justified in saying that the world is constituted in this way if we could show that these particles, by obeying certain laws, would produce the facts of experience. And this is just what we cannot do. We have not succeeded in formulating a satisfactory set of laws on the basis of the particle conception. Our knowledge is not sufficiently definite, and there is good reason to suppose that it never can be sufficiently definite.

An electron, if it is conceived as a particle, must have at every moment a definite position and a definite velocity. But it appears to be impossible, in the nature of things, for us ever to have precise knowledge on these points. This is not due to the defects of our measuring apparatus. It is not an inability that could conceivably be overcome by technical improvements. It is due to the fact that nature is not the kind of thing that can be analyzed in that way. This doctrine, perhaps

the most remarkable and far-reaching of all scientific doctrines, is called the Principle of Indeterminacy, or, sometimes, the Principle of Uncertainty. It states, in effect, that *exact* prediction in science is impossible. All our knowledge is knowledge of probabilities. We cannot say what *must* be, but only what the chances are that any one thing rather than any other shall happen.

What, then, becomes of the doctrine of strict cause and effect? Science has always assumed that all material processes are strictly determined, that all natural — or, at any rate, material — phenomena exemplify unambiguously the Reign of Law. We may not always know these laws, but it has not been doubted that the laws exist. The future, it has always been supposed, is the inevitable outcome of the present.

Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote  
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

What is now the status of that belief? There is at present a great difference of opinion in the scientific world on this point. All are agreed that our present scientific knowledge is, in fact, a knowledge only of probabilities. But whether this is due to the limitations of science, or whether it is due to the fact that nature itself does not obey the law of strict cause and effect, is a question that is being hotly debated. Those who oppose the principle of determinism ask what reason, other than scientific evidence, we have for believing in it. We have no intuitive knowledge of it. Indeed, the thing we know

most intimately, ourself, leads us to believe in the existence of free will. The idea that all our actions are strictly fated from the cradle to the grave has never been acceptable to the great bulk of mankind. We gave a grudging assent to its possibility because we thought that science had proved that determinism was triumphant in the external world, and we thought that what applied to matter might conceivably apply to man. But now that we know that science does not use the principle, and finds no evidence for it, why should we continue to believe in it? If we are to continue to believe in it, it must be on purely philosophical grounds. It may be that the purely philosophical arguments in its favor are convincing, but they can no longer invoke the prestige of science in their support.

Our scientific knowledge of the ultimate constituents of matter is partial knowledge. In tracing the position of an electron, for instance, we can say what the probabilities are that it is in one place rather than in some other place, and our knowledge of its motion can be represented by waves of probability. Sometimes the probability may be, as it were, diffused, so that the electron might be anywhere in a comparatively large volume. At other times the probability may be condensed, so that we can say definitely where the electron is. But in all cases our knowledge is probable knowledge. Whatever the objective reality may be, our knowledge of it is partial. In this sense, matter will always be mysterious.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## MY PROJECT

THIS is a time for plans and projects, for re-appraisals, recastings, and the like. It is a glorious day for people with maggots in their heads. A man need only have a Project — be it however revolutionary or fantastic — to find himself quite a fellow. In view of all this, I have taken heart and now launch upon the world *my* project.

For a great many years I have felt that the whole trend and tendency of bibliophily is in a wrong direction. More and more the secondhand booksellers and collectors have come to treat their books as though they were delicate *objets d'art*, — like Japanese prints or original Whistlers, — which they are *not*, instead of as the eloquent historical mementos which they *are*. We all know very well, of course, that a fine Hokusai or Hiroshige is seriously marred, and its value lessened, if there are ink spots spattered on it, or if one corner is missing, or if a wagon wheel has at some time passed over it. This is natural, proper, and understandable, for a Japanese print is a pictorial work of art; its whole value depends upon the freshness of color, the clarity of line, and kindred graphic considerations. Similarly with Whistler etchings, or the old paintings of Tintoretto, or the jade sculptures of China.

But secondhand books, cry I, are something else again, and I have rebelled against what I consider the misplaced emphasis of booksellers and collectors in this matter. 'This is an absolutely pristine copy, as fresh as when it came from the presses in 1828. The pages are uncut.' That is the kind of exultant description the booksellers love to use.

I do not think that a man is at his most attractive or his most significant or his most revelatory when he is one month old. I prefer him when he is thirty, or fifty, or ninety — when the whole physical look and psychic personality of him have become tinged and colored by his personal history. Similarly I decline to think that an old book is most

cherishable if, through having lived all its life quiescent and unread in a cellar or an attic, it preserves its look of unmarked infantilism. Perpetually cloistered and cosseted books, like persons of the same sort, are a colorless and flavorless lot. The procession of the years has passed them by; they have gained nothing.

My project, then, is for a drastic change in our appraisal of secondhand books. Suppose, for example, that we take some not too uncommon secondhand volume — say Parker's *Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains*. Under the old system, three copies of this might be catalogued thus: —

1. Somewhat scuffed and rubbed. Name of previous owner on half-title; scribbled marginalia ..... \$1.50
2. In good condition, but with small dark spot (probably blood) on front cover; slight tear in map ..... \$2.50
3. Immaculate copy; as issued ..... \$4.00

This is the old way. It is all wrong. Under my project, the price scale will be exactly reversed. Herewith are a few hypothetical copies of Parker's opus: —

1. An immaculate copy. This has evidently been kept unread in a cellar all these years. Its only attractiveness is the inherent interest of the textual matter, which is pretty dull . . . \$1.00
2. An improvement. This copy has five dog-eared pages, indicating that *somebody* once read it, and there is a pressed pansy between pages 130 and 131 ..... \$2.50
3. A magnificent copy; the finest we have ever seen. Signatures of five previous owners on the flyleaf and half-title. One of these was Ten Broeck Van Rensselaer, of Hudson, New York. It also belonged at one time to an able seaman named Obadiah Sparhawk, and contains nautical calculations, dated 'Cape Town, April 8, 1857' on the margin of p. 235. One of the owners (probably the Miss Amelia Cowperthwaite whose elegant Spencerian signature occurs twice on the title-page) has cached between pp. 98 and 99 four oak leaves, a violet, a short length of pink ribbon, and a ticket to Grant's Inaugural. The book is a virtual museum. Offered for quick sale at \$12.50

When my project has been formally adopted, it will mean that thousands of owners of old houses will be able to sell out to the booksellers. Dormant wealth will be released. Money will circulate. Prosperity will be reborn.

And I, who have just been looking over my own library, figure that I ought to be able to dispose of it for about a quarter of a million dollars.

### BIG AND LITTLE

I do not know if anyone has yet explained why it is and how it happens, but it is the sacred truth that folk are particularly fond of small, tiny, and miniature things. If they happen to see a very tiny room, a white and intimate little cubbyhole into which you could hardly squeeze one grown-up person, they begin to smile blissfully and exclaim rapturously what a nice little room it is. In the Spanish Hall of Prague Castle or the nave of St. Vitus's Cathedral no one smiles blissfully; instead they become enormously serious, and measure the huge proportions with respect. If a man finds a tiny cottage he smiles and thinks that life in it would be happy; but no one smiles tenderly at a museum or a barracks, obviously because they are large. One looks on with the kindest smile at a puppy at play, but with grave respect at a lion at play.

Things which are small have an amusing and intimate air and arouse an unbridled tenderness in us; things which are very large are strikingly serious and at the same time a little frightening. No one would like to sleep in the Spanish Hall or live under the dome of St. Peter's. One would rather sleep in a watchman's box or live in a gingerbread cottage. I do not believe I could love an elephant and want to take him to bed and cuddle him. I do not think I should like to nurse the whales in the aquarium. If we breed goldfish it is not only because they are gold, but also because they are little. In the same way we should never keep singing cherubim in cages, because they are too big, but we should certainly keep them if they were as small as canaries. As long as folk build streets to live in and stand about gossiping in, they build them narrow. If some king or bank director were

to build himself a bedroom as big as a station yard, we should say he was mad, and he probably would be. It is small things which appeal to our tenderness; big things only call forth our respect.

Why it is that small things fill us with such special delight and comfort I do not really know; perhaps it is a survival from childhood, when everything little seemed to be childish and therefore ours. As a small boy, when I wanted to feel that I was in a world of my own, I crawled under the table or into a box. The shed did not do, because it was too big, so I built myself a tent in it out of old canvas. A pony appeared to me like a horse's little boy; the dog kennel seemed to be a little house for children.

Perhaps our liking for small things is a last remnant of childhood, but perhaps it is a last remnant of primitive man in us. Old Adam must obviously have been very much afraid of everything larger than himself; he felt safe only with things whose size did not frighten him. One can imagine that he was more inclined to smile at the spectacle of a wild rabbit than at that of a wild bear. He certainly felt more at ease in a small cave than in the wild world.

Big things somehow lack humor; if elephants were to play at being kittens, I think they would fill us with horror. If the colossus of Memnon arose and began to play football it would be an almost apocalyptic spectacle. Big things are condemned to terrible seriousness.

On the whole, it seems that if man is particularly fond of small things it is not because he is bigger and wiser than they, but because in intercourse with them he becomes little too. When a man plays with a kitten he does not realize that he is as enormous as a mountain; he rather feels that he is as playful and trusting as the kitten. When he bends down to some tiny flower he makes himself small right to his soul, as he can in no other way. When we flee from the world sometimes, it does us good to be little; that is why we turn to small things for comfort. We feel rested among them; their smallness amuses us. We cannot say that the ocean amuses us, but an aquarium might. We escape from existence in a way by this *diminuendo*; life is easier and more playful in those moments when it is spent in something very small.



It is free of tragedy and silence. The liberating beauty of small things lies in the fact that they are really invincibly comic.

### IANTHINA

A CROOKED mulberry tree, tucked under the eaves of an old farmhouse like a fiddle under an old man's chin, has a history so intimately connected with people that just the word 'mulberry' recalls the memory of Ianthina coming from the buttery through the kitchen, out on to the stone doorstep. If the screen door slammed, you knew that Ianthina and her sisters had been quarreling, probably about serving the cake. Should it be cut in squares or in oblongs? But if the screen door closed softly, you knew there was a bird in the mulberry tree.

Ianthina's father was so queer that he liked to read the dictionary. That's where he found Ianthina's name, which was very appropriate, for her eyes were indeed violet-blue. Ianthina was odd, too. That is, she ate a fly once just to see what it would taste like. If birds liked them, why would n't she? She would sometimes stand in the middle of a field reading a book. But she could fry potatoes and read at the same time.

She was the kind of person you would send your own verses to, knowing that she would appreciate whatever merit they had, if any; or you would think of her when you found a lonely buttercup in October.

Squirrels would scramble up to her and wait with folded arms while she removed the cake they declined to eat and replaced it with butternuts held in her hand. When she went to the city she tossed crumbs from her pocket to the English sparrows. After all, a rare warbler was no more of a bird than these chattering sparrows of the gutters.

Ianthina said that people could see nothing but bushes where she lived. 'But I see a lot more than bushes. It's a good place, with birds and squirrels all around it. Thoreau knew what it's like. *He* could see a landscape in a mud puddle.' So Ianthina placidly fed birds, conscious of her long dark skirts and stray hairs and a figure that bulged in the wrong places.

After the supper dishes were washed she liked to spend the early hours of evening

sitting under the mulberry tree, wondering how each of her bird friends looked tucked in some warm nest or nook.

One July day a home for insane people gave notice that Ianthina was dead. As a last gift to a good friend we laid beside her a spray of rosy-pink spikes of the steeplebush picked fresh from her pasture, and tender ferns from the woods.

### OF WOMEN KNITTING

ALL the women I know knit: for husbands or for children, for nephews, occasionally for themselves, or for money, or for the poor. Once I was a knitter. Sweaters and mittens, scarves, bonnets, dresses, and shawls budded, grew, and dropped from my assiduous fingers as leaves from a tree. One day, quite unexpectedly, I found that knitting exasperated me. Perhaps, just as everyone has an allotted number of words to speak during the course of his life, every woman has a quota of stitches she can knit. Evidently I had reached mine.

The clean-smelling wool, fresh-dyed, washed, and coiled in virgin hanks, did not entice me. The glossy pages of the pattern books lured me no more. I gave away my collection of needles — the ivory ones with long points polished by use, ends blunted in flat ebony knobs; the double-pointed needles of aluminum bent into flexible hoops for knitting around and around in an endless circle; my beloved set of tiny tri-colored needles, red, blue, and white; a dozen fine stiff steel needles, sharp as Spanish stilettos at both ends. I gave away my knitting bags, the green burlap one with wooden handles for the beach, the trim tapestry bag I took out to dinner with me, the capacious cotton damask, the newly fashionable gay cardboard cylinders.

Then I settled back to enjoy the quiet of my idle hands or the relaxation of fixing my gaze on nothing more substantial than the gauzy unfolding of my cigarette smoke. Of course I could not escape entirely from knitting. But I found in myself a keen and ever-developing sympathy for the dislike men have for women knitting. Sometimes this objection is unconscious, often it is merely unspoken, but nearly always it exists in a gamut of intensity from pale dis-

approval to a thoroughgoing, passionate reprobation. It is their vanity, you say, that is wounded; they crave the knitter's attention which is withdrawn from them and concentrated on her work. That is true, but vanity is only a fickle iridescence on the surface of a personality; let us look below.

When a man watches a woman knitting he feels shut out. She is absorbed in an occupation he cannot share. She is in sanctuary where he cannot follow. And her knitting folds her in solidarity with other women; the whole character of a group changes when after dinner the women fetch their big bags, pregnant with colored wools, like squaws bringing out their papooses. What was a gathering of human beings becomes women and — definitely divided from them — men.

However, it is not only a sense of uselessness and exclusion that oppresses a man in the presence of women knitting. The clicking of the needles fills him with another, a devastating emotion. By the way, knitting needles do not click; that expression is a writer's rubber stamp. The process of knitting is silent as the slow accretion of flesh on bone. And in that silence he is profoundly afraid.

Knitting, weaving, spinning — all symbolize woman's ability to create. Out of a formless mass she makes a product shapely and her own. Man can sow, but he cannot bring forth. Sowing is a brief, unsatisfying adventure, whereas the slow, elemental process of bringing forth unites the woman with the rhythmic fecundity of the earth itself. She is invulnerable thus, and remote. He is a blunt brave man indeed who will even touch her. It was her weaving that held the hungry suitors from Penelope so that her lord found her and his house intact when he returned. And thereafter it was her weaving that bound him to her, invested him with homeliness and quieted his traveler blood. Odysseus roamed no more.

Madame Defarge, because she was knitting, could defy the cruel Marquis staring arrogantly from his carriage window. The pattern of her knitting was a register of names. For every name save one a head rolled from under the guillotine.

In former times woman's spinning and weaving wrought the twisting thread and patterned web of man's very life. Spells were inevitably woven and binding; the distaff, more than the sceptre, was feared. Delilah wove the seven locks of Samson's hair into a web, hoping to rob him of his strength, and in a far-off, gigantic twilight the Norns twisted their mystic rope while they sang the ruin of the Volsung race.

Always the motion of a woman's hands as she lays down her needles and pulls more wool loose from the ball recalls Catullus's picture of the Fates presiding over the marriage of Peleus and Thetis: —

*Aeternumque manus carpebant rite laborem.*

And the soft white wool was piled in wicker baskets beside their feet.

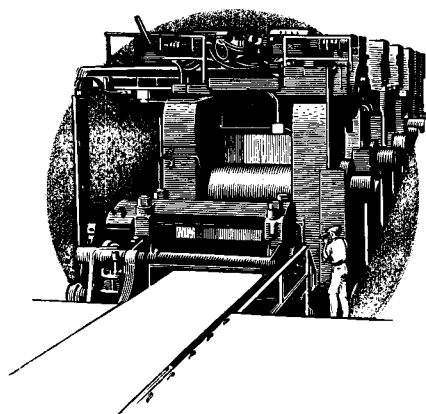
Women knitting are the modern Fates. They knit the stuff of human life into their pattern, incorporate it in their handiwork. That is their power, greater than wars or law or words — the power of eventual silence over noise, stillness enveloping activity.

#### PROCESS

THE ordeal of callers  
Comes when they start to go.  
They rise, they teeter  
On one toe,  
By slow degrees  
They reach the hall,  
Proceeding there  
To salvage all  
Their gloves, coats, purses,  
Hats and sticks,  
While somebody  
Takes up politics,  
And somebody  
Begs a glass of water,  
And somebody  
Wakes the infant daughter,  
And somebody  
Names the ten best shows,  
And somebody  
Asks to powder her nose,  
Until  
With one Gargantuan heave  
Of unsuspected strength  
They leave.

RUTH LAMBERT JONES

# A Mill for the Millions



Bethlehem's continuous sheet-strip mill to serve the needs of new increasing markets is being completed at Lackawanna, N. Y.

Steel, once largely dependent upon the capital goods industries, has become a supplier for millions of consumers.

Under the paint of the automobile are the steel sheets of fenders, hood, and body. Flat-rolled steel is increasingly used as the basic material for wash-basins and bathtubs, in window frames and sashes, in a myriad of applications where low cost, adaptability and durability are important.

Flat-rolled steel can be lacquered and beautified to meet the designs of a Lescaze, or used for as mundane a purpose as a tar barrel. It is the major example of "consumers' goods" which has developed during the past five years.

We are convinced that flat-rolled

steel is the outstanding new steel requirement of today and tomorrow. That is why, in the depths of the depression, Bethlehem Steel decided to build a continuous sheet-strip mill at Lackawanna, N. Y., near Buffalo, at a cost authorized up to \$20,000,000.

This continuous mill rolls steel sheets into great lengths, of 900 feet and more, known as "strip." This is effective production to a degree hardly dreamed of 10 years ago. The economies of this type of manufacture are creating ever-expanding uses for steel. Markets for flat-rolled steel are expanding to a degree which has not been approached at any previous time in the history of steel.

This new continuous sheet-strip mill has an annual capacity of 600,000 tons. It incorporates the most modern designs, benefiting from the total experience in continuous sheet mill practice.

**BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY**

# The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE *Atlantic* is privileged to publish the last story of **Rudyard Kipling** (p. 513). Its human implication, its compassion, will recall with nostalgia those pre-war days when R. K.'s pen held more magnetism than any other.

Political correspondent of the *London Morning Post*, **Harold J. Wilson** (p. 526) contributes a pocket biography of the young English statesman who must keep his balance at home and abroad.

It is a common accusation that we age our Presidents with overwork. This raises two questions in the mind of **William Hard** (p. 533). How old is old? And how crushing is the Presidency? Mr. Hard knows the White House as a veteran observer, if not as an inmate.

**R. S.** (p. 539) is a Massachusetts poet who at his request shall be nameless.

**Mrs. Caroline A. Henderson** (p. 540) was married in the spring of 1908. She and her husband have lived ever since on their homestead at Eva, Oklahoma. 'At the time of our marriage,' she writes, 'I was an exhausted school-teacher, my husband an ex-cowboy, well-driller, and master of various arts of the big outdoors. Our small savings as the years have passed have gone into the attempt to make a better home and to extend and improve our farm practice. To the original homestead we have added three other near-by "quarters" with about four hundred acres now in cultivation, the rest in unbroken pasture land. Our farm represents about the average of individual land-holdings in this area. Only people like ourselves who have invested their lives in the "short grass" country know the sorrow of seeing these hard-won acres "all up in the air."'

The kid sister in an Irish-American household, **Mary Doyle** (p. 552) had to pay her way at an age when most of us are in school.

Words are the stock in trade of **William Feather** (p. 563), nationally known publisher and columnist. He thinks he can spot those which will pull — and those which won't. Advertisers please copy!

A New England poet (but no relation to her more mature namesake Robert Frost), **Frances Frost** (p. 570) is now following the progress of her first novel, *Innocent Summer*.

The health of newspapers means much to **Marco Morrow** (p. 572), assistant publisher of the *Capper Publications*.

**Roy Palmer Clark** (p. 576) teaches school on Pitcairn Island, and steers one of the two long-boats that link that community with the occasional ship.

A native of Czechoslovakia, **Karel Čapek** (p. 579) is a playwright, essayist, and philosopher at large.

Now approaching the thirties, **Alan Devoe** (p. 581) rates himself as a 'retired bookseller.' Having spent several years in New York City as a dealer in autograph manuscripts and rare books, Mr. Devoe decided to set up shop in Provincetown. Since then he has moved to Phudd Hill, Hillsdale, New York, bookselling having been exchanged for the sterner trade of writing.

Aged twenty-eight, **Jack Yeaman Bryan** (p. 583) makes his first — but certainly not his last — appearance in the *Atlantic*. Having studied at the University of Chicago and taken his A. B. and M. A. at the University of Arizona, Mr. Bryan pursued his studies at Duke, where he became an assistant in philosophy. To-day he is a New Dealer in Washington, and in spare moments a writer of promise.

**Robert Frost** (p. 593) delights us with a poem characteristic of his Vermont wit. The *Atlantic* is fortunate in securing this and other poems in advance of Mr. Frost's new book, *A Further Range*, his sixth volume in forty-two years of verse. To those with a sixth sense it will be clear at once that 'A Further Range' refers, of course, to the Green Mountains.

We invited **Paul Hutchinson** (p. 594), Managing Editor of the *Christian Century*, to give us a character sketch of Toyohiko Kagawa, and thereby to suggest the significance of this Japanese missionary to the United States.

# *HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL in the Human Heart*

Perhaps half the disappointments in the world are occasioned by people trying to get more than they pay for. Regardless of the laws of economics, the striving for a bargain is ceaseless. Yet, the *dollar* sign is the *quality* sign. You *get* what you *pay* for. La Salle, for instance, is a *quality* car—built to the highest Cadillac standards. It does not sell—and *cannot* sell—in the low-price field. Yet, day after day, people try to find La Salle quality in the price range below. Of course, they are disappointed. If you want La Salle style, beauty and quality, you must *buy* a La Salle. There is no substitute.

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# The COLUMN

The anonymous author of 'Orchids Are Perishable' (p. 601) looks with clear eyes at a problem which most young married couples cannot avoid.

President Emeritus of Harvard University, **A. Lawrence Lowell** (p. 606) contemplates not without hope that whirlpool of events so confusing to most of us to-day.

A young Harvard graduate now busying himself in real estate, **Robert Livermore, Jr.** (p. 617) was one of the skiers who represented the United States at the Olympics.

For close to nine years **Leland Stowe** (p. 623) served as a European correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune*, being for the most part stationed in Paris. In 1930 he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Foreign Correspondence.

**J. W. N. Sullivan** (p. 629) is an Englishman whose training and explicitness have qualified him as one of the few trustworthy interpreters of modern physics.

‘ ‘ ‘

'Stork Expected at Point Barrow,' the leading paper in the February *Atlantic*, was an appealing story of human nature under difficulties, and widely read on that account. To those who may be disposed to think that the reticences are not sufficiently respected nowadays, we dedicate this bit of lyrical criticism.

## STORK EXPECTED AT POINT BARROW

Of course it was n't fair to the jade,  
To have the news aired in the *Blade*,  
But why not let it stop at that  
And be quiet about the coming of the little brat?

Death and birth are everyday things,  
But why discuss what the old stork brings —  
What you wear and how you look  
In concocted kimono or native *koshbrook*?

And I would make bold to ask her  
Why — living in that cold Alaska —  
Such things should n't be taboo  
Save in the privacy of your own igloo?

Great sympathy one feels for any Oomalik  
Far from home, and seriously sick,  
But — I'm not only shocked but *frantic*  
At such intimate details in the *Atlantic*.

And this Victorian (she may be narrow)  
Is thoroughly disgusted with 'Stork at Point  
Barrow.'

(MRS.) BETSY HANSFORD  
Lynchburg, Virginia

From the opposite camp comes this letter of cheer.

Dear Atlantic, —

Since the resurrection of 1929 I have not felt justified in 'taking the bread out of the mouths of babes' in order to satisfy my own intellectual hunger, so for some years I had no stimulus from the *Atlantic*. Then in the fall of '35 one of my girls got a job with some wealthy people where she was told to get rid of two years of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Naturally she took the whole stack home, where she knew they would be appreciated, and since then the *Atlantic* has been the almost daily *pièce de résistance* on my intellectual diet. When I am tired and discouraged from thinking in the old grooves of my own, I go and take another copy and read one article after another until I come to one that challenges me to study and examine myself — or my own outlook. It happens also that I find my own views expressed so much better than I should ever be able to express them myself.

Lately the fifth of my children, a big strong boy of nineteen, got a job. So, unexpectedly, I found myself with an extra fifty cents in my pocket, and what did I do but go and buy the February *Atlantic* in order to become up-to-date in my thinking and outlook. 'Stork Expected at Point Barrow' is very vivid and realistic, but stopped short at the most vital point — when the stork arrived. It occurred to me that the reason was that those who have been through it would substitute their own experience, and those who have n't would not understand.

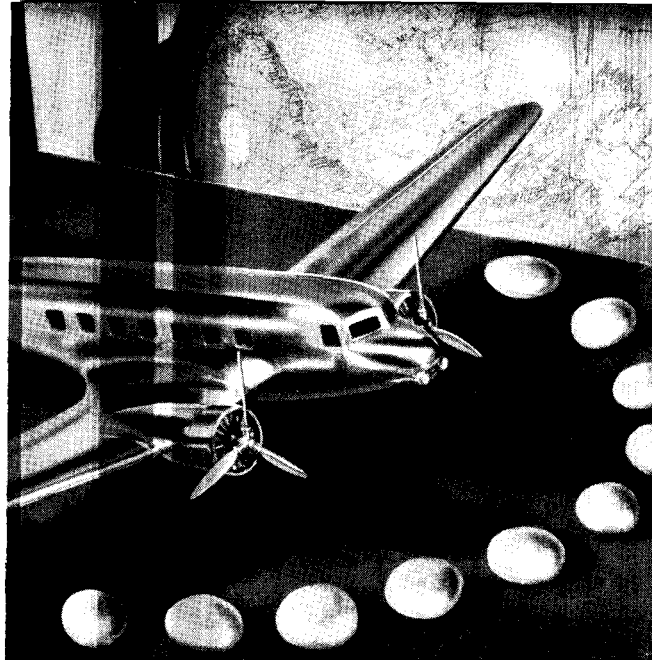
Albert Jay Nock, with 'Impostor-Terms,' made me a young man again by recalling the *Sturm und Drang* period when I first got acquainted with Bentham through H. Höfding. It was in Germany in the early winter of 1898. I was working as a machinist from six in the morning to six at night, and then studying five, six, and sometimes seven hours. *Ethic*, by Harald Höfding, not only introduced to me Bentham, Kant, Descartes, Spencer, Rousseau, Spinoza, Darwin, Hume, and others, but convinced me that all the theories must be tried out in everyday common family and community life, with the emphasis on the natural and practical.

'Small Town,' by Earnest Elmo Calkins, is a very timely sermon that the American people should take to heart, especially the stranded ones. Leave Hell in the big cities and go out in God's country to live and labor. Mr. Calkins has got much nearer home than in April 1934, when 'Homesick America' appeared in the *Atlantic*, and has changed his outlook considerably in the years since I first was attracted by his articles.

HERMAN I. SPOHR  
Menlo Park, California

## Chrysanthemums!

Over 2000 'Chrysanthemum' poems have been received, and more are on their way to the *Atlantic* office. The prize winners will appear in the Contributors' Column for June.



# THEY WERE THE SEEDS OF SPEED

★  ONLY FIFTY fleeting years ago this spring, young Charles Martin Hall held in his hand the first shining pellets of commercial Aluminum. They were the seeds of speed.

For Hall had made a semiprecious metal into a common metal; had released its lightness to be made ready for the streamlined trains, the buses and trucks, and the swift all-metal airplane of our generation.

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and versatility came from years of scientific research in quiet laboratories and on test floors. Pioneering studies in stresses and strains. Engineering tests that no common metal had ever been called upon to meet. Development of special heat-treated alloys. Methods to cut costs.

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Engineers in quest of lightness staked their professional reputations on Aluminum's ability to stand the gaff of rail and air and highway service. To them an appreciative industry expresses its thanks for their confidence, its homage for their vision.

For the day of lightness is here. The swan song of needless weight is being sung. Aluminum has become the *speed metal* of a new and faster age. Side by side with the older metals it is giving you faster transportation, with greater safety and economy.

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A M E R I C A

# The COLUMN

## A plea for stick-to-itiveness.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Johnson O'Connor's article *Failure in School*, in the March issue, was of great interest to me. Dealing as I do with small children in a private school, I am continually coming in contact with the child of many aptitudes who, because he has not been given enough to do, has become either mischievous or lazy, and has developed no power to withstand the pressure of competition which comes later. It is one of the aims of our school to develop power and resistance, and inculcate stability, to teach children that there is a satisfaction in sticking to a job and overcoming obstacles. We begin to teach that lesson to our four- and five-year-olds, confident that it will not have to be learned again when they are eighteen! So much harm can be done by letting children drift into something new the minute their interest in the old wanes, without ever requiring them to finish anything. It is equally harmful to let them feel that results obtained without real effort on their part are ever satisfactory for them, although the same results acquired by a different pupil may represent for that pupil a commendable achievement.

We feel so strongly on this particular subject that we hail with joy such remarks on Mr. O'Connor's part as 'lack of early incentive to work is one of the difficulties.' It is very encouraging to us who work with young children to have a man of Mr. O'Connor's standing and scientific training emphasize the important rôle which correct school habits at an early age play in the later success of the individual. Too many parents take the attitude that the preparatory-school days are the first that count, when far too often the damage to the child has been done before that time.

HAZEL M. FOWLER  
Wallingford, Connecticut

'The Salvation of Pisco Gabar,' the short story by Geoffrey Household with which the *Atlantic* opened the New Year, continues to excite speculation.

Dear Atlantic, —

The Pisco Gabar story is fine; but I cannot forgive the old priest for hurling that mule to his death. The donkey turned around. He was short. And the mule would have done the same thing in a different way. When the priest wedged himself between the old mule and the wall, the mule, if given a chance, would have reared up several times until he got perfectly upright and erect on his hind legs, when he would have turned around with his back to the wall and landed on his four feet heading the other way. A mule knows his centre of gravity. Instinctively he understands an emergency, and if the priest had continued to crowd him, he would have either executed this about-face or backed down the trail for a mile. The mule facing uphill will do this; but such a movement is almost impossible for the one coming down the trail. I cannot speak from experience in this mat-

ter; but I have heard several Mexicans — and they knew nothing of the laws of gravity — relate this very conduct of mules under similar circumstances. The mule will rear up with a pitiful groan and continue to groan till he has made the turn. For sound judgment, or rather instinct, no domestic animal surpasses the mule. Even Solomon in all his wisdom was not arrayed like one of these.

S. ENGELKING  
San Antonio, Texas

It has been no easy matter to referee the argument provoked by Constance Cassady's 'Escape from the City.' From all points of the compass readers have arisen to defend their small home towns from the shafts of her criticism. The floor is now open for rebuttal.

First the author: —

Dear Atlantic, —

I think you will enjoy the enclosed letter from the local *Herald*. It is fairly indicative of the general state of mind here. It may amuse you to know that the whole town is up in arms, with large window displays of *Atlantics* in all the shops which handle magazines. 'Read about your town!' they scream at passers-by — and everybody does. 'Escape from the City' is the only topic of conversation these days, and the indignation has reached such a pitch that my poor husband says he won't be the least bit surprised to look out the window some night and see a fiery cross burning on our front lawn!

CONSTANCE CASSADY

## And now the critics.

Dear Atlantic, —

I was born in Middleville. To bring it closer home for Constance Cassady, the house in which I was born stands one block removed from the one in which she sought her 'Escape from the City.' My grandfather helped plant the elms she describes as 'tossing their golden coins to the winds.' My father carried the water used in planting them. After reaching manhood, while a merchant by occupation, he made the town's administrative affairs his avocation, serving as volunteer fire chief, treasurer, and for seventeen years as a councilman. Can I be expected to hold the same point of view about Middleville as Mrs. Cassady?

Hardly, yet my protest is not that of the angered resident. I no longer live there. My residence in Middleville was continuous until I was eighteen. Then followed four years of intermittent residence while I was attending college. Finally, my work and marriage have taken me completely away save for periodic visits. In the last eight years, I have lived in three truly small towns, smaller than those for which Earnest Elmo Calkins has nostalgia. I have gone rural.

Had Mrs. Cassady done so she might have come nearer realizing her utopia. After all, the Middlevilles are children of the city and, like most offspring, bear some traits of the parents. One has but to consider the Latin derivation of *sub* to realize that a suburb could not be expected to be something entirely removed from the urban.

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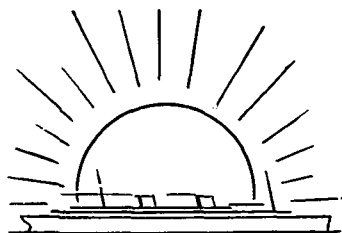
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# The COLUMN

Certainly Mrs. Cassady would have found the neighborliness she anticipated had she moved farther from the city. Suburbanites, because of their commuting mode of living, are not intensely local-minded. They go to the city for their recreation as well as their work, and everyone minds his own business. No, the rural town, not the suburb, is the niche of neighborliness.

One cannot expect to find neighborliness in Middleville any more than one hopes to find constructive ideas presented and abstract thought indulged in at a bridge party. I, too, have felt the emptiness of mind and fullness of hands at the bridge table, but have learned to expect women to bring only the social niceties to the combative plane of the bridge table. Women become philosophical, I have found, when knitting needles click or when making, instead of discussing buying, capes for the school band.

Is it fair to judge a school system in the gloom of the last five years? What pressure has not been brought to bear on educators in doling out jobs? What educator has had all the money he desired to carry out the programme he wished? The superintendent of schools in Middleville is nearing his thirty years of satisfactory service there. To one who is a product of his grade system, Mrs. Cassady's accusations only bring out her pretentiousness. She has never considered his peculiar educative problem.

No, Mrs. Cassady has written, not wisely, but with much thought to her style. Probably she has written too soon. In five years one does not meet the people in Middleville that Mrs. Cassady would like to find. Obviously she is sifting around in the top soil blown in from Chicago so recently. She has yet to be ground down into the strata.

Thirteen years ago, a high-school teacher watching pupils representing every nationality as they passed at dismissal said, in my presence, 'And to think that I, a member of the D. A. R., am teaching in a community like this.' But she still is.

Middleville's business men's organization once boasted as its booster slogan, 'A Good Place to Live In.' Since population continues to increase, can there possibly be a germ of truth in the statement?

Will Mrs. Cassady find her economic imprisonment too stifling? Yes, unless by 'the grace of God' she be willing to adapt herself to her environment.

FRANCES GUSTAVISON SARIG  
Fowler, Indiana

Dear Atlantic — and Mrs. Cassady:

Everything that you say about small towns is true, and you might say many more equally uncomplimentary things. I could help you, for I have lived in a small town for fifty years instead of five. But I think that you have n't lived any place for so long as that. Fifty years rather take the fight out of one. (Here I am, writing to Mrs. Cassady and not the Atlantic.)

However, I ask myself if you have said anything about towns, large or small, that we did n't know already. I thought *Main Street* and *Babbitt* the last words in towns and cities.

We have a young woman who grew up in our village, graduated from an Eastern woman's college, was granted a two-year scholarship in a French university, wrote a thesis, was an editor of a magazine of history exceedingly high in the brow, and is married to a British colonial who represents his native colony in an important European capital. She was at home last summer with her little girl, who speaks German and French as well as English, and whose Continental manners rather awe our Hoosier children. A friend spoke to the mother of her daughter's 'unusual advantages,' and the young mother with tears in her eyes said, 'She will pay for them, and dearly. She has no home. She never will have any dear girlhood friends such as I have here. I had rather bring her up in Shawtown, Indiana.'

HELEN THOMPSON  
Noblesville, Indiana

Dear Atlantic, —

There should be no resentment for sensible criticism of small towns. I should be the last person in the world to contend that such characters as Mrs. Cassady describes are not found in suburbs and small villages. Certainly there is no possibility of escaping the fact that there are weeks, even months, when the outside view is sufficiently drab. But since when have these characters and conditions been absent from 'New York and Chicago'?

As to her neighbors, she might remember the old Quaker, who, when his son wondered what kind of neighbors he should find in his new home, said, 'Thee will find the same kind thee left.' The incredibly naïve supposition that the 'ignorant' villagers believed they had come from a colored quarter, because they had a colored scrubwoman!

I have never before expressed my sentiments in regard to an article, but this time they could n't be restrained.

Thanks just as vehemently for the wonderful 'Glorious Bondage.'

MRS. W. H. TAYLOR  
Shelbyville, Illinois

Verification of a best seller.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have just read William McFee's review of *The Hurricane*, by Nordhoff and Hall. When this excellent story came out in the *Saturday Evening Post*, I read each installment eagerly and with keen enjoyment. Just one little point seemed to me a weak spot, as if it had been dragged in 'by the neck' and did not fit with the rest of the story. I refer to the hiding of Terangi and his wife and family in a cave of tumbled coral blocks, whose only entrance was a submarine one. It sounded a little too theatrical, and not in keeping with my conception of a coral atoll.

So I was much interested to find, in a copy of the *Athenaeum*; or, *Spirit of the English Magazines*, Volume I, April to October, 1817, the vindication of this incident. In the issue for July 15, 1817, the leading article is an 'Account of the Tonga or Friendly Islands, by William Mariner, Several Years Resident There,' which was taken from the *British Critic*. Mariner recounts a 'local anecdote' concerning a native beauty who was unjustly condemned to death



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# The COLUMN

but was rescued by her lover, who carried her in his canoe to a near-by island where he had discovered 'the cavern of Hoonga.' 'They soon arrived at the rock, he leaped into the water, and she instructed by him, followed close after; they rose into the cavern, and rested from their fears and their fatigue.' I apologize to Nordhoff and Hall!

JOHN B. MAY  
Cohasset, Massachusetts

**No changes in fashion or usage are effected more quietly than those which take place in the English language. The difficulty, as Lord Dunsany pointed out in the *March Atlantic*, is to distinguish between growth and decay.**

Dear Atlantic, —

May I enter one plea in behalf of modern English? It has been with some dismay that I read Lord Dunsany's article, 'Decay in the Language.' Though, of course, I agree with him in some of his absurd reductions, it does not seem to me that he sees the big underlying cause in its true perspective. Noun-adjective confusion is quite characteristic of English and always has been. Our language is full of such compounded ideas, many of which have gone through phonetic changes which have entirely disguised them. The same spirit which made them will go on making others.

Growth and decay are inseparable processes in any well-matured organism like our English language. When we first find Anglo-Saxon the process of decay has set in earnest. The inflections have begun to give way to the use of simple word elements combined in the fashion of isolating languages. Numerous adverbs were combining with nouns to form prepositional phrases which crowded out datives and genitives; auxiliary verbs were combining with infinitives and participles to form verb phrases which took the place of inflected verb forms. The entire history of the English language has been that of a language definitely headed away from the niceties of an inflected syntax toward an arrangement of elemental word units.

When we look at modern English we must forget our Latin grammar and syntax, for English is another creature with another nature. English has ceased to have parts of speech; it has only words which serve various functions, and those functions are indicated very largely by position. A word functioning as a noun has lost all of its inflectional adaptation to syntax except the 's of the genitive, or possessive, case. Even this has yielded largely to the use of the preposition *of*. Words which function as adjectives have lost all of their ability to concord with the words they qualify. This is briefly suggestive of the whole pattern of growth as we find it manifest in the past history of our mother tongue, whether we like it or not. If we go to the 'writers of a few decades ago,' we find lexicographers and grammarians wrestling with the same tendencies which still annoy us to-day, but they could not stem the progress and it has gone on.

It is interesting to notice that many of the combinations typified by Lord Dunsany's illustrations are of genitive origin. 'England Eleven Captain Selection Difficulty' is logically *England's eleven's captain's selection's difficulty*, or, more smoothly, *the difficulty of the selection of the captain of England's eleven*. It seems that all tendencies point to the final obliteration of all inflections. I wonder if this noun-adjective confusion may not be the swan song of our genitive, or possessive, case.

The hyphen, of course, is a punctuation mark just like the apostrophe in the possessive. They are both aids to the eye in detecting syntax where there is no voice inflection present. Lord Dunsany is quite right in crying for its careful usage in noun-adjective confusions of newer, unexpected origin, and where the words have not yet become recognized as fused compounds; but why lament the confusion when the majority of English words undergo more or less confusion of function in standard historical usage?

There is no reason to fret and become disturbed about change. The conservative purist has always seen decadence and irretrievable loss in the dominance of common speech which has always asserted itself. Few people would say that the speech of Cicero has lost much by becoming modern Italian, or the speech forms of Beowulf by becoming the language of Shakespeare or Milton. The only real decay is in standing still. The real spirit of a language must march on. As with all growth, the decay will fall away, the new growth will survive only as it finds itself fit and adapted.

Incidentally, just what about Lord Dunsany's 'case of six nouns,' and 'case where the words "weather conditions" have been written'? Here we have another dunce on the stool quite like his 'weather conditions.' In this case I think France handed us a lemon, and I think we have squeezed it dry. Can't we have another confusion, or possibly confusion, which will free us forever of this case?

Again, what is there sacred about the dieresis in the old Latin word *aer* that it should have a special guarantee of immortality? Who mourns over the fact that we no longer pronounce the *k* in *knife*, or the *gh* in *night*? What was that special right that our forefathers had to change the pronunciation of words, and that no longer belongs to us? Our slovenliness is no worse than theirs, and, thank goodness, our mother tongue came to us with no entailments which bind us to the whims of our dead ancestors.

EARLE M. PARKER  
Northern State Teachers College  
Marquette, Michigan

Dear Atlantic, —

I had just finished reading Lord Dunsany's 'Decay in the Language,' and even while the 'England Eleven Captain Selection Difficulty' was still jarring through my brain I picked up an article in the *Consumer* and read: —

'In the Tennessee Valley to-day, the country is witnessing in somewhat dramatic form the impact of cost return basis electricity marketing upon individual habits. . . .'

And yet — try to say it in a better way yourself!

LEO A. SCHMIDT  
Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin